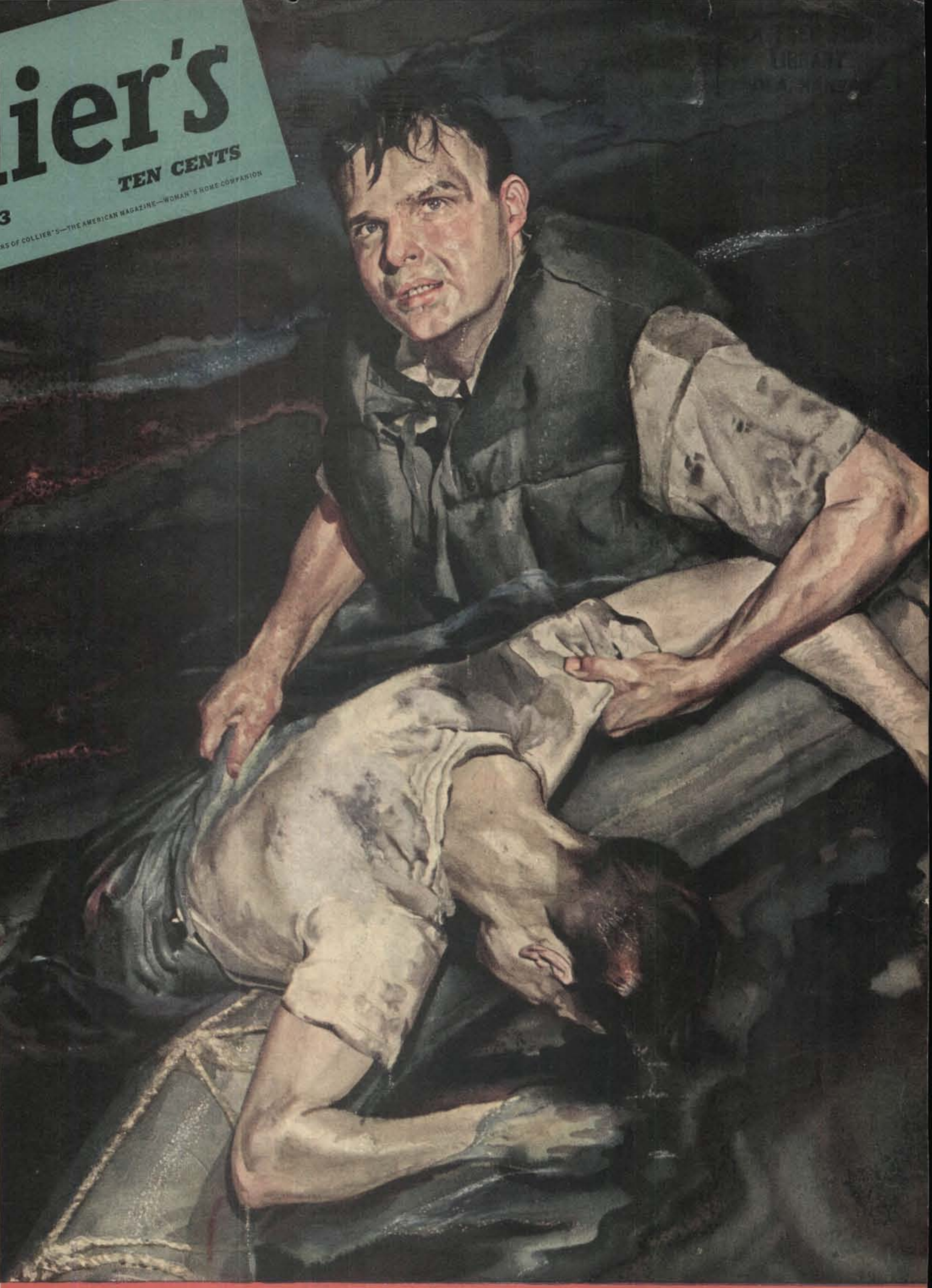
Collier's

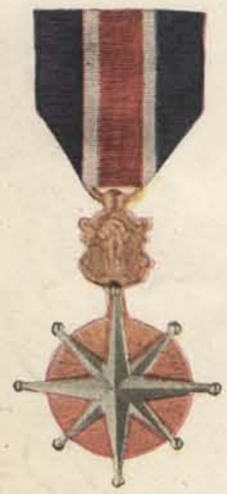
TEN CENTS

DECEMBER 11, 1943

© THE CROWELL-COLLIER PUBLISHING COMPANY—PUBLISHERS OF COLLIER'S—THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE—WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION



MERCHANT MARINE
DISTINGUISHED SERVICE MEDAL



AWARDED TO
CADET-MIDSHIPMAN
WILLIAM M. THOMAS, JR.
ACTION AT NEW CALEDONIA
November 8, 1942

See page 70

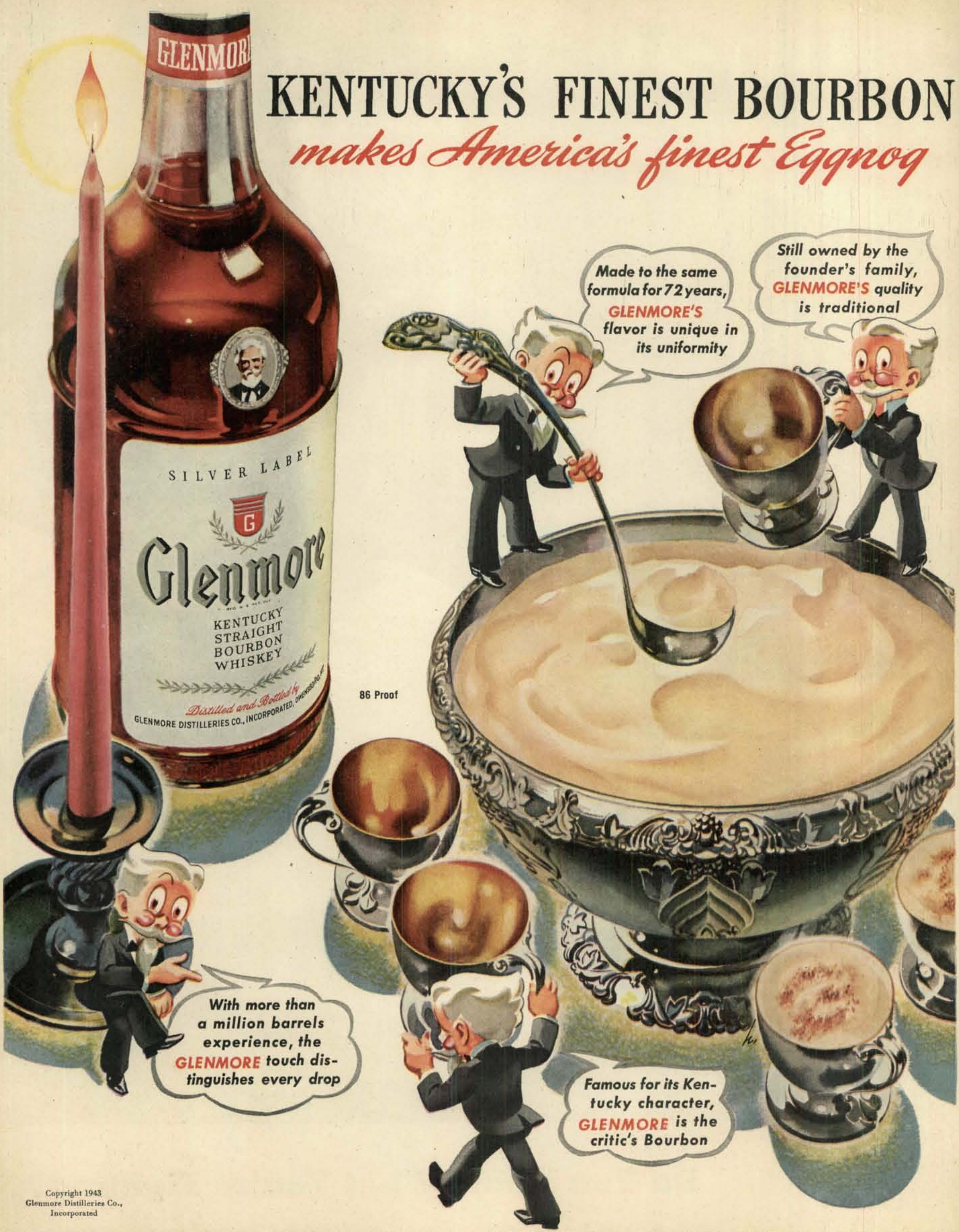
Dec. 11, '43

Do You Know What You're Fighting?

A FRANK REPORT ON THE HOME FRONT
BY CECIL BROWN

KENTUCKY'S FINEST BOURBON

makes America's finest Eggnog


GLENMORE
SILVER LABEL
G
Glenmore
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
Distilled and Bottled by GLENMORE DISTILLERIES CO., INCORPORATED, OWENSBORO, KY.
86 Proof
Made to the same formula for 72 years, GLENMORE'S flavor is unique in its uniformity
Still owned by the founder's family, GLENMORE'S quality is traditional
With more than a million barrels experience, the GLENMORE touch distinguishes every drop
Famous for its Kentucky character, GLENMORE is the critic's Bourbon

Copyright 1943
Glenmore Distilleries Co.,
Incorporated

This Year MAKE YOUR GIFTS COUNT...GIVE WAR BONDS!

IOLA FREE PUBLIC
LIBRARY
IOLA, KANSAS

Grown-ups Do grow taller

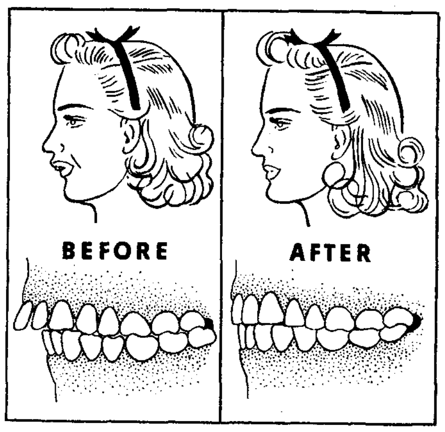
Here's an army exercise that has added height to many a soldier, and it will for many a girl. Stand erect . . . throw back your shoulders . . . then up on your toes and reach high with your hands. Then bend slowly from the waist — first right, then left. Repeat a dozen times a day. It strengthens the stomach muscles that hold you erect . . . makes you look straight and taller. Try it to improve your posture . . . and try Pepsodent Powder to improve your looks. It makes teeth far brighter.

it's the truth!

You CAN have brighter teeth!

Impartial laboratories made hundreds of tests. Scientists checked their findings with photoelectric measuring devices and authorize this statement: *Pepsodent Powder makes teeth twice as bright as the average of all other leading brands... brighter than any of them — bar none!* These results have been double-checked by identical twins who made practical in-the-home tests . . . by technicians in dental clinics . . . by dentists in their own offices. The result is always the same: Pepsodent Powder makes teeth far brighter. Get Pepsodent Powder to make your teeth brighter—today!

You CAN change your looks!



No longer need a pretty face be marred by a toothy, crooked smile. Modern dentistry can do wonders by straightening teeth in a series of corrective treatments. Or in a few hours, chipped or broken teeth can be recapped like the movie stars'! How quickly the work is finished depends on the case. And usually it can be paid for over the period of treatment. So if crooked, widely-spaced, or broken teeth are affecting your looks, talk it over with your dentist.

PEPSODENT MAKES TEETH FAR BRIGHTER

For the safety of your smile — use Pepsodent twice a day . . . see your dentist twice a year.

He-Men Do use make-up

Maybe it all started with the camouflage creams that jungle fighters use. For they proved to be protection against weather, too. So now war workers use special creams on hands and face as protection against grime, acids, and chemicals. Any good cream or lotion helps wash off war-work grime easier, so you'll look your best on nights off. Pepsodent Powder, too, helps you always look your best, because it brightens up your smile.

PEPSODENT TOOTH POWDER
PEPSODENT
TOOTH POWDER
Contains Irium
New
VICTORY PACKAGE
SAME QUANTITY
SAME QUALITY
Peps
TOOT
Contains Irium

Dec. 11, '43

Hard to Get!

KLEENEX
TISSUES
KLEENEX

Find **KLEENEX** Tissues hard to get? Don't give up! Your dealer will have some shortly. Output is somewhat curtailed, but rather than skimp on Kleenex size and strength, we're determined to keep Kleenex quality "tops" in every particular!

TELL ME ANOTHER
SAYS Kleenex★
AND WIN A $25 WAR BOND
for each statement we publish on why you like Kleenex Tissues better than any other brand. Address: Kleenex, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 11, Ill.

Shades Lighter

I wrap **KLEENEX** around a pencil or letter opener to dust between the pleats in pleated lampshades. Makes them last longer.

(*from a letter by* B. V. L., Darien, Conn.)

Blows in the night!

When you reach for a **KLEENEX** Tissue, during colds, there's no fumbling in the dark! Unlike other brands, Kleenex has that handy box that serves up "just one" double tissue at a time.

(*from a letter by* G. J. S., Waltham, Mass.)

One and Only!

There's only one **Kleenex**! Just let anyone try to tell me any other tissue is "just as good"!

(*from a letter by* R. D., Leominster, Mass.)

Reduce Absenteeism
—EVERY MINUTE COUNTS!

Authorities say that ½ of all work-time lost in war industries from illness is due to the common cold. So use Kleenex when sniffles start—to help keep your cold from spreading to others!

★T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

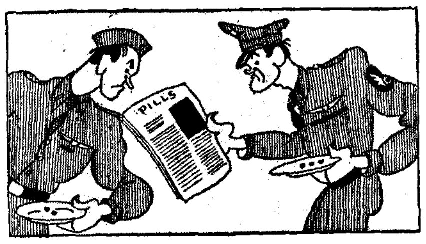
Collier'

WILLIAM L. CHENERY **Publisher**
CHARLES COLEBAUGH **Editor**
JEROME ELLISON **Managing Editor**

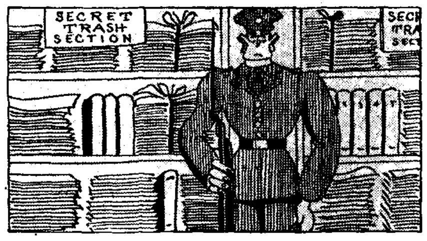
WALTER DAVENPORT	Politics
W. B. COURTNEY	European War Theater
GEORGE CREEL	Washington
KYLE CRICHTON	Articles
HERBERT ASBURY	Articles
DENVER LINDLEY	Fiction
ALLEN MARPLE	Fiction
JAMES N. YOUNG	Fiction
GURNEY WILLIAMS	Articles
HENRY L. JACKSON	Wearables
WM. O. CHESSMAN	Art
CLARENCE H. ROY	Articles
AMY PORTER	Articles
ROBERT DE VORE	Washington
WILLIAM HILLMAN	Washington
FRANK D. MORRIS	U. S. Navy in Pacific
FRANK GERVASI	Middle East War Theater
JIM MARSHALL	West Coast
GRATTAN O'LEARY	Ottawa
AIMEE LARKIN	Distaff
U. L. CALVOSA	Photographs
GEORGE DE ZAYAS	Hollywood
IFOR THOMAS	Photographs

ANY WEEK

IN BEHALF of his Reconnaissance Squadron, United States Army Air Forces, First Lieutenant Robert Angus has written us a letter. He wrote it in Italy. It is a calm letter, and yet we detect beneath the surface an emotion that Lieutenant Angus was having some trouble with. Collier's had arrived and between two extremely successful forays against the enemy it was read as Collier's always is read—thoroughly and appreciatively. In that issue, Mr. David O. Woodbury had written a stirring forecast of what scientific eating will be after the war—a wafer, a powder, a couple of pills and a whiff of fortified air. "All our reasons for fighting went up in smoke," writes Lieutenant Angus. "All our dreams of what the United States will be were shattered. For a year we've been eating powdered eggs. We have swallowed dehydrated potatoes and beets. We have quaffed powdered milk and soup. We have swallowed granulated apple butter and pulverized meat. And we thought we were fighting for a brace of honest eggs fried sunny side up, for thick juicy steaks smothered in more steaks, for undisguised potatoes baked in their jackets, for apple pie à la mode. And now comes this guy Woodbury, who, we hope, chokes to death on an unscientific lamb chop, to tell us that we're coming home to have our stomachs filled with health bombs. While our dads were fighting in the first World War, the folks back home took away their likker. And now while we're fighting the second, you mugs are taking away our vittles. Has this guy Woodbury ever eaten a powdered egg? Have you? Anyway, pfui!"



WE'VE had a nice talk with a waiter in the Occidental in Washington. He explained to us why we had to stand in line for half an hour to get a table. As we get it, nobody of any consequence thought of dining in Washington before seven before the war. But now if you don't get into a restaurant by six you either stand in line or go hungry. And it's getting worse, he said. The dining hour is getting earlier and earlier, some starting to eat as early as five-thirty. But five o'clock in the afternoon is about as early as you may dine, because if you get in before that you run into the late lunch crowd. Of course, if you eat dinner at five you get hungry again about ten. This situation is being met with snacks, which everybody in Washington is now carrying around in their pockets. Indigestion is quite prevalent, and we're thinking of turning the whole thing over to David O. Woodbury, who will probably advise a powder.



AND while we were sitting in Colonel Bill Westlake's office in the Air Force offices in Washington Pentagon Building, we had a mild shock. On the wall under the heading of Safeguarding Military Information was this: "Secret trash should be retained in the Safe File Cabinet until it is collected for destruction in the authorized manner." And thus we found out what must have happened to several fiery pieces we have written about this war. Incidentally, the colonel told us that they are enlarging the Secret Trash section of the Safe File Cabinet. "The place is full of it," he told us.

HOWEVER, Mr. Ellis T. Banke of Tulsa, Oklahoma, was in Texas recently, long enough to see a sign in a darkened window: "Mortician and Undertaker. Funeral Work Our Specialty." Mr. Banke admits that he was interested. "I'm in the casket game myself," he says. Furthermore, a Negro newsboy in Tallahassee, Florida, urged Mr. Joe Wheeler Ghee of Atlanta, Georgia, to buy a newspaper. "All the news guaranteed," said the newsboy. "The bad with the good. The sinful with the righteous. Some people dead and some ain't. Read and reflect. Much obliged."

AND we have just received word from our London scout that Britain is thinking of sending a delegation of Members of Parliament around the world on an inspection tour of fronts and bases. He tells us that they have already written their reports, which will have it that Britain will refuse to take over air and other bases built by the United States on British soil unless we agree to install air-conditioning and decent officers'

(Continued on page 62)

Vol. 112, No. 24. Entered as second-class matter at Post Office, Springfield, Ohio, U. S. A., under Act of March 3, 1879, and at Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, by The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio, Publishers of Woman's Home Companion, The American Magazine, Collier's. Copyright, 1943, The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, in the United States, Canada and Great Britain. Executive and Editorial Offices: 250 Park Avenue, New York (17), N. Y.; 6 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London. Published weekly at Springfield, Ohio, U. S. A. Joseph P. Knapp, Chairman of the Board; Thomas H. Beck, President; Albert E. Winger, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; John S. Brehm, Vice President; William P. Larkin, Vice President; J. A. Welch, Vice President; T. L. Brantly, Vice President; A. H. Motley, Vice President; Peter J. Dennerlein, Vice President; Denis O'Sullivan, Secretary. Manuscripts or art submitted to Collier's, The National Weekly, should be accompanied by addressed envelopes and return postage. The Publisher assumes no responsibility for return of unsolicited manuscripts or art. Price, $3.00 a year, two years $5.00, three years $7.00 in the United States and Possessions, Argentina, Bolivia, Brazil, Canada, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Ecuador, El Salvador, Guatemala, Haiti, Honduras, Labrador, Mexico, Newfoundland, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, Spain and Colonies, Uruguay and Venezuela. Other foreign subscriptions including postage: $6.50 a year. Remit by postal or express money order or check in United States funds to The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio. Changes of address should reach us five weeks in advance. Give both old and new addresses.

THIS WEE

DECEMBER 11, 1

SHORT STORIES

ELSIE TAYE
Without Security. The high road to ture is not easy but—love points the

IRENE CLEATON
Sunday in the Park. If you can go be take up your past, there's a chance y live it right again.

H. VERNOR DIXON
The Eager Beaver. In the Navy there for men who do things the hard wa

EDWIN LANHAM
The Jayhawker Fiddle. Strains of an u ten melody sing of an old deed foull

THE SHORT SHORT STORY
Dance Night, by I. A. R. Wylie.

SERIAL STORY

OCTAVUS ROY COHEN
Romance in the First Degree. The first parts.

ARTICLES

CECIL BROWN
Do You Know What You're Fightin Americans are able to define the mean implications of Fascism.

HAWAIIAN MEDLEY
A racial melting pot produces hybrid of a high order.

H. H. NININGER and ROSCOE FLEMING
Meteorite! The world is a constant t an interplanetary bombardment.

COREY FORD and ALASTAIR MacBAIN
They Also Serve . . . "Sweating it what the boys call waiting for the bi ers' return from a raid.

J. D. RATCLIFF
Cold Killer. One of the newest su pounds may be the answer to "Wha for a cold?"

HENRY F. PRINGLE
Why It Costs You More to Live. The ment of Labor's Cost of Living Index the facts.

FRANK GERVASI
Victory at Volturno. Triumphant n patches don't tell the whole story.

STANLEY FRANK
Bronko Bucks Again. After six year field, Bronko Nagurski is still all- America.

●

FRELING FOSTER
Keep Up with the World.

WING TALK

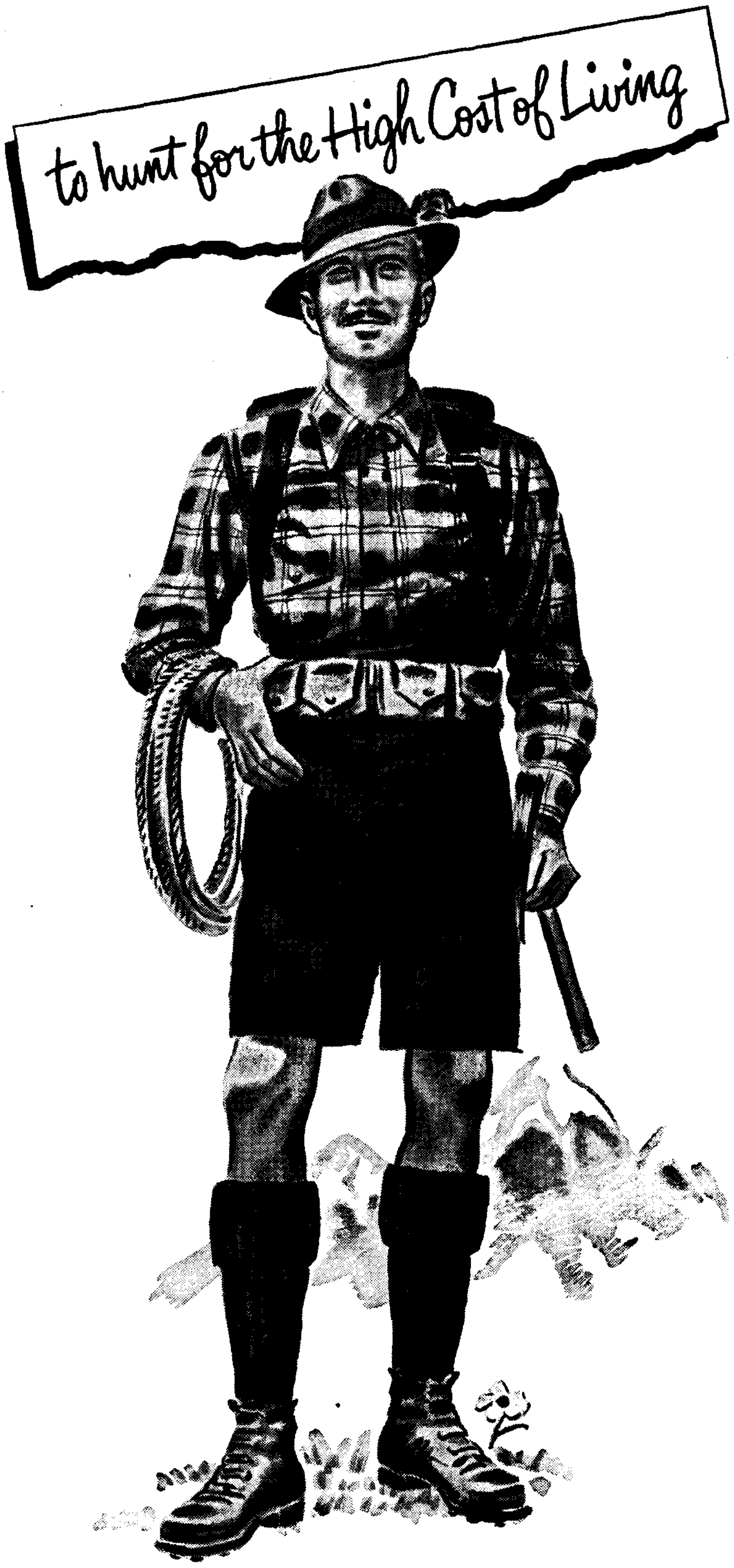
THE WEEK'S WORK.

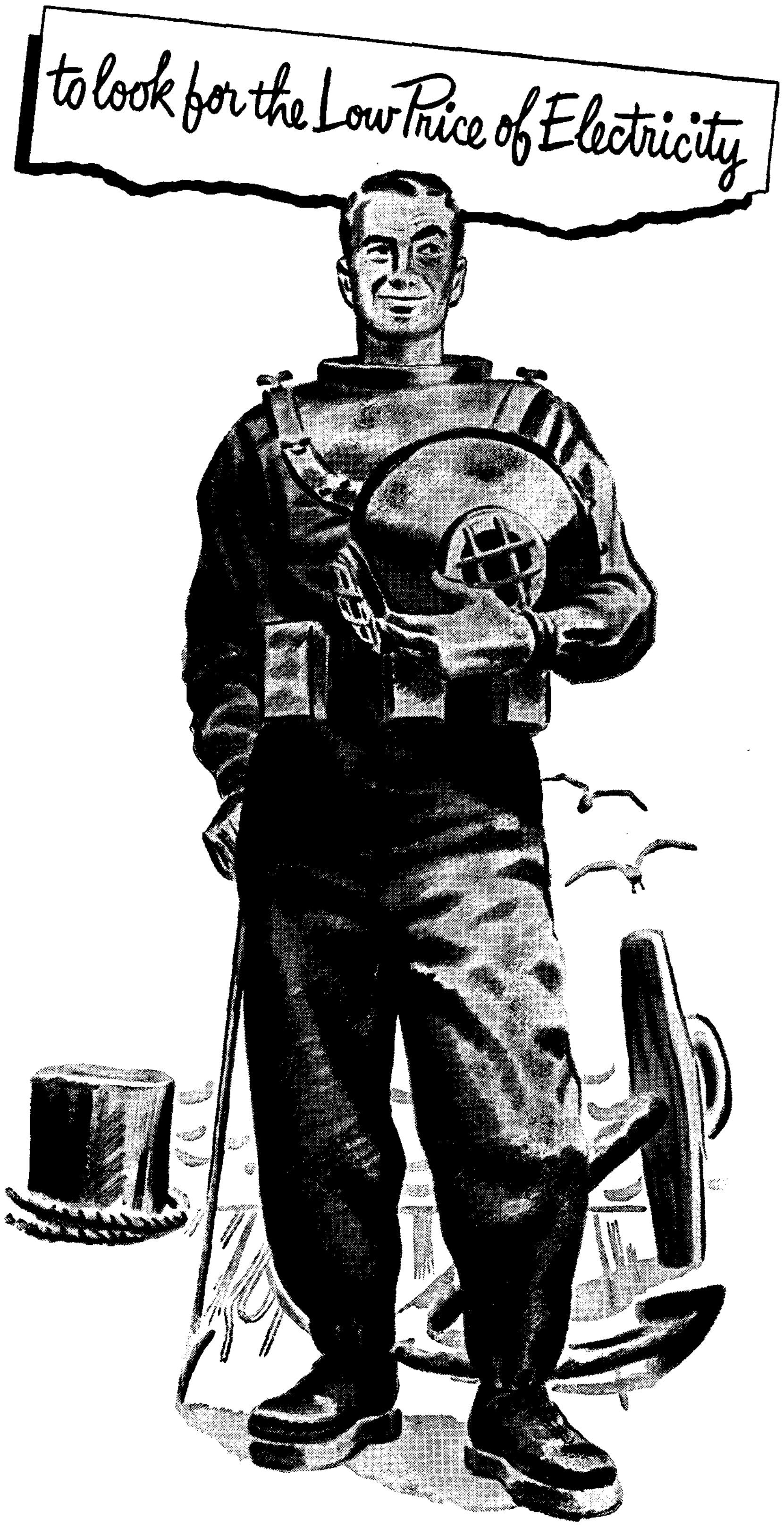
THE GUILTY (Leon Marie Jos nace Degrelle).
Profile of Axis Terrorist No. 19.

EDITORIALS
Plain Talk Among Allies.
We Need Those Islands.
People Still Get T.B.

COVER C. C

What the Well-dressed Consumer Will Wear


to hunt for the High Cost of Living


to look for the Low Price of Electricity

YOUR wardrobe may not include a mountain-climber's costume or deep-sea-diver's rig. But they illustrate a simple, startling *fact.*

While the cost of living has been climbing up, the cost of electric service has been dropping down! That's true no matter what year you set as "sea level"—3 years ago with war approaching—10 years ago in deep depression—or 15 years ago in boom times.

Actually, in the last 15 years, the cost of electricity has come down so far that the average American family gets about *twice as much for its money* today as it did then. Perhaps you haven't noticed the reduction in your own bills because you've been adding appliances and using more and more electricity over the years. But the saving is *there.*

In the light of other wartime costs and taxes, electricity has become just about the biggest bargain in your budget! The reasons are as many as the men and women who work for your local electric company — under careful *business* management — devoting all their energy and experience toward keeping service good and price low.

DON'T WASTE ELECTRICITY JUST BECAUSE IT ISN'T RATIONED!

THIS PAGE SPONSORED BY A GROUP OF 148

ELECTRIC LIGHT AND POWER COMPANIES*

SELF-SUPPORTING, TAX-PAYING BUSINESSES

★ *Names on request from this magazine*

• *Hear "Report to the Nation," outstanding news program of the week, every Tuesday evening, 9:30, E.W.T., Columbia Broadcasting System.*

PUT ON THE SHELF... BECAUSE OF DRY SCALP?

5 DROPS A DAY CAN CHECK IT....

KEEP YOUR HAIR NEATER, HEALTHIER-LOOKING!

DIG DOWN DEEP
FOR WAR BONDS
AND STAMPS!

IT'S AS SIMPLE AS THIS... Every morning, when you comb your hair, shake a few drops of 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic on your comb and run it through your hair, or rub it directly on your scalp. Yes, it's as simple as that to keep your hair well-groomed all day long . . . and it checks Dry Scalp and loose dandruff, too, by supplementing the natural scalp oils! As an extra aid, massage your scalp vigorously with plenty of 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic before every shampoo ... and rub a little on afterwards. Remember . . . for double care of both scalp and hair, there's nothing like 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic. It's different because it contains absolutely no drying ingredients.

Vaseline HAIR TONIC 40¢ and 70¢

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

The Army, Navy and Marine Corps have discovered, discharged and sent home, in the past three years, more than 6,000 patriotic but underage youths who had been able to enlist by misrepresenting the date of their birth.—*By James Carney, Brooklyn, New York.*

In the United States, one helium plant alone produces in about 23 hours the 416,000 cubic feet of this gas required to inflate a Navy K-type blimp, an amount that would take several centuries to obtain from the wells of any other country. For example, the famous gas well in Santenay, France, one of the best sources of helium outside of America, could not produce this quantity in less than 700 years.

Of the 31 states that enacted general sales tax laws between 1929 and 1937—the only ones of such laws passed in recent years—23 still employ them. Four states impose a tax of three per cent, sixteen of two per cent, and the other three collect two and a half, one, and one half of one per cent. A city sales tax of one per cent is also levied in New York City and another of two per cent in New Orleans.

From Jan. 1, 1942, to Oct. 1, 1943, 433 American stage, screen and radio performers made a total of 593 trips to 52 places in 14 foreign areas to entertain our soldiers. Five visited Brazil, 13 Hawaii, 17 Africa, 20 Ireland, 21 the South Pacific, 23 Iceland, 24 the Middle East, 36 Panama, 41 Australia, 58 Bermuda, 60 England, 72 the Caribbean, 84 Alaska and 119 Newfoundland.

Since 1928, the states that impose a life sentence for murder have decreased from 8 to 6, while those that execute by hanging have decreased from 19 to 10. Those inflicting the penalty by electrocution have increased from 20 to 24, while those using hydrocyanic gas have increased from 1 to 8. Incidentally, Utah still gives the condemned man a choice of being hanged or shot.

Most people are astonished on first hearing the sound of their own voices reproduced by a phonograph record, movie film or other device. Having always heard 90 per cent of their speech through the bones of their head, they have difficulty in recognizing these sounds when hearing them wholly by ear.

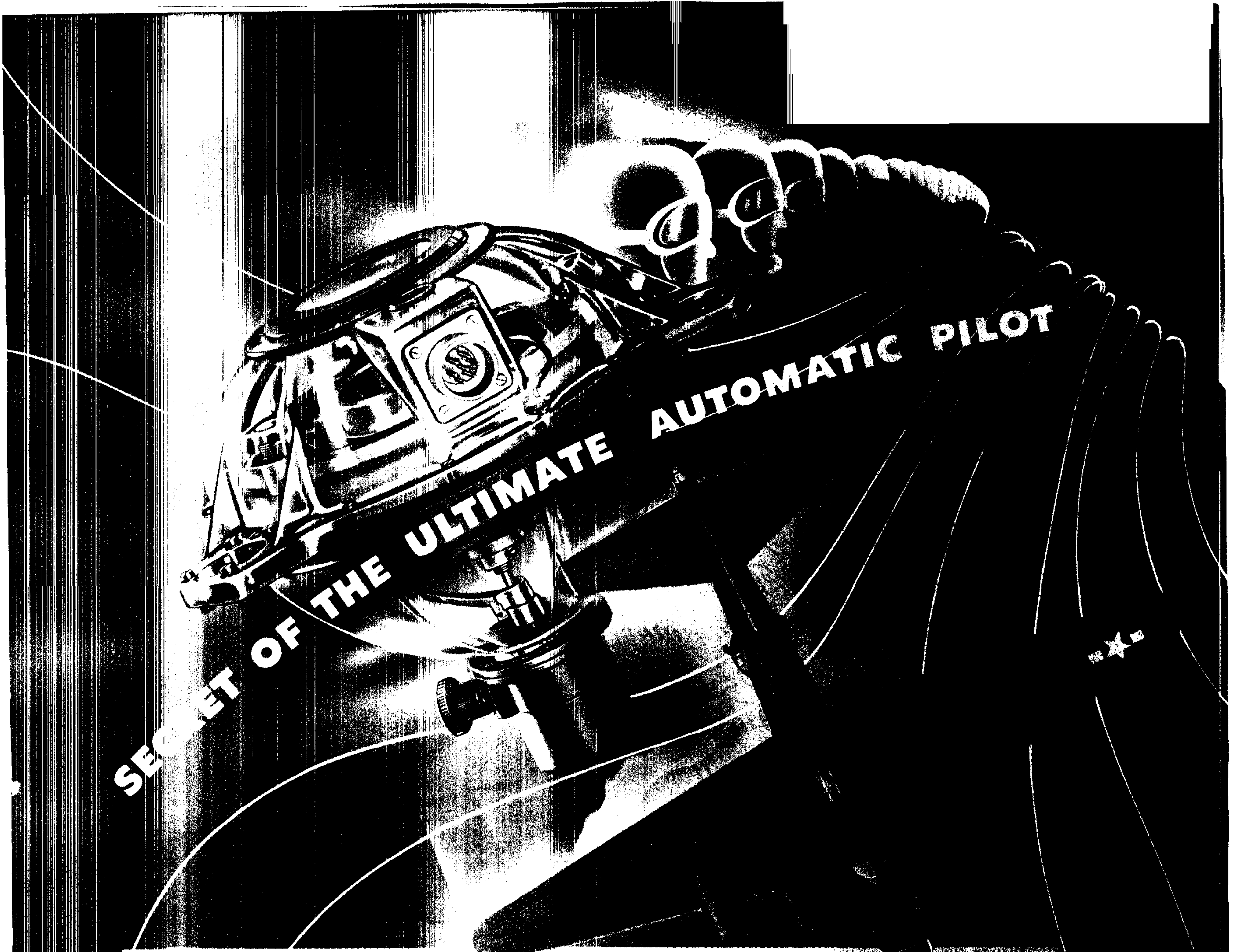
Through seigniorage, the difference between the circulating value of coins and the cost of their bullion and minting, the U. S. government has made a profit of approximately $300,000,000 in the past eight years, or enough to pay for 1,000 of our largest four-motored bombers.

During 1943, the Army's 250 dental laboratories in this country will make about 800,000 dentures, partial or full sets of false teeth, for our soldiers here and abroad. All sets have a base made of methyl methacrylate resin, with the exception of special dentures, for such men as instructors and lecturers, that have a lighter weight base of chrome cobalt alloy, which costs almost as much as gold.

The only woman in history to be made an ambassador is seventy-one-year-old Mme. Alexandra Kellontai, Russia's representative in Stockholm. She was appointed to this highest rank in her country's foreign service by Premier Stalin a short time ago, in recognition of her distinguished work as the Soviet minister to Sweden since 1927.

One of the greatest sires among American race horses was Sun Briar, whose death occurred recently in his 28th year. His 297 sons and daughters, which include the famous Sun Beau and 33 other stakes winners, have so far won a total of more than $2,345,000.—*By A. G. Montgomery, Punta Gorda, Florida.*

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York (17), N. Y. This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publisher



THE PIONEER* GYRO FLUX GATE* COMPASS

. . . Master Navigator of "The Invisible Crew"

FOR ANY PILOT, human or automatic, the basic guide has always been the magnetic compass. And this has remained practically unchanged since the lodestone was first used by the Phoenicians 3,000 years ago.

Through all these centuries, the world waited for a way to convert magnetic forces into instant, accurate directions...something more precise than a wavering needle, demanding constant correction. For seven years, Bendix engineers of the Eclipse-Pioneer Division worked on the problem.

They solved it . . . back when Rommel was threatening Egypt. Secretly, their Pioneer Gyro Flux Gate Compass has been playing a vital role in the triumphs of U. S. Planes.

Today, this basic new invention promises much more. Just as a pilot depends upon his navigator . . . so an automatic pilot can only be as good as its directional basis. With the Gyro Flux Gate Compass, the way was open for Bendix engineers to take the next far stride toward truly automatic flying.

Right now they are bringing under a single command all Bendix instruments and controls . . . the Invisible Crewmen of flight. This Master Navigator will soon take its place under the ultimate Automatic Pilot . . . great new Captain of the Bendix "INVISIBLE CREW"!

THE INVISIBLE CREW
Bendix
Aviation Corporation

SOME FAMOUS MEMBERS OF "THE INVISIBLE CREW"—**PIONEER*** Flight Instruments. **BENDIX*** Radio, Avigation, Detection, Communication Systems. **STROMBERG*** Aircraft Injection Carburetors. **ECLIPSE* AVIATION** Starters, Auxiliaries. **ECLIPSE MACHINE** Starter Drives. **SCINTILLA*** Aircraft Ignition. **BENDIX PRODUCTS** Stromberg Automotive Carburetors, Brakes, Landing Gear. **FRIEZ*** Weather Instruments. **ZENITH*** Carburetors. **BENDIX*** Marine Controls.

The Pioneer* Gyro Flux Gate* Compass is, technically, a Remote Indicating Earth Inductor Compass, stabilized by an electrically driven gyroscope. It converts the earth's magnetic forces into tiny electrical impulses . . . then through an exclusive Pioneer development, the Torque Amplifier, these currents are built up to produce precise directional readings, duplicated at [illegible] in the [illegible] the [illegible] not [illegible] ing [illegible] dive [illegible] a fast turn, "hunt" back and forth [illegible] or [illegible] harnesses the earth-forces . . . to guide man in the sky!

*TRADE MARKS OF BENDIX AVIATION CORPORATION OR SUBSIDIARIES. COPYRIGHT [illegible] BENDIX AVIATION CORPORATION

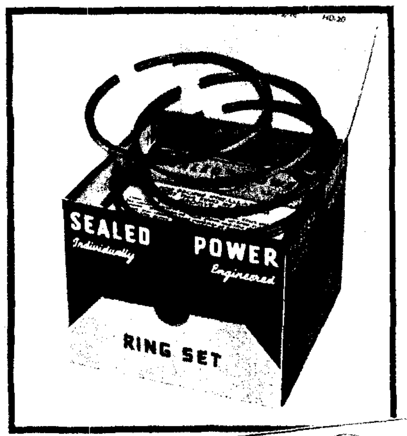
VICTORIES

★ Midway
Coral Sea
Guadalcanal
Buna
Bismarck Sea
★ Munda
★ Attu

Kiska
Tunisia
Salamaua
Lae
Finschhafen
Sicily
Salerno

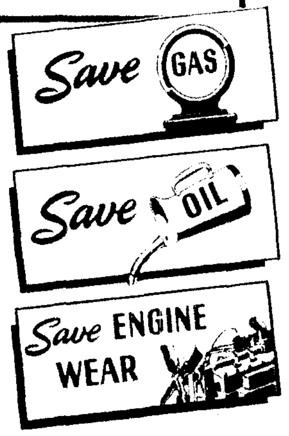
PULSATING faithfully in terrific heat at the fiery heart of over-driven engines, Sealed Power Piston Rings rendered humble service to the heroic men who won those great victories. In planes, ships and tanks—wherever horsepower backs up fire-power, you find Sealed Power Piston Rings, Pistons and Cylinder Sleeves.

And on your home front Sealed Power Piston Rings packed in sets, individually engineered for each particular make and model of engine, restore original power, control oil, save gas, reduce wear and lengthen engine life. Insist on genuine Sealed Power Piston Rings. Sealed Power Corporation, Muskegon, Michigan and Windsor, Ontario.



The war is not won yet—and as long as our men fight we must back them by BUYING BONDS.

© 1943, Sealed Power Corp.



SEALED POWER
PISTON RINGS
Pistons, Cylinder Sleeves
Valves, Water Pumps and Chassis Parts

WING TALK

ROBERT DAY

FOR a few minutes it looked as though "Betty Boop" were on her last flight. It was somewhere along the southeastern coast of New Guinea in territory that might be occupied by the American forces or that might contain Japs hidden in the steaming jungles. Captain Gilbert S. Portmore of Framingham, Massachusetts, holder of the Distinguished Flying Cross, Purple Heart, Silver Star and Air Medal, and one of General George Kenney's Fifth Air Force veteran fighter pilots, was flying a mission at a low altitude.

Instead of a normal cruising speed of about 200 miles per hour, Captain Portmore was seeing the countryside roll back at a mere 80, because instead of his speedy Warhawk, he was piloting an L-4B, better known to the public as a Piper Cub. His mission was to carry certain important equipment to an outlying base where a Warhawk could not land, but where the Cub could set in without any trouble. This particular Cub was a war-scarred veteran of the Fifth Air Force. She had survived enemy bombings and had been rolled over on her back in small-field landings, but she just kept rolling along.

Now suddenly, without warning, a big two-motored Japanese bomber, also flying low, roared out of the west and right at the little unarmed Cub. It's a question as to who was the most startled, Captain Portmore, as he saw the heavily armed bomber and realized his precarious position, or the Nip pilot, who spotted an easy mark practically within his sights.

By the time the Jap had recovered from his shock and had turned to come back for the kill, Portmore had turned toward the Jap and placed himself in the enemy's blind spot. For several minutes the two ships sparred about over the ocean and over the jungle, with Captain Portmore taking advantage of his maneuverability and the Jap at a disadvantage because of his speed.

Finally, when it looked as though the bomber was nearly lined up and that it would be just a question of firing a few rounds to spell the end of the Cub and its young pilot, the Jap turned in toward land, possibly to give his gunners a perfect sight. Taking advantage of this, Portmore kicked his ship over in the opposite direction and dived toward the ground. Before the enemy bomber could turn back, the Cub was on the beach and safely hidden under some trees. Thus ended one of the strangest combats ever recorded in the Southwest Pacific.

"I'M WRITING this to you," a lieutenant in the Army Dental Corps addresses Wing Talk, "because I feel that you could do something with it. As a member of the staff of an Army hospital I have the opportunity of seeing and working on men who have been injured in air crashes. There is nothing which makes me madder than to see horrible facial disfigurements which are absolutely avoidable. The greater majority of the men I see are unharmed from the neck down. This afternoon I saw a nineteen-year-old student pilot without a scratch on his body, but he had lost one eye, and his entire face was a scrambled mess of broken bones. As a flier that man is a total loss, not to mention the fact that he may be socially handicapped the rest of his life.

"I maintain that these things are avoidable, and there are ways of preventing them. A light facial mask, a sort of combination of a catcher's mask and one worn by boxers, would serve quite well. A very light protection could be designed which would pull a man through a crash with little more than a couple of black eyes, instead of no face. It would not be necessary for him to wear one all the time; most crashes are preceded by some warning and usually ample time in which to put on some sort of protective headgear.

"Men working on construction gangs wear helmets to protect them from falling rivets; catchers wear masks; metal workers wear goggles; football players, boxers in training, and tank men all wear helmets. Now I would like one good reason why a kid flying a 2,000-horsepower mass of metal shouldn't be forced to protect the most vital part of him.

"I'll repeat myself: Ninety-five per cent of the crash cases I have seen have been injured in the face only. If you have never seen a youngster with an eye gone, fractures of both upper and lower jaws, a hole where his nose used to be, half his teeth gone, plus infection resulting from mashed sinuses—if you have never seen this, then you can't know how strongly I feel that nothing is being done about it." ★★★

CANADA DRY GINGER ALE
CANADA DRY
PALE GINGER ALE
CANADA DRY GINGER ALE
NEW YORK, N.Y.

[illegible] WAVE? WAC? SPAR? MARINE? No . . . none of these. No parades. No bands. But because of this woman—and others like her—America keeps on running.

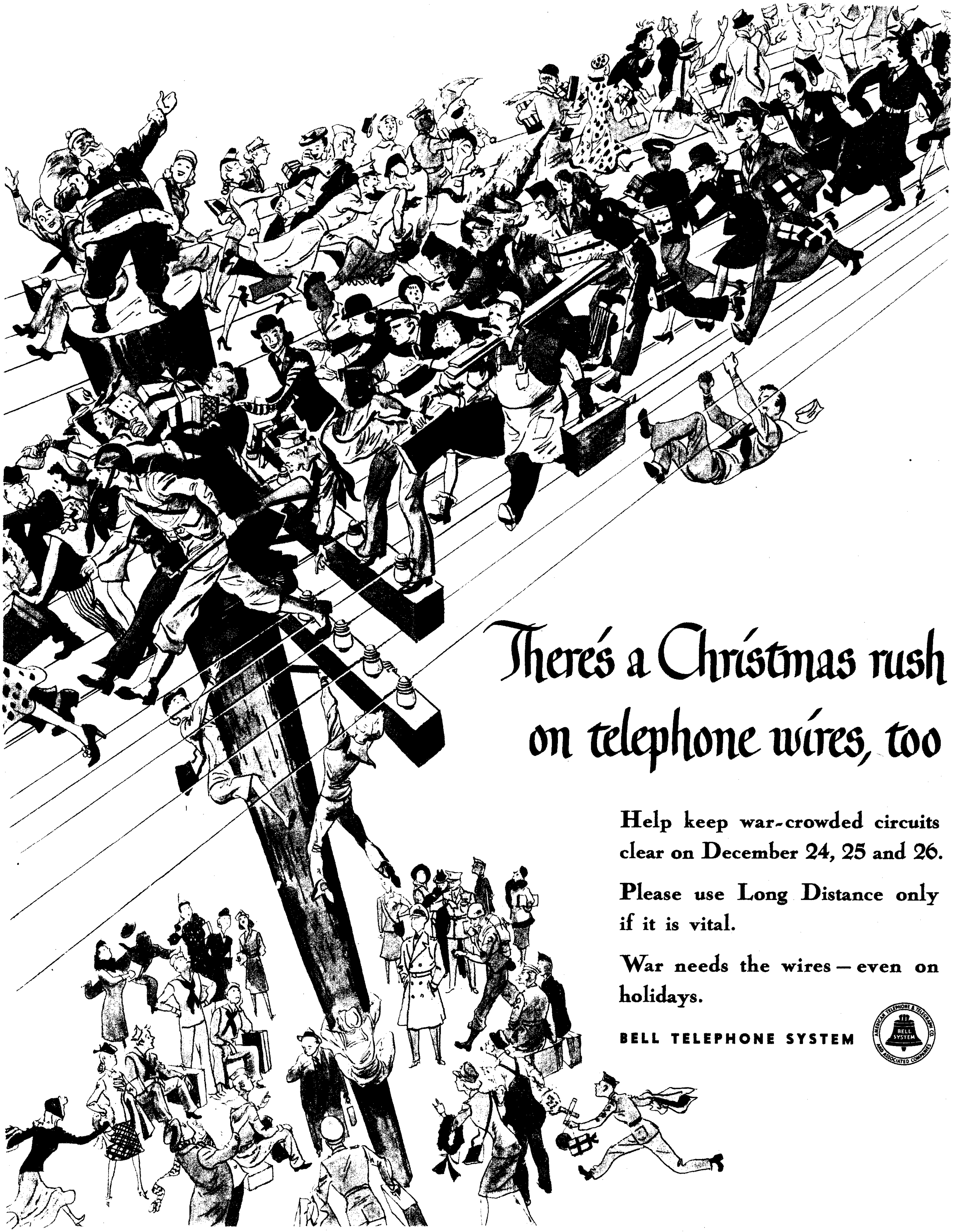
What is she?

A taxicab driver—formerly housewife, manicurist or debutante . . . now in the service of her country.

She and thousands of others like her are *doing something* about the manpower shortage. To them, Canada Dry, "the Champagne of Ginger Ales," a frequent guest and an old family friend, says: keep up the good work!

Please don't blame your dealer for temporary shortages of Canada Dry Ginger Ale. Wartime restrictions limit the supply. Just keep asking for it. There's no substitute for "the Champagne of Ginger Ales."

CANADA DRY **"THE CHAMPAGNE OF GINGER ALES"**



There's a Christmas rush on telephone wires, too

Help keep war-crowded circuits clear on December 24, 25 and 26.

Please use Long Distance only if it is vital.

War needs the wires — even on holidays.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

AMERICAN TELEPHONE & TELEGRAPH CO. AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES
BELL SYSTEM

Romance IN THE FIRST DEGREE

A New Novel by OCTAVUS ROY COHEN

Just back from Tunisia, Jerry stepped into a dizzy melodrama of high life, low life and night life. Start reading here—and hold onto your hat

THE train rattled across the meadows. Through a window of the day coach I could see Jersey City with the Empire State Building sticking up behind it. That was New York, and I was glad to be back. I had been away a long time and had seen a lot of things I wanted to forget.

We dipped into the tunnel and the passengers started jostling toward the door. They had plenty of time, but that didn't matter. By crowding, they'd be more uncomfortable and save perhaps twenty seconds. It was silly to act that way. I did it myself.

We groaned to a halt at the Pennsylvania Station. People poured out of all the cars, scrambled for suitcases and started yelling for redcaps. I didn't need a redcap because I had only one small bag which didn't have much in it. I moved with the tide and waited my turn on the escalator. I stood on the steps, drinking deep of the wonderful New York air. I got to the top and walked toward the waiting crowd.

I didn't know it then, but I was walking straight into trouble.

They didn't look like trouble when I first saw them. Warren Cameron was waiting there, looking a lot older and more tired than I remembered him. But just seeing him, I got a warm friendly glow. This was something. He was my boss, and it was darn' nice of him to come to meet me. He was my link between Army routine and civilian life. He was president of the Cameron Real Estate Management Corporation and a regular guy if there ever was one.

He grabbed hold of my hand and shook it. He was a big man, but his fingers seemed thin and his grip less firm than it had been two years before. His voice was hearty, though, as he said, "Jerry! You're looking fine."

I said that he was looking fine, too—which wasn't the truth—and then I turned my attention to the girl who stood beside him. I said, "My, but we've grown up, haven't we?"

Sandy Cameron grinned at me. It was just that: a grin, and it had the same impish quality I had noticed when she was younger. She said, "Welcome home from the wars, Jerry. How's the foot?"

"The foot," I answered, "is doing as well as could be expected. After all, a few toes more or less don't really make any difference, do they?"

Sandy was looking at me peculiarly. She said, "Was it bad?"

I laughed. "Are you kidding? It was a picnic considering what . . ." I choked it off, but she wouldn't have it that way.

"Considering what?"

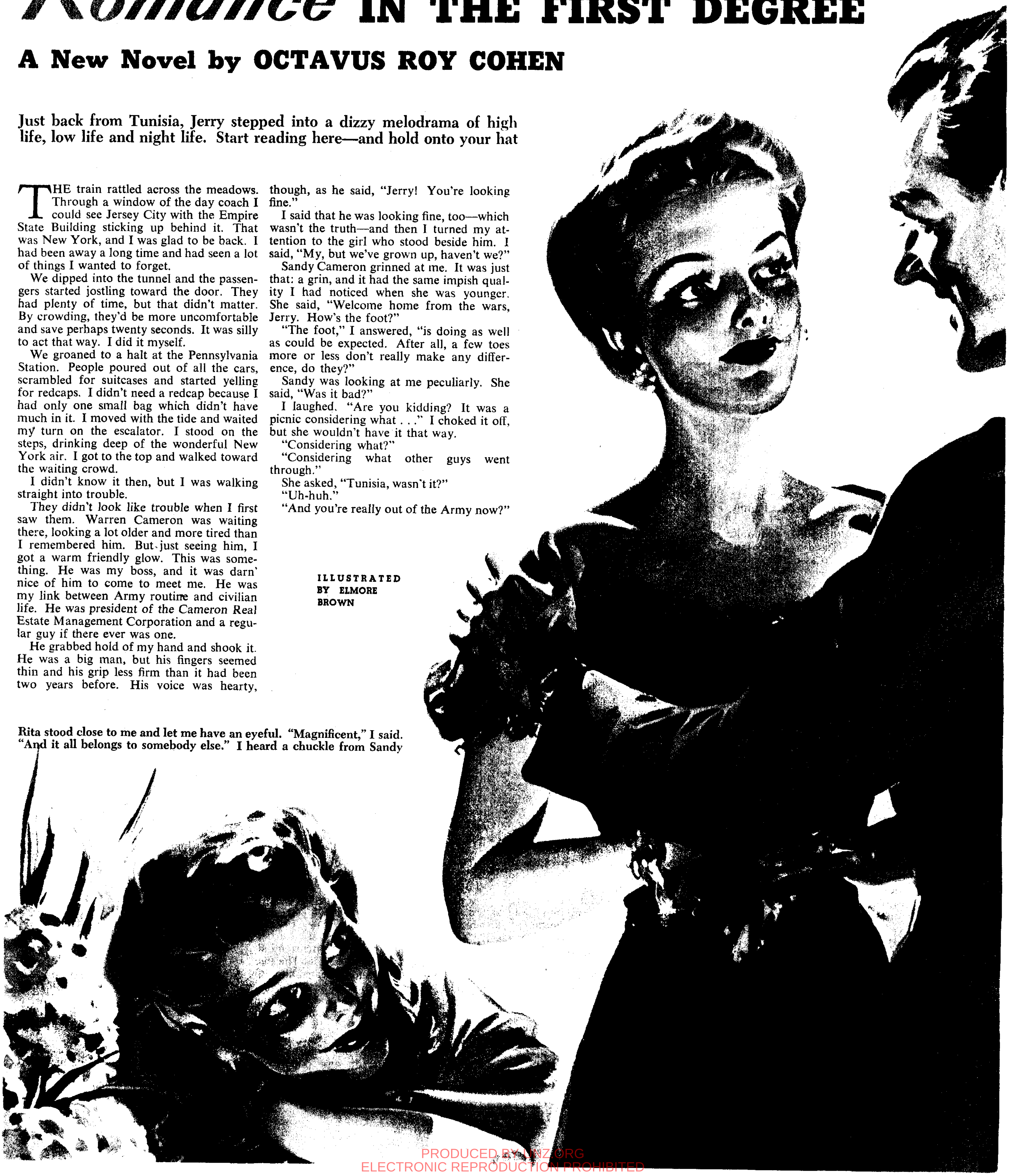
"Considering what other guys went through."

She asked, "Tunisia, wasn't it?"

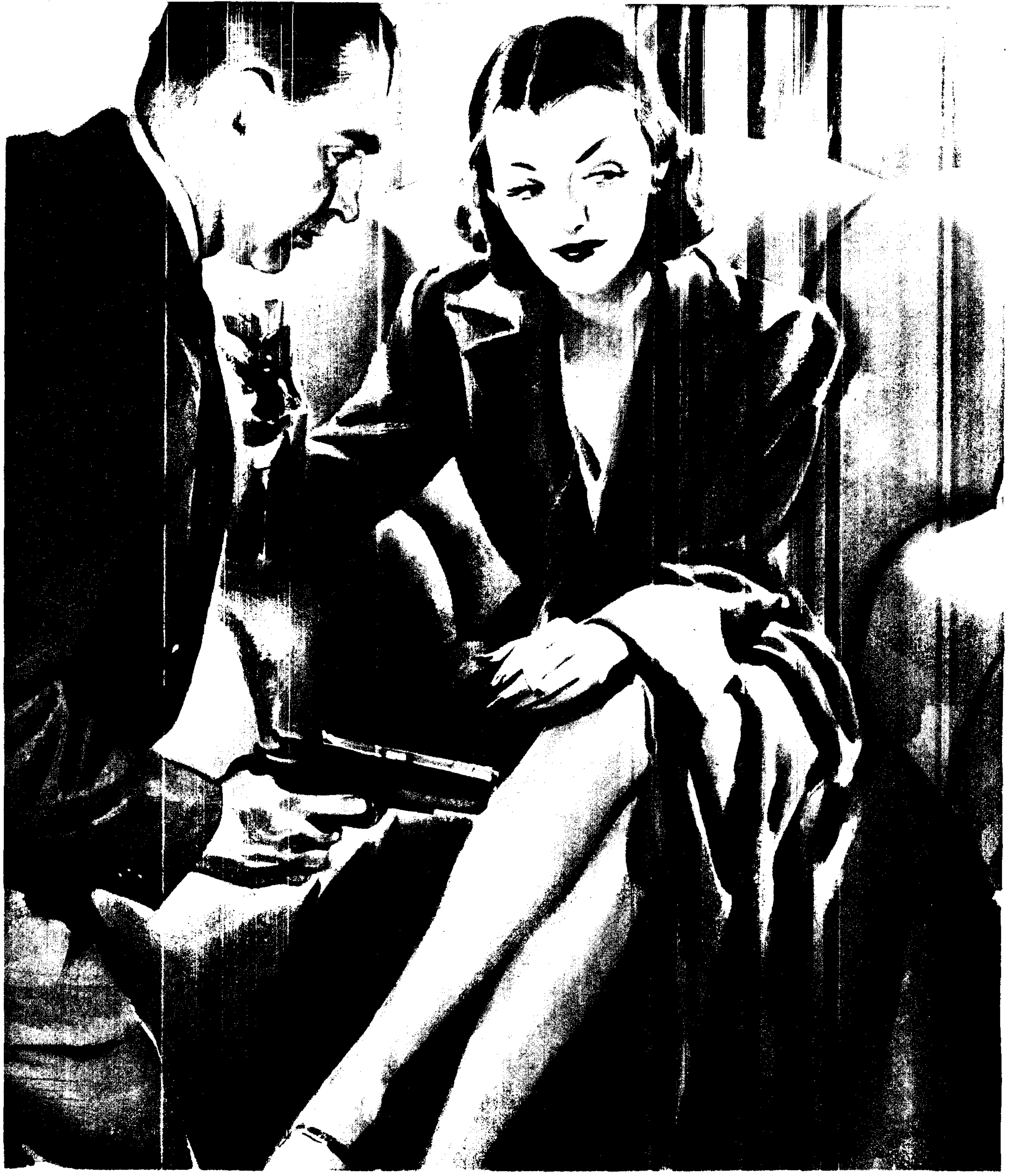
"Uh-huh."

"And you're really out of the Army now?"

ILLUSTRATED
BY ELMORE
BROWN



Rita stood close to me and let me have an eyeful. "Magnificent," I said. "And it all belongs to somebody else." I heard a chuckle from Sandy



I tried to sit up but the room was spinning. I closed my eyes. When I opened them a man's voice came from somewhere. The voice said, "Keep it right there, chum." In his hand he was holding a gun

"But completely." I patted my pocket. "I've got my C.D.D. right here."

We were walking across the big waiting room toward the taxi stand. I was in the middle. Warren Cameron was on my right and his daughter on my left. I kept thinking how nice it was to be back. It was better than staying in the Army on a limited-service basis, even if they'd been willing to let me do it. It was exciting to think of being a civilian again; of having a job and time of my own: no reveille, no cold mess, no routine, no anything to upset myself about.

We got into a taxi and old man Cameron gave the address of a swank cocktail lounge on Park Avenue. I was surprised and must have looked it because he said, as though answering a question, "I thought we'd stop there for a few minutes before going home. We've got things to talk about."

It was afternoon. The streets were jammed. I was surprised at how many automobiles there were, because I'd been reading about gas rationing. I suppose I had expected New York to look deserted.

I was so busy looking and thinking and relaxing that I forgot all about Sandy until she spoke. I wouldn't have paid any attention even then except for what she said. What she said was, "You're disappointed, aren't you, Jerry?"

"Disappointed? Why?"

"Because Rita didn't meet you."

I could feel myself flushing. I knew I was doing it and I couldn't help it. Sandy had hit where it hurt.

RITA was Sandy's sister. She was twenty-five years old, which made her two years younger than I was. She was gorgeous. She and I had been engaged two years ago. She had broken off the engagement after I enlisted, and now she was engaged to somebody else.

I said stuffily, "I didn't expect to see Rita. As a matter of fact, I didn't think anyone would meet me."

Sandy said, "Returning heroes should be met. Since Rita refused to come with Dad, I thought I'd fit in as the next best thing."

I smiled down at her. "You'll do," I said.

"Sure," she answered. "Almost anything."

I did a double take. Sandy was different from her sister, but, even so, she wasn't hard on the eyes—especially when you've been away from girls for a long time.

She still looked like a kid, and it gave me a shock to realize that she was now twenty. She had light brown hair and clear gray eyes. Her real name was Andrea, but you couldn't ever think of her that way. It simply didn't fit. Sandy was the name by which I had always known her, and she would always be Sandy. Nice kid. Full of hell, and always ribbing. She was ribbing me now.

"Of course," she was saying, "you understand that you've always been my ideal man."

"Sure," I answered. "And why not?"

"You're big," she went on, making like a kid asking Frank Sinatra for an autograph. "You're classically handsome, even though your nose is a little crooked and your mouth too big. Ever since I was sixteen I've been practically swooning for a few kind words from you."

"Oh, yeah?" It wasn't a very snappy comeback, but it was the best I could think of right then. "Well, you'll have to take your place in line, young lady. I'm very choosy."

"But I adore you, Jerry. I'm madly in love with you."

"And who isn't?" I turned to Mr. Cameron and said, "How come you begot such a brat?"

He smiled and shook his head. "I've never figured it out, Jerry. I was probably pretty versatile as a young married man."

Well, he had been, at that. He had three children, and each was different from the other two.

There was Alan, for instance. Alan was my age, and he'd been my closest friend since we started rooming together at college. Alan was the serious type: a pleasant, stanch young businessman. Rita looked as though her mother had been frightened by an orchid before she was born. Sandy was just a nice kid. Her best point was her sense of humor. Nobody was safe with her—especially me. I was glad to see that she was picking up where she'd left off two years ago. It helped me fit back into the picture.

Mr. Cameron paid off the taxi driver, and I toted my little suitcase into the cocktail lounge. Nobody paid any attention. Maybe that was because I was still in uniform, and nowadays whatever a man in uniform does is accepted as being okay. We selected a table in a corner of the almost empty room. Mr. Cameron sat opposite me, and Sandy perched herself alongside. She was still in a kidding mood.

"Tell me all about it," she insisted.

"It was wonderful," I said. "If it hadn't been for me, Mussolini would still be running the show in Italy."

"How did it all start, Mr. Anthony?"

"Well," I said, "as you know, I enlisted as a private. Then I rose by leaps and bounds to the grade of corporal . . . and there the machinery jammed."

"But those decorations . . ." She touched the ribbons on my OD blouse.

"This one," I explained, "proves that I was in before December seventh, 1941. The other proclaims that I served in the European-African theater of operations. I'm not wearing my Medal of Honor or even my Purple Heart because I haven't got any. And now if you don't shut up, I'll pin your ears back."

Mr. Cameron ordered himself a lemonade. Sandy took a dry Martini. I stuck to beer. I remembered back in Africa how I'd thought about beer. I had promised myself that if I got a break and returned to normal life, I'd bathe in it. So I ordered a bottle. A big bottle.

Cameron fiddled around with his drink. I knew he had something on his mind, and I waited for him to spill it. The two years I'd been away hadn't treated him too well. It wasn't just the bad health—I had known about that. There was something else gnawing on him. I let him approach it in his own way.

He said, "What are your plans, Jerry?"

As I had worked for him before getting into the Army, that question put me on the spot. I didn't know how things stood, and didn't want to take advantage of my friendship by suggesting that maybe he'd again have use for a bright young real estate man in his office. So I shrugged and said, "Well, I'm not very definite yet. I'll work, I suppose . . ."

"Oh, *that*." He smiled at me. "Your desk is waiting. The salary will be larger than the one you left. No—don't get grateful. Young men are rare these days. I'm doing myself a favor." He hesitated. "I meant your personal plans. Where are you going to live?"

I said, "I'll find a spot. Maybe a one-room-and-kitchenette like I used to have. Anything will look like luxury now."

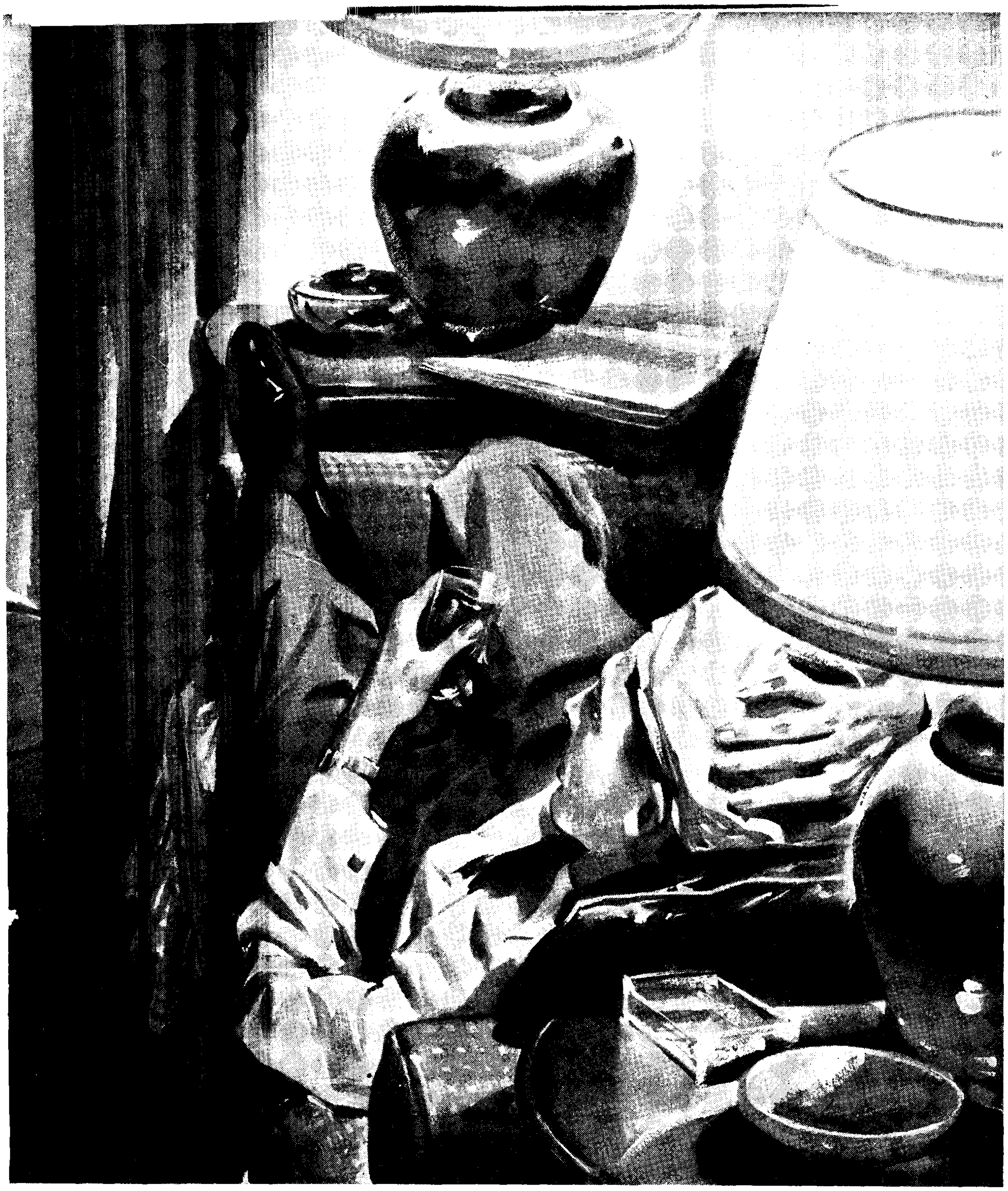
He stared at his drink. "How about digging in at my place for a few weeks?"

I blinked. Then I shook my head. "Thank you, sir," I said. "But I'd rather not have any of that."

"Why?"

"Because you're trying to be nice, and you're carrying it too far."

"No-o." I could tell that he was coming around to the point. "I'm being nice,



but it's to myself—not you. Frankly, Jerry, I need your help."

He and Sandy were both looking straight at me. I got a funny feeling, as though they were afraid that I might say no. That didn't make sense, but there it was. I said, "You want me to live in your apartment?"

"Yes."

"For how long?"

"A couple of weeks. Perhaps longer. Until . . ." His voice trailed off, leaving the implication hanging.

I said, "You know I'll do anything you want. But it could be awkward . . ." I started flushing again, and hated myself.

"Rita?" Cameron met me squarely on that issue. "I wouldn't worry about her."

"Suppose I can't help it?"

He said, "Maybe you can't. But I'm still asking you—as a great personal favor."

I didn't like any part of it. Meeting Rita occasionally was one thing; having her underfoot day and night was a gray horse of another color. I was sore at her; sore as hell. But that hadn't prevented my dreaming about her. Also I wasn't sure I'd like the guy she'd gotten herself engaged to. Taking Cameron up on his proposition made no sense whatsoever—so I did it.

The smile he handed me was deep and genuine. "That's a load off my mind," he said. "I knew I could count on you."

I said, "I still don't know from nothing."

Sandy broke in. "You're about to find out, Jerry." She reached out and squeezed my hand.

Cameron said slowly, "You're Alan's best friend. He is in trouble."

"What sort of trouble?"

"I don't know."

Sandy said, "None of us know. Alan isn't talking. But he might talk to you . . . provided he doesn't suspect that you've been brought to the house to find out."

Cameron went on. "I don't care if I never know. I simply want my son pulled out of whatever jam he's in. Your job won't be very exciting . . ."

Later, I had cause to remember his words: "Your job won't be very exciting." That's one time he was wrong.

MR. CAMERON was embarrassed. So was I. He was about to trot out a family skeleton and let me look it over.

"You've been away a long time," he said slowly. "You've been out of touch. Maybe I'd better start at the beginning."

I made some fatuous remark about that being a pretty good place. I didn't say it to be funny, but because he stopped talking and I couldn't think of anything else.

"Shortly after you went in the Army," he said, "Alan married a girl named Linda. He was a lucky young man."

I threw a quick look at Sandy. She grabbed it and nodded. So Linda was okay. Sandy was good at that sort of thing.

"And then," I said, prompting the old man who seemed to be having considerable difficulty . . . "and then the baby came."

"Six months ago. A boy. They named him after me."

I waited. Sandy gestured with her eyebrows as though to explain that the old man would shift into high pretty soon.

"Linda," he said, "was a widow. She came originally from Seminole, Alabama. Nice family. When she was eighteen, she married a man named Scott Lomax, a lawyer. He was killed in an airplane crash about six months later. She was a widow for two and a half years and she's only twenty-three now."

Again he seemed to be having trouble. Again I prompted him.

"Where and how did she meet Alan?" I asked.

"Here in New York. Her husband had left some money: insurance, I believe. She came to New York and got a job in my office. She was the best secretary I'd ever seen. I liked her personally. So did we all. When Alan fell in love with her, we were glad. They were married a couple of years ago."

It still seemed odd, this talking about Alan. It was as though I didn't know him at all. As a matter of fact, I didn't. I knew the Alan Cameron I had left, but I couldn't peg him in the role of married man and father.

"Are they happy?" I asked.

Mr. Cameron said to Sandy, "You tell him."

She told me, but good. "They were so happy," she said, "that I was ashamed of being an old maid. For the first time in a bleak and disillusioned life, I began to think there might be something to this matrimonial racket. After the baby arrived, they quit being merely happy and became definitely insane. So did I, for that matter. He's the cutest hunk of butter you've ever laid eyes on. And that's the story up to about three months ago."

Cameron picked it up. "They were living with us," he said. "They still are: Alan, Linda, the baby, Rita, Sandy and myself in the apartment. Everything was so tranquil that we felt ashamed. You see, we'd forget that there was a war going on. We were even a little smug. Then, about three months ago, everything changed."

"Why?"

"I don't know. But it changed suddenly. Sandy and I noticed it right away. At first we thought that Alan and Linda might have had their first quarrel and were being too serious about it. Later we realized it was more than that."

I LIGHTED a cigarette and handed it to Sandy. She took a couple of drags and handed it back to me. Her gray eyes smiled into mine and she flashed me just the faintest suggestion of a wink.

"Those two youngsters changed," Cameron went on, "and the change was all for the worse. All their brightness and gaiety vanished. They became grim and serious. They hovered around the baby as though they were afraid someone was going to kidnap him."

"Were they afraid of that?"

Cameron looked up at me. He was startled. I could see that this idea had never hit him before. "I—I never thought of that," he said. "But I wouldn't think so."

"Why wouldn't you think it?"

"Because if they'd been afraid of that, Alan would have told me."

"What did he tell you?"

"Nothing. I waited for him to volunteer a little information, and when he didn't—I tried talking to him. It wasn't any use. He wouldn't even admit that he was in trouble."

"Couldn't it still have been a fight with Linda?"

Sandy broke in. "It wasn't," she said.

"How do you know?"

"I eavesdropped. They'd lock themselves in their room and talk for hours. I never could hear what they were saying because they held their voices down. But from the tone, I knew they were affectionate. I realized that whatever the trouble was, they were sharing it. No, it wasn't a quarrel."

I looked at Mr. Cameron and asked, "More?"

"Plenty. You know how Alan has always been about the office: fascinated by his work, trying to justify the fact that he will eventually be head of the business. Well, from the day this thing started—he lost interest. What little he did was not well done. Mostly, I'd characterize his attitude as complete indifference. Whatever else was bothering him made the business seem totally unimportant. I tried talking to him at the office. That didn't help, either."

"What was his attitude? Was he resentful?"

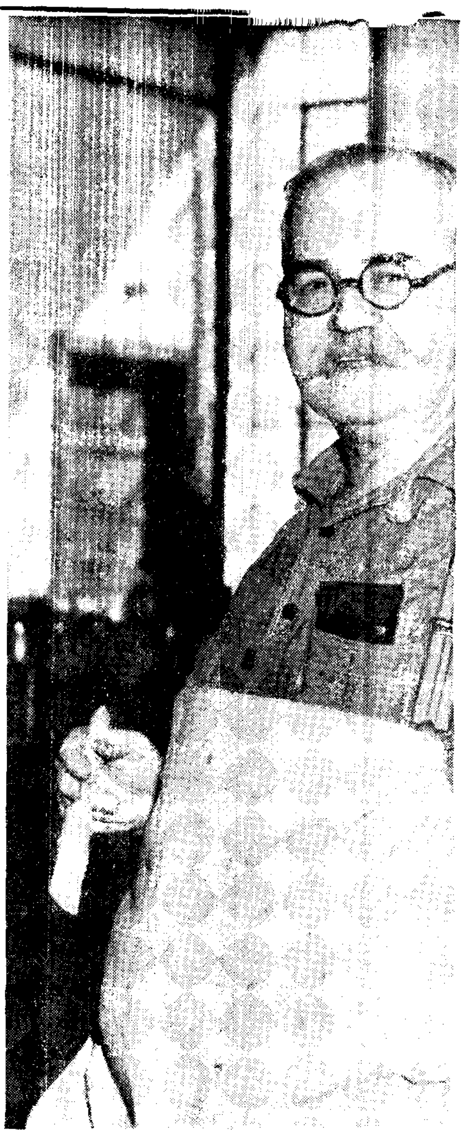
"No. That's the odd part of it. I got

(Continued on page 36)

An executive in Kansas summed it up this way: "A Fascist is usually a radical type of thinker such as a New Dealer. It is someone who favors a limited form of government"

A typist thinks: "Fascism means being ruled by a government and having part of your salary taken by the government. We just about have Fascism in America now"

A shipyard worker said: "Fascism means compulsory military training. I don't know of anything else that Fascism means"



A foreman finds safety in distance: "Why, we're 'way out here in Ohio. There are no Fascists around here"

Do You Know What You're Fighting?

BY CECIL BROWN

A war reporter finds a neglected front: America's man in the street, who needs, most of all, a working definition of Fascism and the things he is fighting for and against. What do you think Fascism means?

WE ARE going into the third and crucial year of this war, with Americans from coast to coast in astounding disagreement with their neighbors over what we are fighting *against*. Moreover, they are not in agreement on what we are fighting *for*.

Americans say they are waging war for freedom and democracy, but many show by their own words that they are simply paying lip service to such fine-sounding phrases as "freedom for everyone" and "democracy for the world." They have either misunderstood or not accepted the vague objectives which so far have been stated by our leaders. They are admittedly unable to recognize, or to define in a common, acceptable term, the enemy we fight.

To obtain this information, I made a survey which took me from Maine to California, from Michigan to Louisiana, through the industrial East, the Middle West arsenal and food basket, the cotton bowl of the South, the Rocky Mountain area, and the Pacific Coast. I went into big cities and small towns. In each place, I met groups of executives—a retail businessman, an industrialist, an attorney, a physician, a banker, an educator, an insurance executive, a wholesaler. I talked to workers from factories and shops, usually at the plant gate, or in union or hiring halls. I talked with white-collar workers, housewives and high-school students. All were picked at random.

In small towns I strolled down the main street, introduced myself to individuals and asked them to join me at the town drugstore for a drink. Farmers, in town to buy supplies or to have tools sharpened, were often included in these groups. Other farmers I found in their fields.

To all, I put a series of twenty-two questions, carefully prepared to bring out the thinking of the American people on this war—its conduct, its burdens and its glories.

The confusion over what we are fighting to eradicate from the world and what we propose to substitute in its place prevails throughout the country. From coast to coast, Americans, in high-income brackets and low, either could not agree on a definition of Fascism or had no definition whatever. I found that, in the absence of an official definition, or a definition satisfactory to everyone, each person tends to adopt the definition satisfactory to himself.

We are supposed to be fighting Fascism, but seldom, as I asked my questions, was the word even mentioned. Many Americans told me that Fascism evokes in them no reaction whatever. Almost everyone I talked to was unaware of the significance of American Fascism or American Fascists.

The Forgotten Word

The word Fascism is heralded as the symbol of the thing we are fighting. It is presented to the American people every day—by President Roosevelt, by newspapers and magazines, by radio commentators. Yet it was rarely mentioned by Americans pouring out their reasons for fighting this war.

To be unable to define Fascism has a serious implication for the future.

The definitions of Fascism given to me by Americans contained grave indications that this country might become ripe for a negotiated peace by the Axis powers.

Of course, if a poll were taken of the American people on the question: "Do you favor a negotiated peace?" the results would very probably show at least ninety-nine per cent opposition. Such a poll, however, would not be conclusive. The American people appear quite unaware at this moment that their minds are being attuned to the enemy's attempts to secure a negotiated peace.

The American susceptibility to a negotiated peace is created by our lack of understanding of what we are fighting against.

Thinking in America, on almost every phase of this war and the postwar world, I found to be based on classes, on economic groups. I found that the Massachusetts industrialist answered my questions about Fascism and other aspects of the war in just the same way, even to the use of identical words, as the Oregon industrialists.

The coal miner in Pennsylvania has about the same understanding of Fascism as the copper miner in Montana. The armament worker in Michigan looks at this world at war through the same eyes as the aircraft worker in California. The Iowa farmer is no more and no less informed about Fascism than the cotton

Fascism meant nothing to a Negro worker who said: "The word doesn't make any impression on me. It doesn't strike any reaction whatever"

A baffled Boston housewife commented: "It doesn't mean much to me, except a group of people rabid about something, but I wouldn't know what"

A husky longshoreman confessed: "I don't know what Fascism is, and I wouldn't know a Fascist if I saw one"

A Kansas cattle raiser defined Fascism as: ". . . the belief in a big industrial enterprise. Anyone who thinks that way is Fascist-minded"

grower in Tennessee, and both express themselves in the same way.

The explanation of this is simple: Organizations, whether of employers or employees or pressure groups, are concerned with indoctrinating their members. This has tended to standardize thinking in America on economic instead of geographic levels.

To the managerial group—men making $5,000 a year and up, such as bankers, industrialists, attorneys, doctors, businessmen—Fascism has definite political meanings.

A Maine insurance executive said: "Fascism is a dictatorship in the form of a political party."

An Iowa attorney, a bulky man who often represents labor unions in courts, described Fascism as some sort of a political setup. "A little while ago," he said, "it dawned on me that I didn't know what Fascism is and I said to myself, 'What if my five-year-old boy asks me: "What is Fascism?"' Frankly, I don't think I could answer him."

A Southern tobacco grower and processor mulled over my question for a long time. "Well," he said finally, "I would say that Fascism is a dictatorship."

A Virginia judge thinks the whole philosophy and action of Fascism is expressed as "a one-man political, social and economic control of a nation."

A Tennessee businessman, without hesitation, offered this definition: "Fascism is a group of people who depend on force to gain their ends. They are people devoid of all human attributes."

A Texas farmer had no definition at all. "The word Fascism," he admitted very frankly, "just doesn't mean a thing to me."

A Kansas cattle raiser, himself prosperous and a big operator, said, "Fascism is the belief in a big industrial enterprise. Anyone who thinks that way is Fascist-minded."

But the manager of a radio station in Kansas expressed a view I often heard from the bitter, uncompromising opponents of President Roosevelt. "A Fascist," said the Kansas radio-station manager, "is usually a radical type of thinker such as a New Dealer. It is someone who favors a limited form of government."

Between Two Extremes

A North Dakota banker puffed on his after-lunch cigar, gazed benignly around at the other executives with whom we sat, stared at the ceiling for a minute or two, and said, "Fascism, I think is about halfway between Communism and Democracy."

A businessman sitting next to him felt he could be more specific. "Fascism," he explained, "is the curtailment of liberties, where the state doesn't acquire all the property, but restricts most of it."

A Virginia industrialist adhered to the political and economic definition and said, "Fascism and Naziism, to me, are synonymous. It's dictatorship."

A Massachusetts wholesale food dealer said, "I think anyone is a Fascist who is a dictator, a pirate or an isolationist."

As it turned out, the American worker's understanding of Fascism depended largely on how seriously he believed in trade unionism and how well his union had educated him. A Maine shipyard worker, who told me first that he is fighting for the freedom of peoples all over the world and that, to him, any sacrifice in this war is well worth making, fumbled with his thoughts in defining what he is fighting against.

"Fascism," he finally offered, "means compulsory military training. I don't know of anything else that Fascism means."

A Wisconsin worker in a war factory, a union member, with a son fighting in the Army overseas, said, "Fascism is a political party backed up by an army and enforcing its wishes on the people."

In a hiring hall in California, I sat down with a group of longshoremen in the smoke-filled room to ask my series of questions. Even here, the word Fascism was not mentioned until the end of more than two hours of questioning.

A middle-aged, husky, grizzled longshoreman confessed, "I don't know what Fascism is. I wouldn't know a Fascist if I saw one."

A barrel-chested Negro, more than six feet tall, admitted that he didn't know what a Fascist is, either.

Another longshoreman summed it up this way: "Fascism is pure dictatorship with a mixture of brutality."

An internationally known West Coast labor leader defined Fascism for me this way: "It is a very severe dictatorship where a small minority of financial interests use rigid force and methods of violence to impose their program on the will of the people. Imperialism is the same as Fascism. Imperialism pays only lip service to Democracy."

"Capital Against the Workers"

A Montana copper miner, active for twenty-seven years in his union, echoed this definition with these words: "Fascism is the open, terroristic dictatorship of capital against the rights of the working class."

A Virginia machinist said he thinks of Fascists "as people that are enemies of all that is good and righteous and just."

A Wisconsin truck driver disagreed with the definitions given to me by workers in many parts of the country, as well as by executives. "Fascism," said the truck driver, "is not a political party at all. It is an ideology; it is the idea of supernationalistic aspirations of a nation under one man."

On a Maine farm, I found two farmers

(Continued on page 52)

THE PRESIDENT DEFINES FASCISM

The liberty of a democracy is not safe if the people tolerate the growth of private power to a point where it becomes stronger than their democratic state itself. That, in its essence, is Fascism—ownership of government by an individual, by a group, or by any other controlling private power.

FRANKLIN DELANO ROOSEVELT, IN A MESSAGE TO CONGRESS, APRIL 29, 1938.

Hawaiian Medley

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY HENRY INN

THE girls you see on these pages are the product of mixed marriages in the greatest melting pot in the world—Hawaii. The late Lieutenant Commander McClelland Barclay, noted illustrator, was so impressed with their loveliness that he sketched the ones shown here as typical Pacific pin-up girls. The photographs were made by Henry Inn, connoisseur of Chinese art and architecture, and joint proprietor with his father of the oldest Chinese antique shop in Honolulu.

Name any two countries, and the chances are you'll find that they are teamed up in a Hawaiian marriage. Some island boys and girls have a most complicated heritage—like the "League of Nations Girl," Abigail Leialoha Leong, endowed with the blood of Hawaiians, Spaniards, Chinese, Japanese, Englishmen, Germans and Scotsmen.

Hawaii outdoes the U.S.A. in "melting pot" characteristics. For 150 years, races and nationalities have been so blended there that anthropologists consider the Islands the ideal laboratory for testing theories on heredity.

Until its discovery by Captain James Cook in 1778, isolated Hawaii's people were all of one stock, a thousand-year-old mixture of Mongolian and Caucasian races, locally inbred. They were fine physical specimens, maintaining an orderly, happy society in which crime and disease were at a minimum.

The coming of the Westerners quickl changed this. The development of industrie demanded laborers. The United States, afte the Reciprocity Treaty in 1878, and increa ingly after Hawaii became a U. S. territory i 1900, brought in a succession of alien group under a "desirable citizen" plan—a total o 4,450 Norwegians, Germans, Galicians, Russians and Poles, 16,000 Portuguese, 7,00 Spaniards, a few hundred Italians. More important numerically was the influx of Chinese, with Japanese, Koreans, Filipinos an Puerto Ricans also importantly represented A few Negroes and Hindus added furthe complications. Almost all immigrants wer men, who perforce married Hawaiian girls

In the beginning, the change spelled trouble. Pure Hawaiians had no immunity to European diseases. Measles was for them death-dealing plague. Tuberculosis, alcoholism and venereal disease decimated the population. In the 100 years following Captai Cook's arrival, the number of pure Hawaiians dropped from 300,000 to 150,000.

But the new part-Hawaiian populatio showed great vigor, with the children o mixed marriages holding their own social and economically, and maintaining a ver high birth rate, which, even now, is th greatest among all the races.

Nowhere else, anthropologists say, hav mixed marriages occurred on such a scal under such favorable conditions. Elsewher racial intermarriage occurs most ofte among the underprivileged, so that the offspring, for reasons having nothing to do wit race, are apt to be inferior.

The offspring of a European-Asiatic marriage may be equally unacceptable in Chin and in Europe, but in Hawaii, the earliest i termarriages united the finest Hawaiian stoc with men who by coming to Hawaii ha proved their enterprising spirit. The gir you see here are members of respected fam lies. They can look forward to satisfyin careers and happy marriages.

Anthropologists decline to say whether racial intermarriage is good or bad, but they d state that a crossing of strains—in dogs, ca tle, horses or people—often results in heter sis or "hybrid vigor." That is, the offsprin will be bigger, stronger and more fertile tha the parents. Hawaii seems to be proving t point. ★★

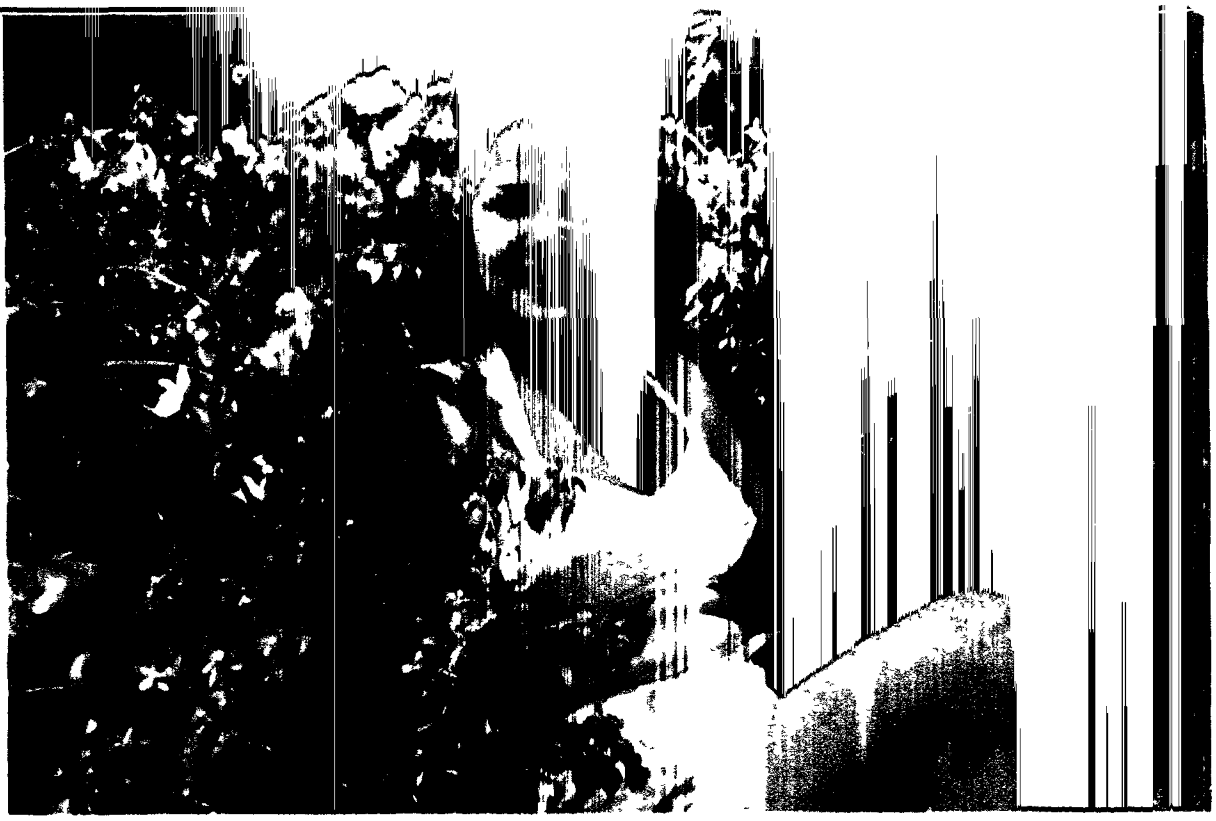
HAWAIIAN-CHINESE-AMERICAN—Jackie Tatum, 18, is the leading dancer in Hawaii's USO troupe of Flanderettes. She sometimes wears her entire collection of 100 souvenir military insignia on her trench coat. Maybe you saw her in a recent newsphoto, dancing with Admiral Nimitz

HAWAIIAN-PORTUGUESE-ENGLISH—Bernice Keala Gomez, 16, is a secretary, a model and an amateur photographer. Like all island girls, she's a fine swimmer. War workers will readily recognize her as the slim little hula dancer who appears often at local entertainments

AMERICAN INDIAN-PORTUGUESE—Kathleen Garcia, 17, is a great success at selling War Bonds to employees of the naval air station at Pearl Harbor when she isn't attending school. In any spare time she rides, swims and plays tennis. Her Portuguese father is a war-working chemist

PORTUGUESE-ENGLISH—One of the most popular USO entertainers in Hawaii is Alyce Lewis, 18-year-old blues singer. She was chosen by one Army outfit as "The Girl You'd Like to Take Home." She is a high-school senior and, naturally, she swims, dances

ENGLISH-HAWAIIAN—Elinore Leilehua's talent as a hula dancer is inherited from her Hawaiian mother. She's 16, in high school, works part time for a medical unit of the OCD



CHINESE-IRISH—Mina Duncan, 15, is the baby of the USO Flanderettes, a roller-skate expert. She originates the intricate number she and her partner execute, including a whirling finale in which a match held between her teeth strikes a light on the floor

CHINESE-FRENCH—Kuulei De Clercq is the popular daughter of a Honolulu newspaperman. As child dancers she and her sister, Nalani, appeared in Hurricane with Dorothy Lamour

SWEDISH-JAPANESE—Joy, 21, and Gay, 16, are sisters, the one working as an office clerk, the other going to high school. Their mixed ancestry is taken for granted in Honolulu, and they join the other island girls in year-round swimming and dancing

LITHUANIAN-JAPANESE—Margaret Sheinski Massa's father, a Lithuanian, is in the Navy, and her mother does her stint in defense work. Peggy, who is a typist, was selected Pineapple Queen

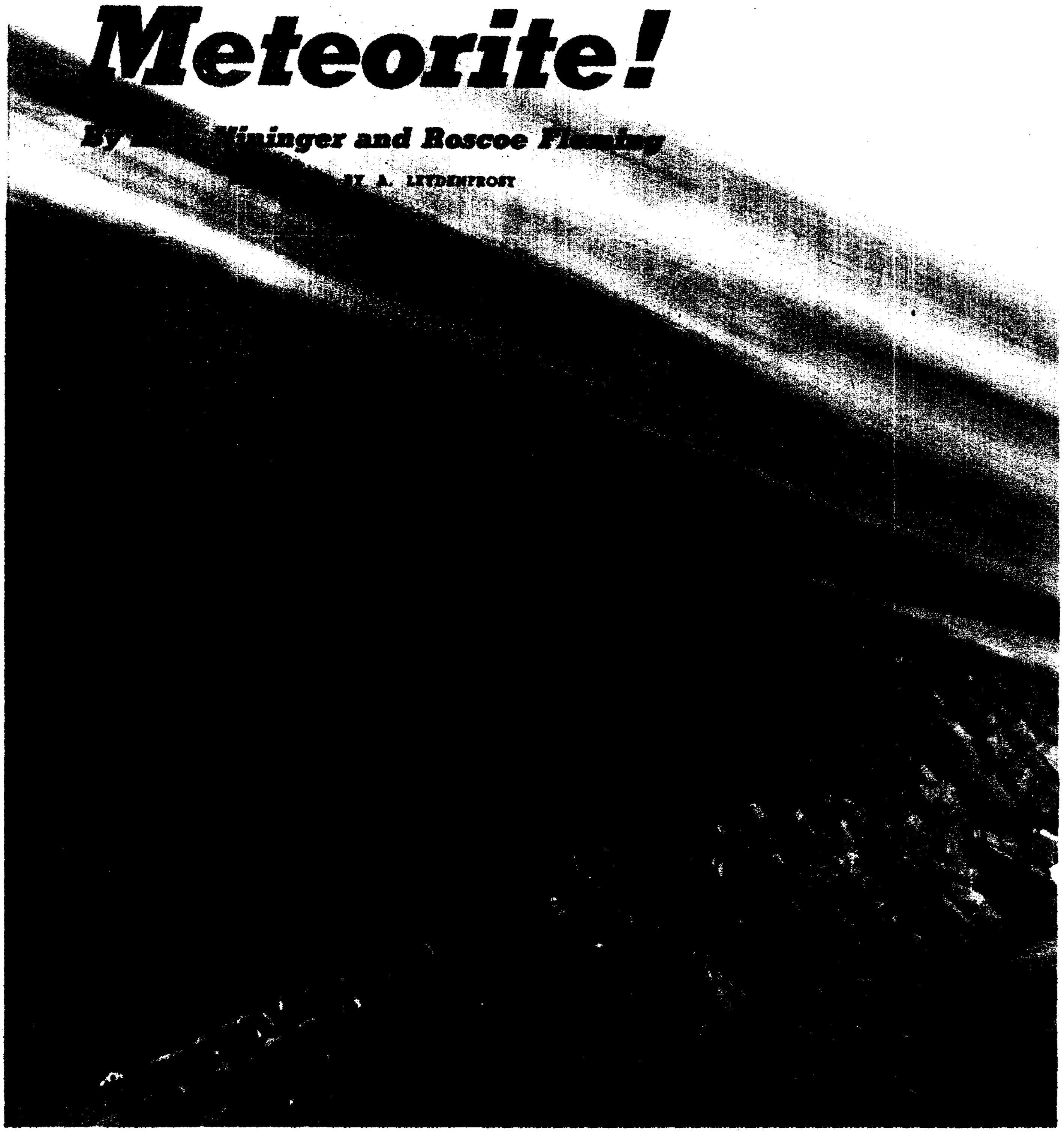
HAWAIIAN-SPANISH-CHINESE-JAPANESE-ENGLISH-GERMAN-SCOTCH—Abigail Leialoha Leong proudly calls herself the "League of Nations Girl." After school she takes care of war workers' children. She derives the first four nationalities from her father

Old Mother Earth sails serenely on, mercilessly assaulted on all sides since time began by a bombardment that makes man-made bombings seem puny in comparison. Her defenses seldom fail. But when they do, things happen

Meteorite!

By [illegible] Nininger and Roscoe Fleming

[illegible] BY A. LEYDENFROST



THERE is a bowl sunk in the Arizona desert so huge that if it were the football stadium it resembles even to the upflung rim everyone in Chicago could crowd into it. Its diameter averages 4,100 feet, or four fifths of a mile, and it is 600 feet deep, less than half its original depth.

This, the great Barringer meteorite pit near Winslow, is the largest known crater resulting from the siege out of the skies that has gone on against the earth ever since the creation. The pit was dug from 20,000 to 50,000 years ago by an explosive far outmatching TNT—by the explosive energy latent in even ordinary rock or metal when moving at the truly cosmic velocities attainable only under interplanetary conditions.

All the bombs dropped in this war, if welded into one mighty aerial torpedo, could not match the power of the great bomb from space that dug this crater. The explosion might well have been heard around the world.

When the universe besieges us, man's efforts at destruction fade into insignificance. The moon tells the story. The same storm of meteorites that has so scarred its battered face has slugged at the earth itself—but the earth has a tough, resilient armor of atmosphere, and erosion has largely scrubbed away its bomb scars, or vegetation has covered them up. Great meteorites may also have fallen in the sea.

There may be larger meteorite craters than the Barringer, so eroded and filled that we have not discovered them, or simply so vast that thousands of people may have traversed them without discovering what they are. It is possible that stratospheric fliers may be the first men to get far enough away from the earth to discover such craters.

Only in the last twenty-five years has the Arizona pit been generally accepted as a meteorite crater. (The meteor is the fiery apparition in the sky; the meteorite is the solid body that causes it.) Thomas Jefferson said he'd sooner believe that two Yale professors would lie than believe that stones fall from heaven. But gradually the evidence has overwhelmed the skeptics. Now it is known that, far from being rare, meteorites as big as the end of your thumb, or larger, strike earth's atmosphere at the rate of a million an hour. These contain enough fuel so that their fiery death in the stratosphere can be seen 70 to 150 miles away.

The solar system now appears to be as full of smaller-sized cosmic debris as a room is revealed to be full of dust when the sunlight strikes through.

Nor do these bits of debris float haphazardly in space. Each has its appointed orbit. The fiery showers of shooting stars that decorate our skies and come each year at about the same season (such as the Leonids and Perseids) are evidence of meteorites that move in an orbit which the earth regularly intercepts at the same point in its own orbit each year. This may indicate that the Leonids may even be part of meteorite trains that stretch entirely around the sun.

The meteorites in the earth's region of space move at approximately 26.2 miles per second, or 30 to 50 times faster than a bullet fired from a high-powered rifle. The earth moves in its orbit at 18.5 miles per second. Since a meteorite may come at us from any angle, it may dash against the atmosphere at a relative speed anywhere between 44.7 and 7.7 miles per second.

Thus we on earth are in the position of having 24,000,000 explosive bullets and bombs of terrible striking and explosive power fired at us each day. Yet there is no known instance of a person's being killed by a meteorite. Why? Well, for one thing, this huge number of meteorites actually means only one over each 200 square miles per hour; for another, the air we breathe is the most efficient armor conceivable. In mass, it is equivalent to a thickness of 52 inches of the toughest steel armor plate, but it affords far more protection than that.

To matter moving at several miles a second, the air opposes an elastic resistance and friction so effective that the meteorite's forward surface is instantly melted to incandescent fluid. This is largely responsible for the glowing meteor train. It continues until the meteorite has been entirely burned away, or until it strikes the earth, or is so braked down and slowed that its final fall to earth may be plainly visible to onlookers, as many have actually been seen.

Investigators of several mysterious airplane crashes have postulated a possible bombing from space to account for them, and a meteorite smashing suddenly through a ship could account for mysterious sinkings at sea during calm weather. The fiction writers who deal in interplanetary travel have not yet invented an adequate defense for a space ship, naked of the protecting atmosphere, against these billions of cosmic bombs speeding at 26 miles per second!

Of all meteorites recovered, some 10 to 15 per cent are virtually solid chunks of metal, invariably almost entirely of nickel-iron; but there are metallic grains in most rocky meteorites, so that only about 10 or 15 per cent are of rock alone.

By Interplanetary Express

It has been conjectured by some scientists that life itself may have been brought to the earth in the form of spores traveling either by themselves or embedded in meteoritic fragments. In the latter case, they would have to survive cold, not heat. While the face of a meteorite plunging through air is molten, its interior, just below that molten surface, may still be at the deadly cold of interstellar space.

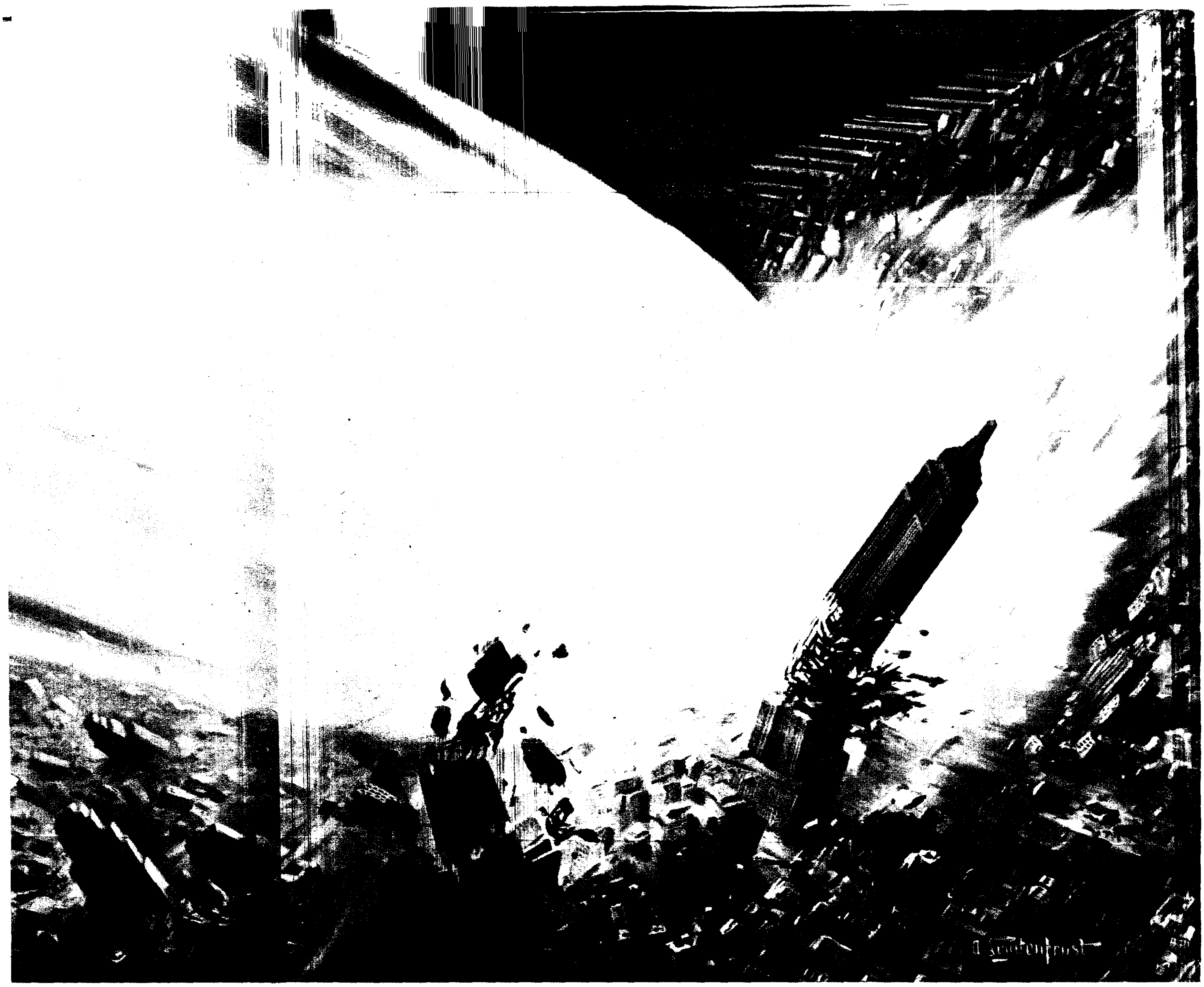
Diamonds have been found in meteorites, but they are microscopic black diamonds, known as carbonadoes, worthless for any practical purpose; gold has occurred up to one third of an ounce per ton (or $11-a-ton ore) in a meteorite weighing a few pounds, but platinum is usually in bare traces. A mining company spent many thousands of dollars trying to locate the mass of the Arizona meteorite by drilling, the incentive being the supposed presence of hundreds of thousands of tons of nickel-iron.

So far, however, the value of meteorites has been found to be almost entirely scientific. No elements unknown on earth have been found in meteorites, but many hitherto unknown minerals and alloys have. The early experimenters in nickel-iron alloys based some of their most valuable formulas on the proportions found in meteorites, and other such studies are constantly being made.

Meteoritics is a new and fascinating science. Scores of people have reported hearing a frying or crackling sound, sometimes emanating from objects right in the room with them, at the time a huge meteorite was passing perhaps 75 to 100 miles overhead. No sound traveling through air could possibly have reached these hearers for several minutes. Thus it is conjectured that the meteorite, of different electric potential from the earth, may broadcast powerfully for a few seconds after striking the atmosphere, an effect tentatively christened the "aetherial" effect.

Further knowledge of this phenomenon may well increase our knowledge of stratospheric electronic conditions and of the behavior of electricity and matter in a near vacuum.

We may learn from meteoritics more about making rustless alloys, since some meteorites stubbornly resist rust; more about mineralized deposits in the earth's



A meteorite like the one that dug the Barringer crater in Arizona might destroy an entire city and kill millions of people. Another such huge meteor is always a possibility, but hardly a probability

crust; more about the problems of air resistance at high altitudes and velocities, for the guidance of ballistic and aeronautical engineers; possibly more about cosmic rays, and certainly more about the constituents of the atmosphere and their relation to healthy plant and animal life.

By use of a small but powerful magnet placed in a downspout, nickel dust has been trapped in sufficient quantities to show that it is constantly present in our atmosphere. Its origin can only be the nickel-iron meteorites that flash into fine dust in the upper air.

Meteorites may have played a most important part in our daily lives. Some scientists conjecture that the angle at which the earth is tilted to the ecliptic, with our consequent procession of seasons, may be due to a truly huge meteorite, a runaway planetoid of many trillions of tons, crashing into our planet aeons ago at such an angle as to tilt the earth in its orbit.

The fall of a meteorite large enough to ruin half a continent, kill millions of people, and profoundly alter the conditions of living over the whole world is possible, though scarcely probable, at any moment. Even the fall of a meteorite as large as an automobile or a locomotive is one of the most awe-inspiring of natural phenomena.

The greatest meteoritic bombing of modern times was a group fall in Siberia in 1908. The craters there, now ponds, have never been adequately explored, but it is probable that the meteorites constituted a total mass of not more than 40,000 tons, a mere baby beside the Arizona fall.

Nevertheless, trees were mowed down like grass, reindeer and other animals were killed for many miles around, and a farmer named Semenow, who was sitting on his porch fifty miles south, saw a great light followed by darkness like midnight, felt such a wave of heat that he feared his clothes would catch fire—and woke up on the ground after several hours of unconsciousness. In England, observatories recorded unusual pressure waves in the atmosphere.

A Cache of Nickel-Iron

Small masses of nickel-iron are present by the millions out on the desert and in the heaped-up rim which extends a half mile from the Barringer crater and is 150 to 200 feet high. Really large masses were not found (despite the patient drilling of Doctor D. M. Barringer, who successfully championed the meteoritic origin of the pit) until holes were drilled down from the south rim and beyond. Then masses of the original meteorite were encountered at 1,346 feet.

So probably this meteorite came in at an angle from the north, plowing through several hundred miles of resisting atmosphere. Whatever its speed at impact, the collision released energies that transcend any in human experience or comprehension.

Let us imagine a mass of nickel-iron about the size of a twelve-story building, which in solid metal would weigh a million tons or more, falling to earth at a rate of fifteen miles a second. Even at that speed (one third the possible maximum) the air literally cannot get out of the way and is compressed in front of the mass as by a mighty plunger. Adjacent air is also dragged along.

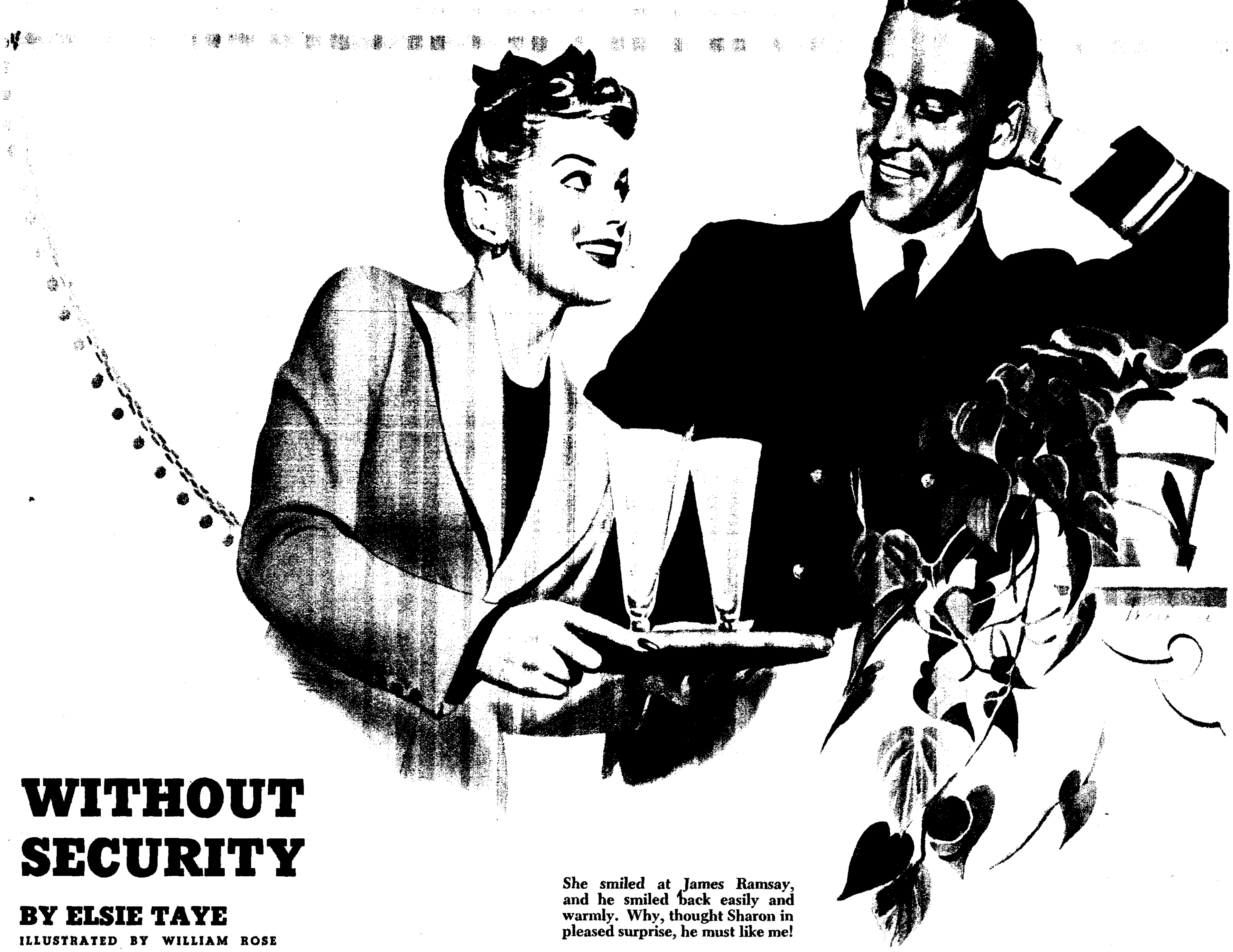
The face of the meteorite and this whole mass of air are instantly heated to incandescence that dims the sun and blinds any beholder, a gigantic sword of white fire cleaving the sky. In the split second before impact, the molten plunger of air burns deep into earth like a gigantic blowtorch.

Into this fiery wound now plunges the great bomb from space, plunges ever deeper until its force is matched by the resistance of the deeper layers of rock. The tremendous energies at work must be absorbed—and instantly—by the molecules of the meteorite and those of the rock into which it was plunged.

Those supercharged molecules leap and lift, they shatter and heave the surrounding strata; they hurl skyward millions of tons of crushed and incandescent matter which falls in a fiery rain back into the crater and onto its rim, to form the mountainous collar. About 350,000,000 tons of rock are thus displaced. Some of this is fused by heat into a light, porous stone. Cubic miles of even finer dust and of gases shoot skyward, and hundreds of thousands of tons are caught in the swirling air that rushes in to fill the vacuum left by the meteorite. Thus they are borne away into the atmosphere.

For years, perhaps, the whole atmosphere of the earth is dust-filled. There are gorgeous sunsets and cold winters and summers, as indeed occurred after the explosion of the volcano Krakatao in 1883; and the sound—produced as thunder is produced, by the clap of air rushing in to fill the vacuum—would dwarf any sound the human race has ever heard. Concussion alone would destroy all animal life in an area of hundreds or perhaps thousands of square miles. Human beings in this area would die instantly and, if farther away, would be struck unconscious like the Russian farmer and wake up bleeding from nose and mouth.

It isn't likely ever to happen, but—if the Siberian fall had occurred six hours later, instead of striking the turning earth in the Siberian wastes, it would have landed squarely in densely populated western Europe. ★★★



She smiled at James Ramsay, and he smiled back easily and warmly. Why, thought Sharon in pleased surprise, he must like me!

WITHOUT SECURITY

BY ELSIE TAYE

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM ROSE

What does a woman ask of love—a challenge to adventure or the assurance of being cherished and protected? Sharon Abbott had to decide

SLIPPING the jacket of her light suit over the blouse, buttoning it so that only a triangle of the dark silk showed at the neck, Sharon Abbott was ready to go any place this Mr. Ramsay might suggest or ask her to suggest. His voice on the telephone had been all right—deep, a little harsh—and any friend of Bob Springer's was bound to be first class. But it might be a tough assignment. Men without humor were hard to entertain. "Sorry," he had said. "I can't. I'm in uniform." Not the right answer at all to her suggestion that he wear a white carnation so she would know him when she opened the door.

She leaned across the blue satin pouf in front of the dressing table, picked up one of the bottles of perfume and hesitated. Humorless men, she had heard some place, did not like perfume. She sprayed. Nothing could be more unimportant than what James Ramsay did or did not like. James Ramsay, being a friend of Bob's, was no doubt an excellent person, but he promised to be on the dull side, and her family did not suffer boredom gladly. It was something her mother and father had escaped from all their lives.

She leaned again to put the perfume back and saw her pale face, framed in upswept dark mahogany hair, eyes that were green flecked with a darker color, a wide carved mouth bright with lipstick. Beautiful in her own right, she had heard people say indignantly—and the answer: Ah, but not like her mother. So that she was never convinced, and had never particularly cared, whether she was beautiful or not.

Her mother had been one of the first of the flappers—a Scott Fitzgerald heroine; no prom was a success without that rose-gold hair, those long gray eyes, that too-thin boyish figure.

Sharon was as gay and as spirited as Jessica Abbott had ever been, and quite a few young men were content to fall in love with Jessica's daughter. Sharon adored them all but it was not, it seemed, what they wanted. The warmth of affection *she* meant by adoring had nothing in common with the thrilling disturbances that occupied other girls her age and their dates, constantly and changeably. There was something she had missed. That was why she had decided to tell Gregory Simms tomorrow night that she would marry him. He was everything that a lot of girls wanted, and Sharon was very fond of him. And her mother would be pleased. Sharon took an ironic satisfaction in pleasing her mother. Jessica was the most beautiful person in the world, and the cleverest, and you always ended by doing what Jessica wanted.

"Hello," said Sharon aloud, to a picture in a big silver frame on the highboy, as she stepped into lizard pumps, coupon eighteen. She had to believe that Greg would be glad when she told him. He had asked her so many times. With what she called his vice-president expression he looked back at her, his eyes steady, his mouth firm and unsmiling. She wondered now why she had hesitated so long. Greg was a swell person.

Lighting a cigarette, snapping the blue enamel lighter shut, Sharon wandered around the room. It was a little embarrassing to remember herself as she had been when she first came home from college, three years ago, trailing scholastic honors that had startled her mother. Fresh from the social sciences, political economy, philosophy, she had been so youthfully discontented with things as they were, so sure of the great changes she was going to help accomplish.

Her mother, in the right hospital organizations, on the right committees, regarded her with anxiety as she said, "Of course, darling, we all do what we can. But do you have to spend *all* day at the settlement when they have paid workers?"

Sharon sat down in a blue quilted chair, her feet close together, her elbows on her knees, blowing smoke out lazily as she wondered what she had been so excited about that first year she was home from college. She had run around in a fine glow, upsetting a lot of people and not accomplishing anything very important, she and young Dr. Springer—Bob. It was at Hodgson House that she had met Bob, and he had turned out to be one of her best friends. If he had been a little in love with her at first, she had smothered the flame before it could hurt him, and they had worked together, sometimes behind the organization's back, getting excited about the red tape they tore off and threw away, getting a little scared when they knew they had been too highhanded.

She must, Sharon thought, her elbows on her knees, have bored her mother terribly. But her mother had been clever. Sharon's name had been put up for all the right junior charities as a matter of course, the ones all her friends belonged to, and Jessica had a flattering way of wanting her daughter with her for golf or bridge or shopping, so that there was less and less time for Hodgson House.

The war had solved a lot of problems. Jessica could continue to be spirited in a custom-made uniform, her beauty only slightly haggard, a sticker on the windshield of her privileged car, her days as hectic if not as glittering as they had ever been. She was often exhausted but never

(Continued on page 72)

THEY ALSO SERVE...

By Corey Ford and Alastair MacBain

This business of waiting for the big bombers to return from their missions is real war, a war of tension and sleeplessness, in which no time exists. It's fought by the ground crews, nameless G.I.s in grimy dungarees

IT WAS funny to see a morning newspaper from the States at this American bomber base in England. It was funny to see a morning newspaper at all, as a matter of fact, because here at the base you had almost forgotten such things as morning or night. There were no days in the week here, just an endless succession of hours, and some of them you slept, if you were lucky; or, if you were hungry, you knocked off what you were doing and got something to eat.

Time didn't go by the clock; it went by a mission taking off and getting back again. You said, "Twelve o'clock," but that could be either noon or midnight; if it was dark, was how you could tell. Day ran into night, and night ran into the next day, and it was funny to think of an orderly existence that began at eight o'clock with breakfast and the morning paper.

We didn't get to read the newspaper just then, as it happened; for a familiar, far-off drone was beginning to fill the sky, and we folded the paper and stuffed it absently in our pocket.

You forget everything else when you hear that sound the big Forts make. It is a deep, unhurried, somber sound, like a gathering wind, and once you hear it you never mistake it. Ahead of it, the escorting fighter planes hurtle the field, homeward bound; but above their roar and shrill, exuberant scream, above the jeeps scurrying past you and the ominous pant of crash trucks parked in readiness at the end of the runway, you can make out in the distance that unmistakable, solemn drone of engines turning, turning steadily, bringing the bombers back again from Germany.

Even before you see them, you feel a strange hush over the base. The roof of the control tower fills with officers, peering through field glasses; mechanics crowd the doors of armament shops and hangars, and stare overhead in silence; outside the mess hall, a cook tilts his white cap expectantly. Enlisted men on bicycles begin to pedal down from the squadron areas, as the rising and falling drone fills the sky, irresistibly drawn to the line. On the cement-hard stands around the perimeter track, the waiting ground crews rise nervously from toolboxes and empty cartridge cases and shade their eyes with oil-smeared wrists.

The Big Bombers Return

"Here they come!" Slowly, almost casually, the formation drifts toward you out of the bright haze; and, in unison, everyone around you starts counting aloud: "Thirteen, fourteen, fifteen, sixteen, seventeen—seventeen out of twenty. Maybe it isn't our group. But they're beginning to circle; it must be ours!"

Someone swears softly; the lead ship has fired two red flares, sign of a wounded man aboard, and the ambulances—the meat wagons—race down the strip to meet it. You count the formation again as it comes around: sixteen, seventeen. A murmur; another Fort appears over the horizon, struggling low, the props of two engines starkly feathered. Beside you, the starter of the fire truck whirs rapidly. Eighteen now, eighteen out of twenty. Chain-smoking, scanning the sky and waiting, sweating the formation home....

For this is war, too, this war of sweating them out and sweating them in again—a war you never hear of. You hear of the bombs falling on Hamburg or Kiel, and the Forts zigzagging through black, cottony flak fields, and FWs half-rolling toward them with wing guns flaming scarlet.

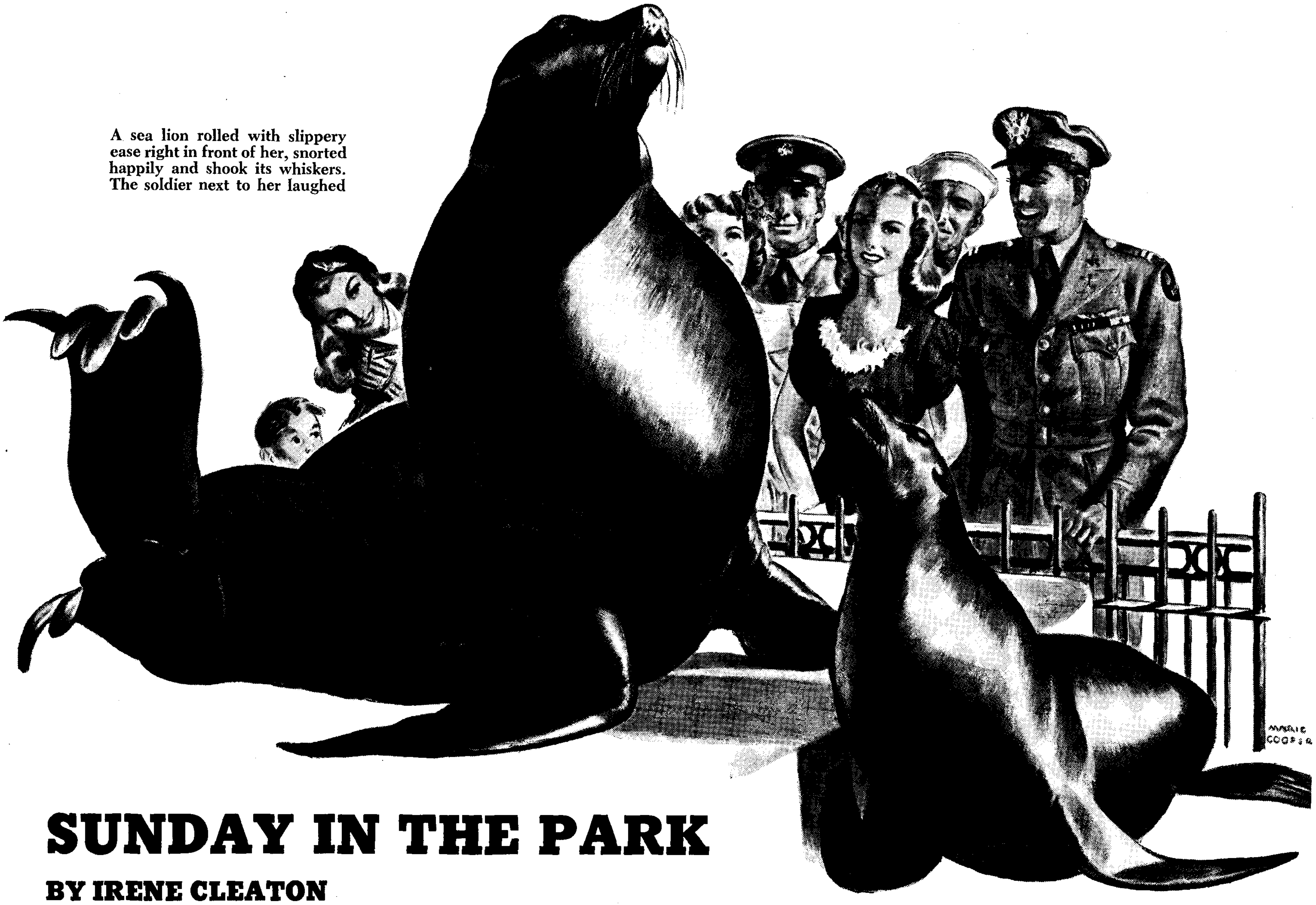
But here at this sunny wheat field in England—with a threshing machine putputting lazily beside the concrete runway, and a herd of cows grazing incongruously in the shadow of a hangar—is a war that's

(Continued on page 64)

JOE DEARING

Few can appreciate the silent agony of the ground crew counting and identifying the homeward-winging bombers, waiting, watching for The One. Below, Fortress crews report to Intelligence officers the moment they land at home base

JOE DEARING



A sea lion rolled with slippery ease right in front of her, snorted happily and shook its whiskers. The soldier next to her laughed

SUNDAY IN THE PARK

BY IRENE CLEATON

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER

Lacey's marriage had shattered on the points of a hundred little fears, but now a new terror set her to picking up the pieces as best she could

IT WAS a summer Sunday in Central Park. A bright sun blessed the comforting green of the grass and trees, the boats in the lake, the popcorn stands, the mournful yak in his little zoo yard. Among all these wonders, strolled people who on the straight, ringing streets of Manhattan were harried and hurried; here they idled along, or sat and read, or sat and fed the squirrels, or just sat.

Lacey Jewett came into the Park as though it were a haven. She came walking quickly off Fifth Avenue, then slowed as she went down the steps to the friendly noise and activity of the zoo.

The loneliness in her face remained, but it grew less acute. Her eyes, large eyes the cool color of blue-green water, lost some of their unhappiness. The small head, circled with curly brown hair, was not held so tensely, so high.

She wandered around the arsenal to the plaza overlooking the sea lions' pool, making, as she did every Sunday when she came alone to the Park, a conscious effort to re-create the past. She tried to forget Mrs. Lacey Jewett who shared a Bronx apartment with a couple of girls she didn't know very well, who worked long, tough hours to help some large machinery make things for the war. She was back two summers, to Mrs. Jake Jewett who had a place on Tenth Street, a cocker puppy named Groucho, friends, and a husband—most of all, a husband.

She stood at the edge of the plaza, uncertain about going down, while a little breeze pushed her soft silk dress against her figure and showed that it was lovely. The skirt belled, and she put out a hand to bring it down. She smiled down at the dress—Jake's dress, the one he'd loved.

And suddenly she was thinking so intensely of Jake, she felt he must be near. She told herself tiredly: I must be getting a little crazy.

She shook her shoulders slightly and moved down the steps, up to the railing where a sign said: Sea Lion, *Zalophus californianus.* A soldier, his eyes fixed on the pool, moved his arm to make room.

Very carefully she did not look at him. I'll look in two minutes, she told herself, glancing at her watch. No, one minute. Oh, go on—look now. Get it over with. It won't be Jake.

She had been doing this sort of thing all over Manhattan and the Bronx for a year and a half now, every time she saw a soldier. She had been doing it ever since that day right after Pearl Harbor when she had got back from Reno and called his office.

She had been going to say: I was wrong, Jake. I need you terribly. Let's start over.

And his secretary, not recognizing her voice, had said, "Mr. Jewett is no longer with us." Then: "He's enlisted."

So Lacey hung up without getting his address. He's busy now, she had thought, he's busy with a big war. He can't be bothered with an ex-wife who wants to be his wife again.

A sea lion rolled with slippery ease to the surface right in front of her, snorted happily, shook its whiskers and submerged. The soldier next to her laughed.

Lacey stared at the murky water and thought: I *am* crazy. Then very slowly she turned her head toward the laughter.

For months, she had thought of all the vivid and wonderful things she would say if one of these anonymous uniforms turned out to have Jake in it. But suddenly it was important not to say them, to throw a cloak of ease and detachment around her loneliness and love. I must have some pride, she told herself and heard her voice, an assured nothing-can-touch-me voice, say, "Zalophus recognizes you. He snorted at you, Jake."

AND then she was embarrassed for she hadn't meant to remind him of the old days. And she was intensely embarrassed over the dress. *Why* did I wear it today? she thought, forgetting that it was her Sunday uniform for wandering in the Park and thinking of Jake.

But Jake looked at her, faintly surprised and friendly enough—as though she were somebody he'd met once at a cocktail party.

"Why, Lacey," he said. "Hi!"

"I don't know the proper thing to say," she said. "Hello, how are you?—I guess."

He said, "I guess so. Well, I'm fine, how are you?"

She tried a laugh, and it came out fairly well. "Fine, Oscar Wilde, just fine." The Oscar Wilde was a reproof for platitudes they had used in the old days. She realized she was going to have difficulties with the old days. They were all around her at sight of Jake, even this new strange Jake who didn't love her and looked perfectly happy about it.

He smiled amiably and said, as though it were merely opinion and not heartbreaking fact, "It's been a long time, hasn't it?"

"Um," she said. Nearly two years. One whole year and nearly another one. Forever. Longer, in fact, than they had been married.

Jake said, "I'll blow you to an ice cream sandwich—if you're not doing anything."

"Handsome of you," said Lacey, but her heart felt queer. It was part of the old routine; first the sea lions, then the ice cream sandwich. She almost looked down and said, "Come on, Groucho. Food."

She stood to one side and watched him while he bought things at the stand. She thought: He really is good-looking—so dark and with such a proud straight nose. He looked wonderful. That angry, baffled, hurt expression had disappeared from his eyes. All the love had disappeared, too. I kicked it right out of him, she thought bitterly.

Jake handed her the sandwich and said, "Here, and try to spill some like the rest of us humans."

And that was an old gag, too, for Lacey, incredibly neat, never spilled anything.

They strolled along and stopped before a cage where a rickety-looking camel stood in the sun, munching. His coat was shedding messily.

"He looks just the same," said Jake, "if not worse."

(Continued on page 58)

Cold Killer

BY J. D. RATCLIFF

How a practicing physician discovered a new medicine that knocks much of the misery out of common colds

●

A testing sample is taken from a freshly mixed batch of one of the vaso sulfa compounds which are making history in treating colds

ROY PINNEY

THIS year may be a landmark in the fight against the disease which causes more droopy spirits, more widespread misery than all other sickness put together—the common cold. Research men have found an effective weapon against the disease.

Before we describe this broth which holds such promise for you and your family, let's see something of the disease it combats. Colds account for over half the absenteeism in war plants. They strike the average person two to three times a year and cost the nation over a billion dollars annually. Colds hit women more frequently than they hit men. The disease has three seasonal peaks which coincide with the opening of schools, early winter and early spring.

Colds are caused by a virus, a microbe so small that it slips through the porcelain filters which trip up bacteria. Researchers think—but are by no means sure—that colds are spread by droplet infection. When a person sneezes, he launches at least 20,000 virus-laden droplets which may float in a room for hours. Still, virus-bearing droplets aren't the whole problem. Medical men have put people highly susceptible to colds in warm, humid rooms along with people who had colds. And they haven't caught the sickness!

There is evidence that fatigue and chilling predispose people to colds, but there is evidence to refute this, too. Research men have draped subjects in wet blankets and kept them in icy blasts before open windows—and they did not contract colds. So the common cold is pretty confusing business, yet there is a certain amount of good solid fact.

By itself, a cold is a mild sickness; it never kills anyone, but it paves the way for all manner of complications. The virus causes membranes to swell and block the nose and throat channels. These blocked passages provide ideal conditions for microbe growth. Infection spreads to cause rhinitis, laryngitis, sinusitis. Seventy-five per cent of all pneumonia starts with a cold. The chief enemy is not so much the cold virus as the secondary invaders.

How to fight these secondary invaders? There are a thousand answers to this one—as you'll see by looking at any drugstore shelf. We buy $75,000,000 worth of these "remedies" a year. Hot lemonade? It won't hurt. Whisky, hot baths, laxatives, soda? They only make you feel you're doing something. Cold vaccines have been tried and found wanting.

Putting the Killer to Work

The sulfa drugs, though valueless against cold virus, killed nearly all the bacteria that infest nose and throat passages. But how could you put them to work? Several research men proposed adding them to chewing gum or hard candy, on the theory that they would bathe the throat and destroy the microbes. The danger here was that people would get too large doses of the dangerous sulfas.

Then Doctor Frederick Myles Turnbull, a Los Angeles physician, had another approach. Why not dissolve sulfa pills in water and spray this in nasal passages? The catch was that sulfa drugs are notoriously insoluble. So this idea came to nothing until sodium sulfathiazole came along. This drug is highly soluble. Turnbull made his solution and used it on several hundred sinus patients—most of whom got immediate relief, and many avoided surgery that would otherwise have been necessary.

Turnbull carried his idea a step further. Perhaps, during colds, nasal passages were so congested that the sulfa drug could never get to the bacteria. Why not shrink engorged nasal membranes with ephedrine, and open the passages so the sulfa drug could go to work?

He mixed the two drugs in solution but found that the solution was unstable. Then he turned to a chemist friend, working at the Lockheed Aircraft Corporation—William F. Hamilton. Could Hamilton exercise some chemical magic and *stabilize* the solution, so it would stay potent in physicians' bags and on bathroom shelves? Hamilton tinkered with the solution for weeks, searching for a chemical stabilizer. In the end, he succeeded. The new double-barreled weapon against colds was called vaso sulfa.

Turnbull tried the drug on his patients. Spraying it into their noses two to four times a day, patients got almost instant relief. Colds that might have lingered for weeks were gone in a day or so. Altogether, Turnbull collected case histories on 700 people.

Hamilton tried the new medicine over an eighteen-month period on the chemical research staff at Lockheed. In a normal 18 months, 126 man-days would have been lost due to colds. During the test period, there were only five! Hamilton prophesies that vaso sulfa can cut war-plant absenteeism at least in half!

Vaso sulfa had to undergo further and more rigid tests before being marketed. Pharmaceutical houses had to test it for toxicity. It passed with flying colors. Since only infinitesimal amounts of sulfa drug would be absorbed through nasal membranes, it could be used without fear—except in those rare cases where people were hypersensitive to sulfa drugs. The constrictor in the solution—desoxyephedrine hydrochloride—might cause restlessness or sleeplessness in some individuals, but this hardly compared with the general misery caused by the cold itself.

One drawback to many nasal sprays and drops is that they stop ciliary motion. The cilia are tiny fingerlike projections in nasal membranes. Their job is to push mucus back through nasal passages and into the throat, sweeping away infection. Any medicine that paralyzes their motion (and there are many on the market which do) is apt to do far more harm than good. Researchers dosed rabbits with the drug, snipped away bits of nasal membrane. Under the microscope, the cilia continued to wave.

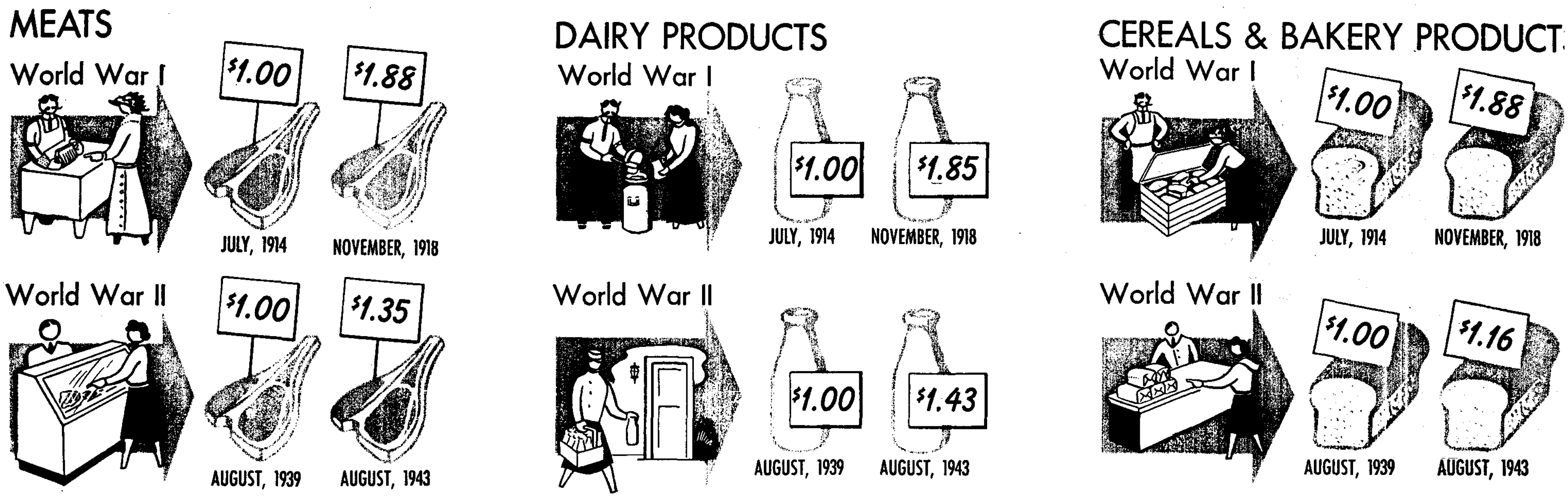
Once all tests were completed, four major drug houses started manufacturing vaso sulfa—each under its own trade name.

Relief at Small Cost

Except in cases of hypersensitivity, vaso sulfa may be used two to four times a day. It is best to spray it into the nose. Due to the war, atomizers are scarce. If one isn't available, vaso sulfa may be dropped into the nose. A small bottle at 75 cents is enough to treat several colds.

The drug came on the market late last spring—too late for wide use by the general public—but scores of doctors tried it with uniformly good results. It gave almost immediate relief from cold symptoms; and cut the duration of the colds. Tests on a far greater scale are now under way.

Vaso sulfa is in no sense the final answer to the common-cold problem, but it appears to be the most promising medication yet found for the most prevalent of all human diseases. ★★★



Comparison of the costs of three important food groups in this and the last war shows that the family food budget goes much further today than it did in 1918

Why It Costs You More to Live

BY HENRY F. PRINGLE

CHARTS BY PICTOGRAPH CORPORATION

Here's the low-down on the cost of living—what the government knows about it, and how the information is obtained. The situation is really better than you might think

EVERYBODY knows that the cost of living has been soaring since Pearl Harbor, that things cost a lot more than they did. The housewife runs into this unpleasant fact (which is a part of all major wars) a dozen times a day—when she buys oranges, a dress, or has some shoes repaired. She complains loudly, with little hope that her complaints will do any good and, in common with most other people, she thinks that nobody really knows how much the cost of living has risen, whether it varies from city to city, or what items are the worst. But Uncle Sam really knows. He knows, for instance, that it cost a little less last August to live on the Pacific Coast than on the Atlantic, that prices were higher in New York, Cleveland and Pittsburgh than in Los Angeles and Kansas City.

This information (and a vast amount more) is contained in a remarkable document called the Cost of Living Index, which is published every month by the Department of Labor. It looks dry and statistical, but behind it lies a detective operation rivaling those of the F.B.I. From Maine to Florida, from New Mexico to Oregon, and in all the big cities of the nation, a staff of shoppers is constantly pricing nearly all the things the average American buys. They are on the alert for changes, particularly for the hidden changes frequent in wartime.

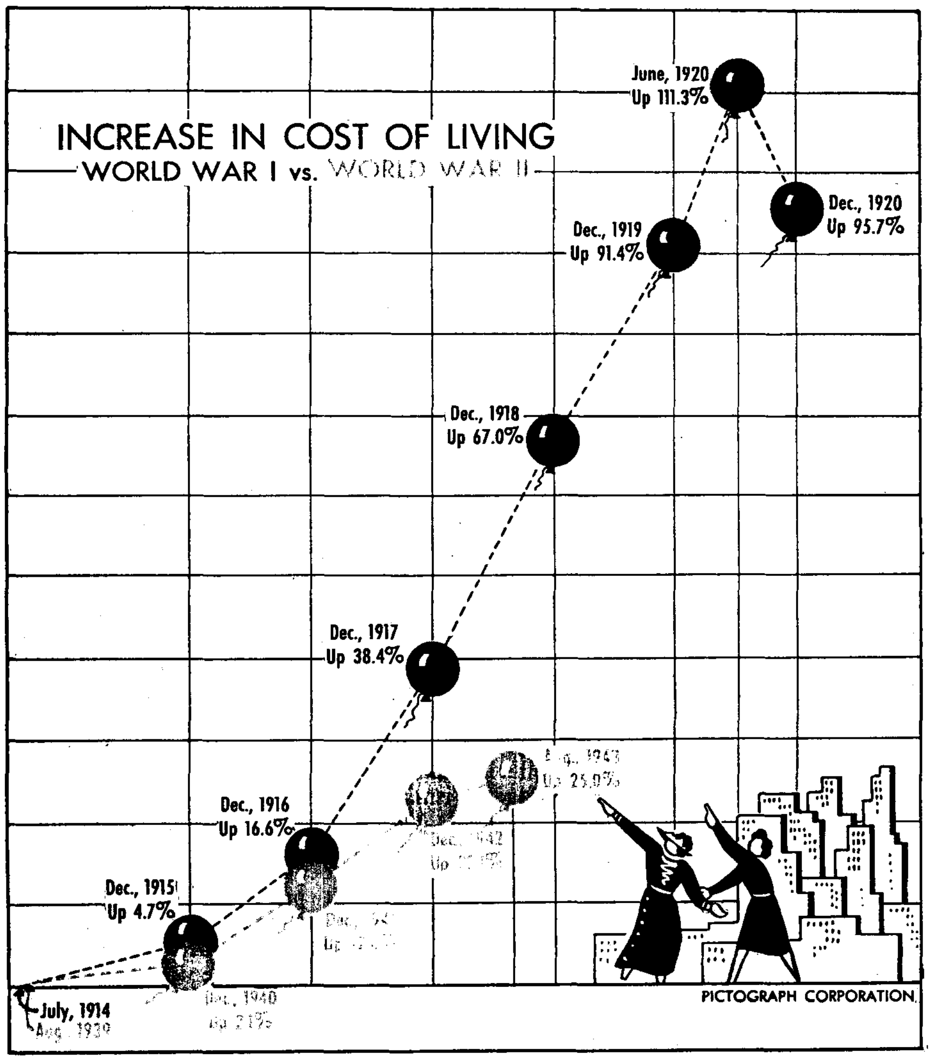
The Cost of Living Index

The job is done, astonishingly enough, by a staff of twenty-two field shoppers augmented, when it comes to asking about rents, by temporary workers. They aren't interested in how the extremely rich or the extremely poor live. What they want to know is how the man earning about $1,500 a year spends his money. In all, prices for 400 items are noted by each of the shoppers, who send to Washington at least 100,000 quotations a month. These, the experts digest into the Cost of Living Index. From their labors emerges the truth about the cost of living for Americans in the lower salary brackets.

Although it may be only temporary, the rapid upswing of prices has been halted. Retail prices rose 26.6 per cent between August, 1939, when Hitler was about to invade Poland, and last June. Then they went down a little. By comparison with the last war, this is very good indeed. It is better than England has done, but not quite as good as Canada. Hidden in the over-all 26.6 per cent increase is a 48.7 per cent rise for food, for which 40 per cent of the average pay envelope goes. Clothing rose 28.2 per cent, housefurnishings 24.7 per cent, miscellaneous items 15.4 per cent; fuel, electricity and ice 10.5 per cent. The only ceiling which has been held to any extent at all is on rents, which have increased only 3.5 per cent. The rent laws have worked well, except in some defense areas where the congestion is greatest.

The family market basket has been sorely hit. It doesn't help much to tell the worried housewife that she would have been worse off in the last war, that food prices then made a dizzy climb of 79.7 per cent. She isn't much interested in the fact that in July, 1914, she might have bought six pounds of pork chops for $1.32 and only three pounds by November, 1918. Chops in that period rose 95 per cent, lard 127 per cent, and eggs 147 per cent.

The housewife would retort that today's market basket isn't very well filled, either, even when rationing and shortages permit her to buy what she wants. In August, 1939, she could have bought four pounds of pork chops for $1.24; now she must pay $1.52 or more. She could then get four pounds of chicken for $1.24, while today three pounds cost her $1.35. This is true of nearly every item in the basket. Potatoes are up 112 per cent, onions 125 per cent, apples 250 per cent. Bread, alone, shows a moderate rise, 13 per cent. Rib roast is up only 17 per cent. But who has coupons enough for a roast?



No More Low-Cost Goods

Such are some of the gleanings from the Cost of Living Index. Another is that lower price lines are vanishing. The man who used to pay $1 for a shirt finds that his haberdasher is stocking only $1.50 or $2 shirts. The manufacturer cannot afford to make the lower grades, and the dealer, however willing he may be to sell them, can't buy them.

It is here that the Department of Labor shoppers do their most expert sleuthing. In large cities, such as New York, Chicago and Philadelphia, there is enough work—and more—to keep one shopper constantly busy, but two or three smaller cities can be handled by one shopper. Thus, Houston and Galveston might be grouped, as might Worcester and Springfield in Massachusetts.

Rent quotations are obtained from the tenants themselves, and not from possibly prejudiced landlords. This requires a lot of stair-climbing and bell-pushing. Up to 50,000 rent quotations are passed on to Washington.

In high devotion to duty, this reporter accompanied three of the shoppers on their rounds. I spent a day with Mrs. Winifred Taylor in New York, one with Miss Esther L. Bass in Baltimore and a third with Miss Olga S. Larsgard in Washington. It was an exhausting and harrowing experience; humiliating, too, because these three young women finished their

(Continued on page 66)

"Cheer up, Elmer . . . things could be a whole lot worse!"

"What in tarnation is there to be happy about?" grumbled Elmer, the bull. "The whole world's in a mess and getting messier. What do you want me to do—break into cheers?"

"That would be a wonderful idea," approved Elsie, the Borden Cow. "Think of things we have to cheer about. This year may not have been a picnic, but it hasn't been so bad. We've had each other; we've had enough to wear; and we've had *enough* to eat. What's more, the government has made another very important announcement."

"What is it?" asked Elmer perking up. "Are they going to ration conversation?"

"Don't be silly, dear," smiled Elsie. "Milk and milk products have been declared 'Basic 7 Foods.' "

"Is that good?" asked Beulah, a trifle disappointed.

"It's wonderful," enthused Elsie. "To help folks eat the kind of food that keeps them healthy, Uncle Sam has set up 7 basic food groups which everybody needs every day. And milk and milk products are one of them. Knowing creamy, wholesome *Borden's Milk* as I do, I must say the government couldn't have made a better choice."

BORDEN'S MILK IS A "BASIC 7" FOOD!
Borden's

"A likely story," sniffed Elmer. "If the government wants people to eat milk products every day, how come they've rationed cheese?"

LIEDERKRANZ CHEESE—AN ADVENTURE IN EATING!
LIEDERKRANZ
CHEESE

"That's easy," explained Elsie. "Rationing is the only way the government can see to it that everyone gets a fair share of this wonderful protein food. So *Borden's Fine Cheeses* are rationed. But don't worry—you need eat but *one* milk product each day."

ENJOY BORDEN'S ICE CREAM — IT'S NOURISHING FOOD!

"In that case," decided little Beulah, "I choose ice cream."

"Don't be so selfish," reproved Elsie. "Ice cream *is* a grand dairy food and eating it does wonders in keeping people cheerful. But we're not making nearly as much *Borden's Ice Cream* as we used to, because the milk and cream are more urgently needed to produce other dairy foods for our fighting men. That's why we must all share what ice cream there is."

"You want all of us to go hungry together, is that it?" snorted Elmer sarcastically.

"Silly," giggled Elsie. "No one's going hungry while there's rationing to see that everyone gets a fair share of food. Take babies, for instance. Rationing makes sure that babies get first call on *Borden's Evaporated Milk*. And that's the evaporated milk so highly digestible and rich in Vitamin D that doctors approve it for baby's formula."

BABIES THRIVE ON BORDEN'S EVAPORATED MILK!
Borden's
EVAPORATED MILK

"That's all very well," complained Elmer, "but I know any number of people who *aren't* babies. What about them?"

"They can have loads of good things to eat," bubbled Elsie. "Particularly, if they part with a ration point now and then to get a can of *Borden's Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk*. Eagle Brand, you know, is milk *plus* sugar. And with the magic, short-cut recipes on every can it's easy to make oodles of yummy, nutritious desserts in a jiffy."

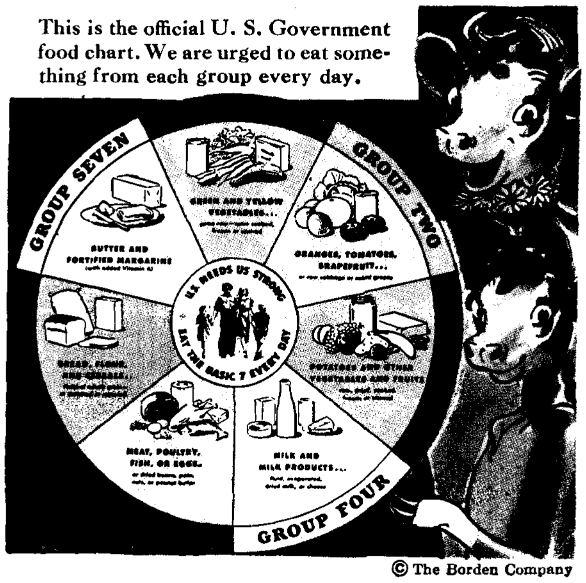
MAGIC, SHORT-CUT RECIPES WITH EAGLE BRAND!
Borden's
EAGLE BRAND
MAGIC RECIPES

"Don't we get anything to eat but dessert—I hope?" asked little Beulah eagerly.

"Of course we do, darling," chuckled Elsie. "That's one of the big reasons for the new government nutrition program—to show all of us the Basic 7 Foods that *everyone* needs daily. It's much harder to feed a family today, but it can be done with careful planning, thoughtful shopping, and a weather eye on the Basic 7. And, if I know American women, they'll do it."

"By golly, you've got something there," admitted Elmer. "And if women go to the trouble of finding food and serving it in tasty ways, the least men can do is to eat up and shut up!"

This is the official U. S. Government food chart. We are urged to eat something from each group every day.


GROUP SEVEN
GROUP TWO
GROUP FOUR
BUTTER AND FORTIFIED MARGARINE
GREEN AND YELLOW VEGETABLES...
ORANGES, TOMATOES, GRAPEFRUIT...
POTATOES AND OTHER VEGETABLES AND FRUITS
MILK AND MILK PRODUCTS...
MEAT, POULTRY, FISH, OR EGGS...
U.S. NEEDS US STRONG
EAT THE BASIC 7 EVERY DAY

© The Borden Company

Each of these whiskies is distilled only in its own distillery. This is the historic Old Taylor Distillery at Frankfort, Kentucky, which, until Pearl Harbor, had been for generations, exclusively devoted to the making of OLD TAYLOR Bonded Whiskey.

OLD GRAND-DAD
100 PROOF
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
THE OLD GRAND-DAD DISTILLERY COMPANY
BOTTLED IN BOND
Established 1810
4/5 QUART 100 PROOF
OLD OVERHOLT
STRAIGHT RYE WHISKEY
DISTILLED BY
A. Overholt & Co.
BROAD FORD, PA. U.S.A.
OLD CROW
BRAND
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
100 PROOF BOTTLED IN BOND BY
W. A. Gaines
DIVISION OF NATIONAL DISTILLERS PRODUCTS CORPORATION
FRANKFORT, KENTUCKY
Mount Vernon
Bottled in Bond
Mount Vernon
Brand
Straight Rye
Whiskey
Bottled in Bond
Under Supervision of U.S. Govt.
Bottled by
100 Proof
The Mount Vernon Distillery Company
Baltimore, Md.
OLD TAYLOR
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
OLD TAYLOR
100 PROOF
BOTTLED IN BOND UNDER SUPERVISION OF U.S. GOVERNMENT
DISTILLED & BOTTLED BY
THE OLD TAYLOR DISTILLERY COMPANY
FRANKFORT, KENTUCKY

A PLEASURE THAT HAS NEVER CHANGED

At a time when grim necessity has forced so many changes, it's pleasant to know that these five historic whiskies have not been changed.

For generations past they have been America's great whiskies and National Distillers has a very natural pride in protecting their matchless quality.

And then, of course, there is the fact that they can't be changed, because of the provisions of the U. S. Bottled-in-Bond Act which so rigidly specifies how bonded whiskies must be made.

Thus you have a *double* assurance of pre-war excellence when you call for one of these memorable bonds.

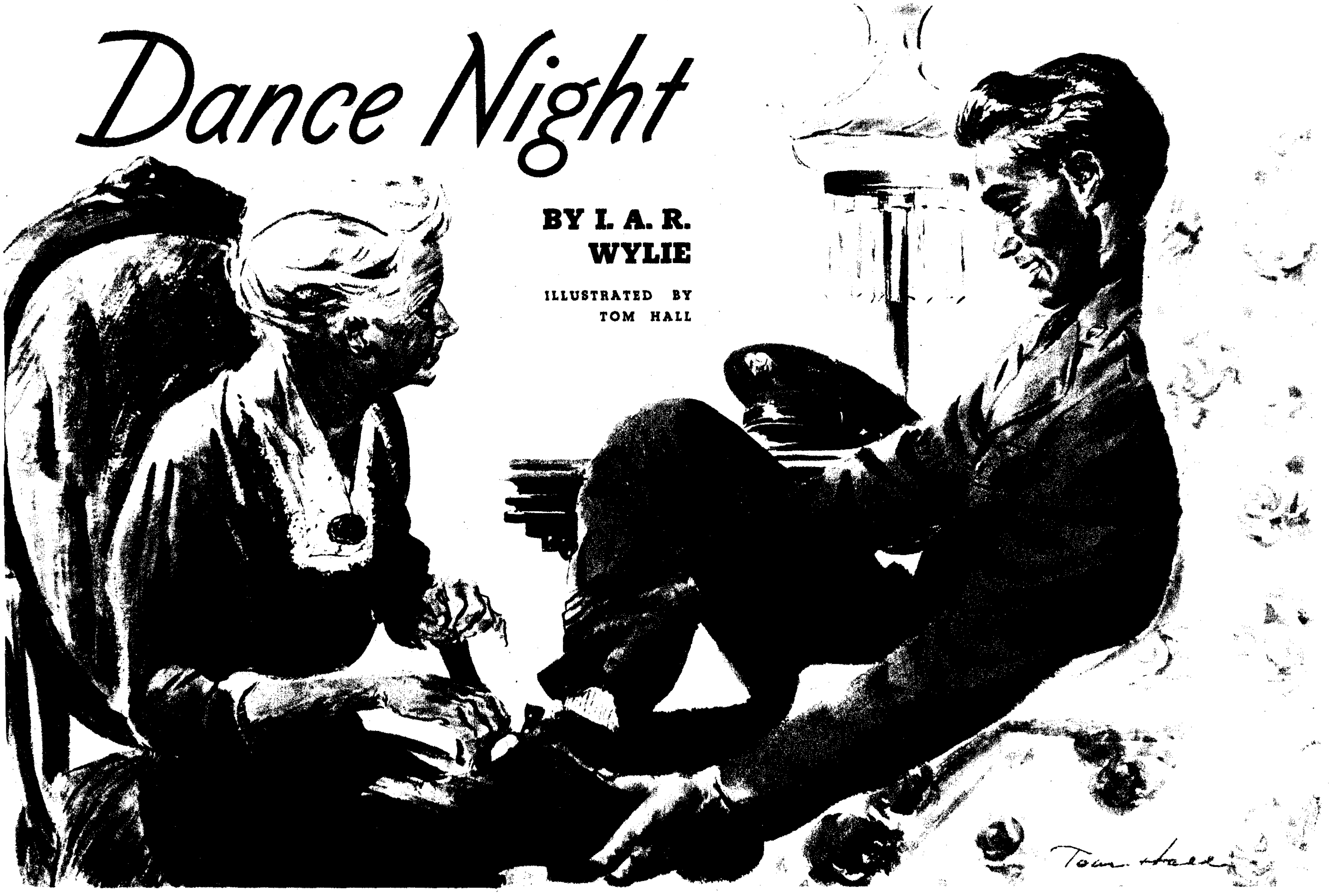
Reserves are limited, of course. If your dealer cannot always supply you, please try again.

THESE WHISKIES ARE 4 YEARS OLD • 100 PROOF • BOTTLED IN BOND • NATIONAL DISTILLERS PRODUCTS CORPORATION, NEW YORK

Dance Night

BY I. A. R. WYLIE

ILLUSTRATED BY
TOM HALL



The old lady's hands were gnarled, but they were quick and deft. She helped him pull off his heavy boots

FROM where he sat, dangling his naked feet over the gunwale of the PX-2750, Private James Anson had watched the island come out of the morning mist. Now he could make out a town, sprawled along the water's edge, like a cat in the sun. The white houses and the thick green trees and the church spire thrust up quaintly made him think of the picture postcards he sent home.

One of the small catboats, scudding over the smooth water like white-winged butterflies, tacked and came up alongside. A girl was at the wheel, her fair hair streaming in the wind, her eyes shining. She waved and the boy beside her tossed over a carton of cigarettes and gave a gay, exaggerated salute. Privates James Anson and Bud Peters waved back politely.

"Pretty," Bud said. "There'll be more like her, too. It's one of them summer joints, just lousy with pretty girls. Maybe they'll throw a party for us."

Private Anson shifted nearer the square-cut prow of the old duck so that the spray dabbled his feet. "Okay by me," he said.

THE USO had its headquarters on the main street. Usually it was full, but today, at noon, the committee had the place to itself. Mrs. Arnold Struthers, representing the summer guests, sat next Mrs. Holmes who was a resident and very properly the chairman. At that very moment, Mrs. Struthers was thinking, hundreds of sea-borne soldiers were swarming ashore to their forlorn camp. Mrs. Struthers couldn't sleep at night thinking about the soldiers and their forlornness.

"The Yacht Club has allotted us its Dance Night," she said, "and Colonel Frank has promised us at least a hundred men. And I've got the Beach Busters to play for us. Heaven knows," she added gaily, "we've plenty of pretty girls.

"We old folk," she went on, "should keep well in the background—there to help, of course, but not"—she smiled archly—"to frighten them. And Miss Frosbie must make her famous cookies for us."

That was an inspiration. Because Miss Frosbie was a problem. She was the last of the island's most famous family; she had to be given something to do. And she was very old. She sat, bunched on her chair close to the door. She was so small that her tiny feet hardly touched the floor—a little old mouse of a woman. She looked up. Her mouth quivered. It might be that she was smiling. Of course she would be glad to make the cookies. It was nice, at her age, to be able to help at all.

SHE walked slowly along the water front to the square white captain's house that had been built by her grandfather in the great whaling days. She was eighty years old. So she'd been almost sixty in the last war and they'd said, "It's too bad, Miss Frosbie. But you see, they've set an age limit." So she had made cookies. Her tiny feet stumbled a little. War was terrible. But the saddest thing of all was to stand on the riverbanks and watch uselessly as the great stream of action flowed by.

Miss Frosbie stopped for a moment to get her breath and to look out over the harbor. The strange craft were like prehistoric monsters, plowing through the smooth waters. The instruments of destruction changed. But behind them was the same shining youth. "Golden lads," Shakespeare had called them.

It had hurt Miss Frosbie to think that she was so old that she might frighten one of them. She took her handkerchief from her belt, and waved. After all, at that distance, they couldn't see that it was an old woman waving to them.

THE Beach Busters played Coming in on a Wing and a Prayer. The girl dancing with Private Anson smiled up at him.

"You haven't danced much lately," she said. "One can always tell—"

"Yeah—I guess I'm out of practice."

He tried some fancy steps. And the girl stopped and drew herself gently but firmly free.

"I guess I'll go powder my nose. Rosey over there'd love to take a whirl."

But he ducked out of a side door. He knew how Rosey'd feel about it. And he couldn't even tell the truth about how he felt. It'd sound silly. Kids like that couldn't understand.

The night air was good. Private Anson walked up the dark street, away from the music and deeper and deeper into a stillness that made him think of the cool water of a stream he'd bathed in back home on hot summer days. The white houses had closed their eyes. They were asleep—or maybe dead—and it startled him when someone, standing palely by the picket fence, spoke to him. There was enough starlight for him to see her; and the moment's scare died out.

"Good evening, soldier."

"Good evening, ma'am." He stood still, relaxed and breathing easy. "It's a pretty night," he said, "with all them stars."

"Oughtn't you to be down there at the club?" the old voice asked—"Having a good time with all those pretty girls?"

He grinned. "One of them," he said, "is thanking heaven I cut and ran. I trod all over her." He almost shouted, just to cover the silly crack in his voice. "For the love of Mike—how can a guy dance in these boots—and with feet tired the way mine are? We do use our feet quite a bit in our outfit. I guess the folks don't think—" He broke off. It sounded dumb all right. But the gate creaked. She was opening it.

"Perhaps," the small voice said, "you'd like to come in and rest a while." . . .

He watched her. She'd rolled up the sleeves of her queer, old-fashioned dress. Her arms were like fiddlesticks. Her hands were gnarled. But they were quick and deft; he liked to watch them. She had fixed a tub with steaming water and had helped him pull off his boots. The water into which she had poured some mysterious powder felt like liquid velvet. He looked around him. It wasn't like home, exactly, but it felt like home—warm and quiet, not asking anything. No jazz bands playing. No girls wanting you to hold hands and wisecrack when your eyelids felt like they had weights tied to them.

"When do you have to be back in camp, soldier?"

"Reveille, ma'am—six-thirty—"

She looked up at the dim-faced fiddle clock on the wall. "That's eight hours from now. You could sleep for seven—couldn't you?"

"Gee—ma'am—could I—!"

She sounded queer—eager, almost young. He saw something in her face that made him think that once she must have been a pretty girl. But thank God she wasn't.

"I've a guest room. I've always kept it ready—just in case— It's a good bed. I could bring you breakfast—on a tray—"

"Aw, gee!" he whispered. "Aw, gee—!"

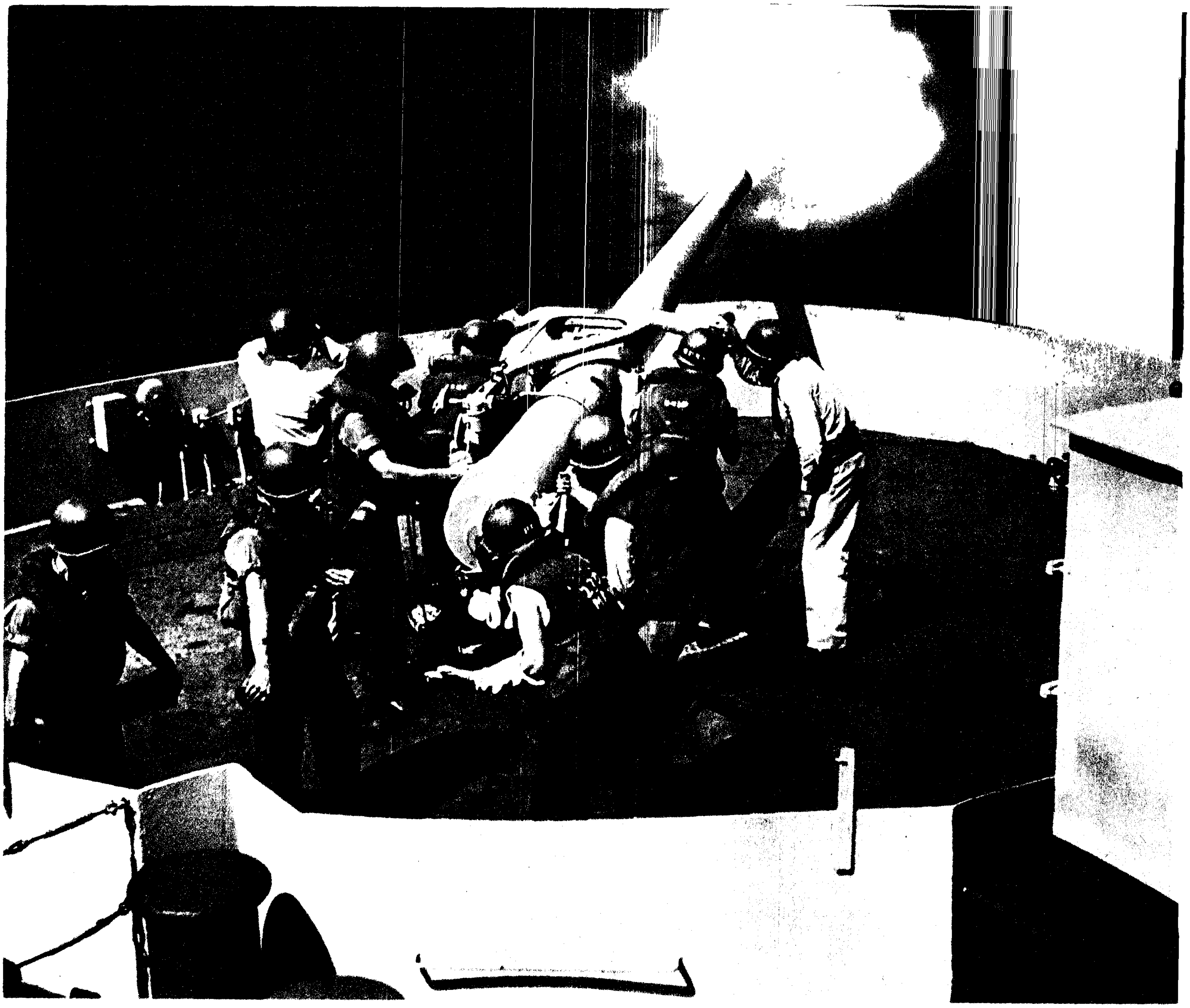
IT WAS a four-poster; the pillow felt like a soft cloud. He was almost asleep before his head touched it. The old hand brushed caressingly over his cheek, like a falling leaf.

"Good night, ma'am. You've sure been swell."

"Good night, soldier."

She went out, closing the door softly. She went down the creaking stairs and sat in the rocking chair where she could see the clock. Through the window she could hear the music. But it no longer hurt her. She sat there, smiling to herself.

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE



A new war "paint" goes on the war path!

ANOTHER REASON FOR GOODYEAR LEADERSHIP

THE shrill call to General Quarters . . . men leap from their bunks and go pounding down the decks to gun posts. With split-second timing, every man must arrive at his battle station. If just one happens to slip, the fighting efficiency of the entire ship is instantly impaired.

That's why a new type of flooring surface was needed for slippery, wave-washed decks . . . something a man could brace his feet against . . . keep his footing in the roughest kind of going.

Out of the laboratories at Goodyear has come a remarkable plastic which gives men safe and sure footing on any deck. It's called Dektred. It can be troweled on the deck or sprayed on like paint. Then it hardens to form a tough, non-slip surface that is completely weather-proof.

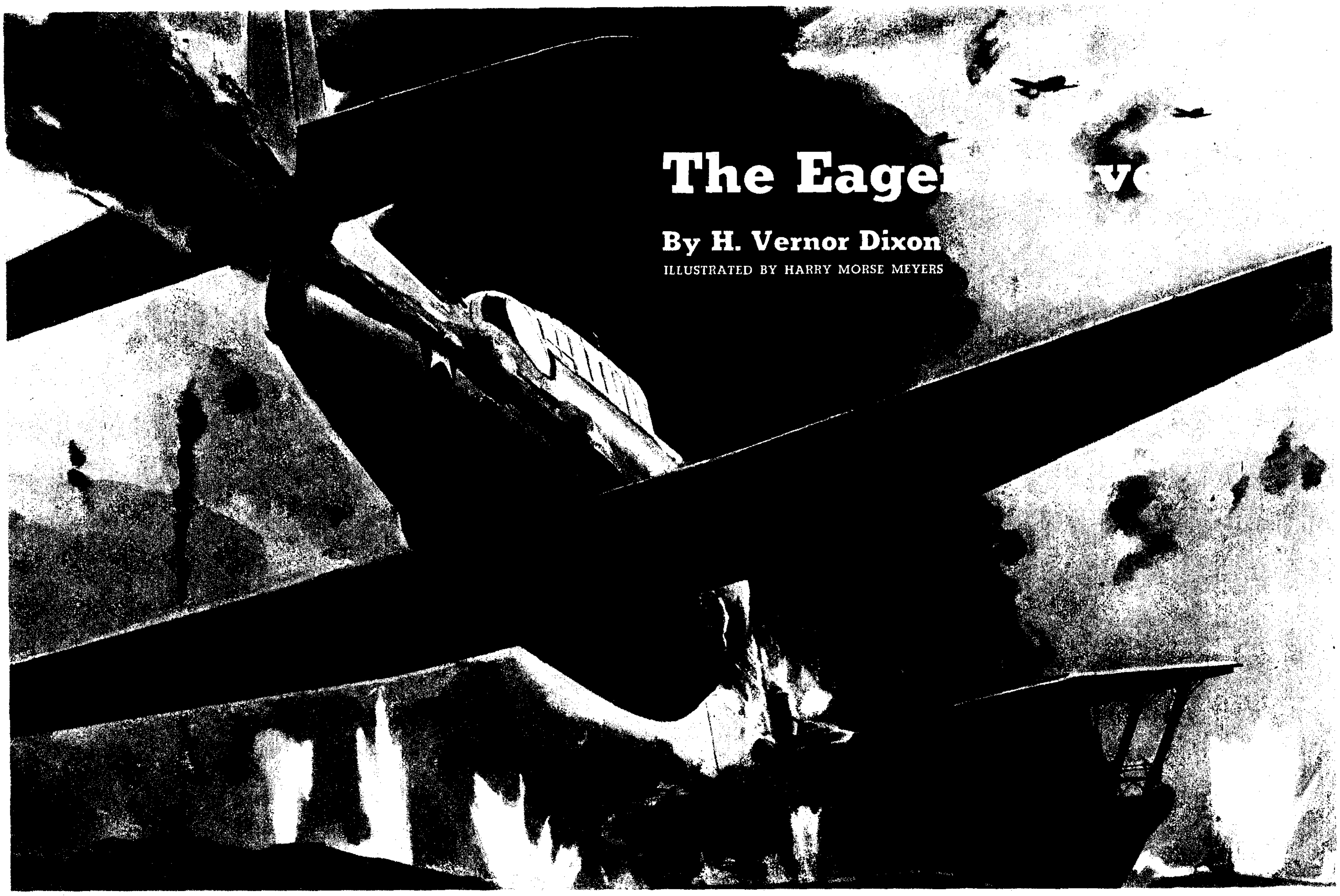
Today Dektred is serving on American ships fighting in the Seven Seas—in gun emplacements, on deck stairs, passageways, and on the flight decks of aircraft carriers. When the war has been won, this new durable Goodyear product will have many practical peacetime uses—in homes, stores, factories, public buildings, and in all kinds of mobile transportation.

Long a pioneer builder of tires, Goodyear also has wide experience working with metals, fabrics, plastics, chemicals — materials vital to America in today's warfare, vital to the better world you are going to live in tomorrow.

If you love your country — buy more War Bonds

GOOD YEAR

THE GREATEST NAME IN RUBBER



The Eage[illegible] [illegible]v[illegible]

By H. Vernor Dixon

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY MORSE MEYERS

Lieutenant Everett was so good his squadron had to get rid of him. But one surprising day, he came back . . .

THE Navy places emphasis upon teamwork and is rightly proud of it. Individualism is not exactly frowned upon, but it is subdued to a final state where there is nothing left to call forth a frown, or even a slight wrinkling of the brows. All of which is a roundabout way of saying that Lieutenant John Everett and Ensign Geoffrey Webb should never have been on the same team.

Everett came to our flying base, an aircraft delivery unit located on the California coast, fresh from three months of indoctrination at Corpus Christi. A bunch of us of the bachelor officer group living at the base were sitting about in the officers' bar that evening, griping about coastal fogs, the tricky landing qualities of Grumman Wildcats and everything else we felt free to beef about.

I was holding forth on the subject of blondes, a topic of sustaining interest, when I happened to glance toward the doorway and stopped in the middle of a sentence.

The two-striper (full lieutenant to you) standing in the doorway was enough to compel anyone's attention. He was a massive individual well over six feet four, with a great barrel chest, sloping shoulders and the pronounced stoop of all men unusually tall. In his neat blues, with the gold Navy wings on his chest, he made a handsome and imposing figure. But there was something about the man, more than his size, that held our attention. A striking personality and very pronounced individualism oozed out of his every pore. He had a rather full mustache, but it failed to hide a mouth that had been built around a smile. In his small deep-set eyes were twin lights also reflecting that smile. To emphasize the obvious fact that the man was born for smiling, his face was round and almost cherubic.

His little eyes swept about the room appraising each of us and he seemed to like what he saw. He started to grin and absolutely beamed upon us. Before we knew what we were doing we were all returning that grin like a pack of imitative monkeys.

Lieutenant Commander Marshall, the executive officer, stepped around the stranger and paused before me as I got to my feet. He nodded toward the stranger and said, "Lieutenant John Everett. He just came from Corpus. Everett, meet Lieutenant Mark Holt."

We shook hands and I said, "Glad to have you aboard."

His grin broadened and he said, "I'm happy as a clam at high tide to be here."

Marshall chuckled and said, "Well, you're in good hands, Everett. Mark, take over for me. And, by the way, you two are roommates."

He bowed out and I introduced the new member to the others sitting around: Geoffrey Webb, Tynan, Slade and the rest of them. Ordinarily, the men of our group are pretty cool toward a new man until they have had some opportunity to look him over. But no man, other than Jeff, could be cool toward John Everett. He was so amiable, so ebullient, so full of good spirits that we all liked him and accepted him on the spot.

He pulled up a chair at our table, ordered a double bourbon with a faint splash of soda; then he stretched out his long legs and again beamed upon all of us. There is no other way to describe his expression. A round-faced Buddha who beamed.

He polished off his drink with a gulp and ordered another. I blinked at him and said, "Must have been dry at Corpus."

"Oh, no," he replied. "Plenty of the stuff floating around. But, man, what a hot spot that is." He leaned his elbow on the table and said, confidentially, "I lost thirty pounds at Corpus. Went down to two-twenty."

"Practically skin and bones," I laughed. "But I know how it is. I went through Corpus." I nodded at Jeff. "Webb, too."

He turned to beam at Jeff. "That so?"

Geoffrey Webb smiled and nodded. He was smothered by a Navy family, two uncles who were captains, an admiral for a grandfather, a younger brother on carrier duty and a couple of the female members of the family in the Waves. He had yellow hair, fair skin and a rather slight build. He had been on the base longer than anyone else and knew all the ropes. Add it all up and it made him the best-liked man on the base.

Jeff said, "I went through the usual." He leaned across the table, then, and said, "Your name sounds familiar to me. Seems to me I heard it mentioned in Alaska a few years back."

Everett nodded. "I had a charter outfit up there, flying passengers and cargo. Three Fairchilds and an old Douglas Dolphin. I was sure fat, dumb and happy in Alaska. Some day I'm going back." He paused a moment, then added, "Maybe."

We all nodded in agreement to that and I said, "Better get it off your chest. Start bragging."

He chuckled. "Okay, gentlemen. Four thousand eight hundred hours; landplanes, seaplanes, rating includes 4-M, instructor and instruments, with an airline certificate for the past seven years. Good enough?"

All of us laughed except Jeff, who said, "Good enough. I suppose that's why you were handed a lieutenant's commission on a silver platter. One trip out of this base and you'll be flight leader."

"We had taken a direct hit on the engine and were on fire. Tim called me over the intercom and said, 'Dive into his fire-control tower. We're through anyway.' So that's what I did"

"Two trips," John drawled, slanting Jeff an odd look, "and it's the fleet for me."

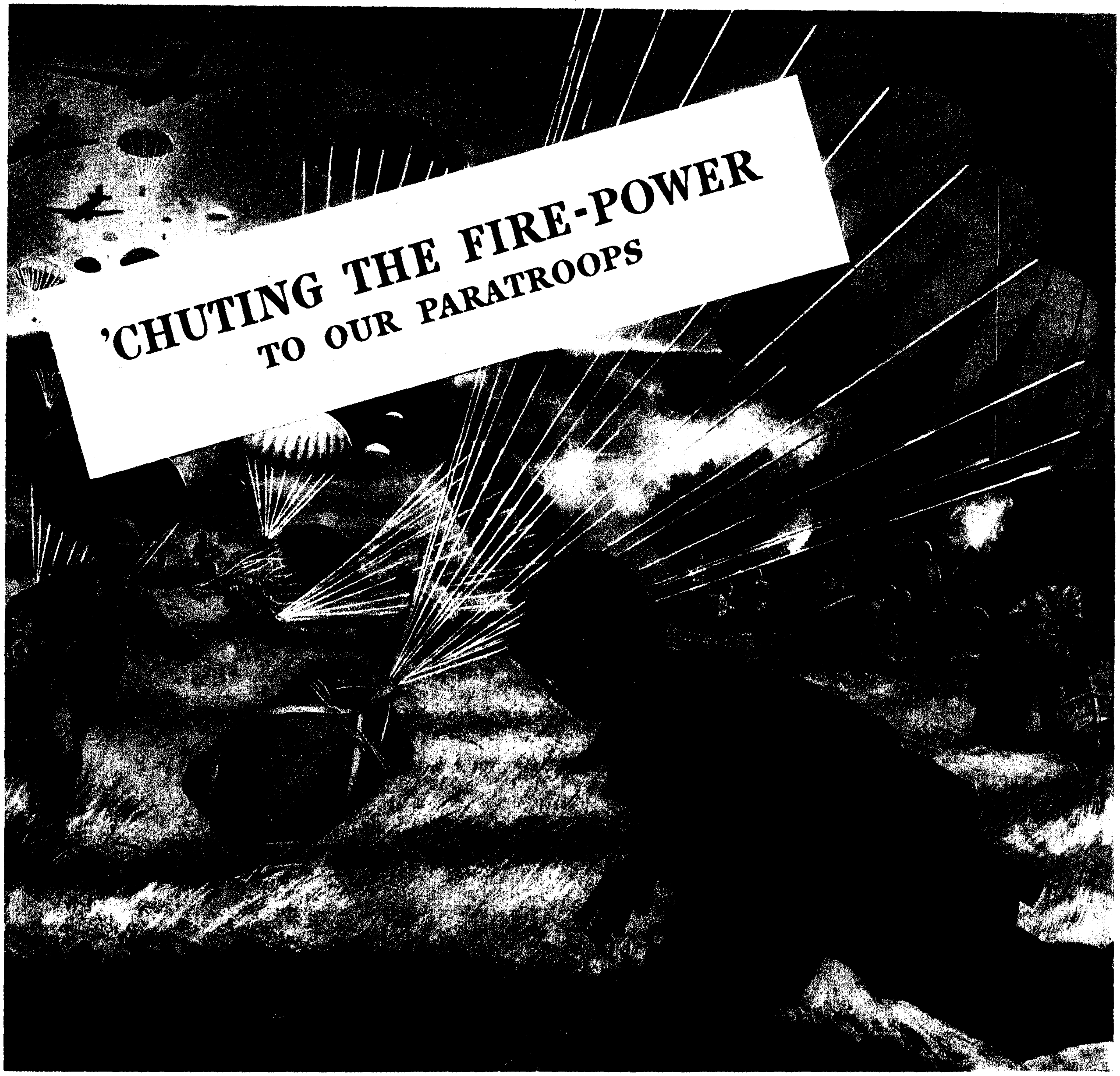
No one laughed. He had no chance whatever of making the fleet. The Navy likes to keep its pilots in their proper fields. It would be ridiculous to put a man with John's transport time into a fighting plane, just as it would be foolish to take a man trained for combat and stick him in the transport service. It sometimes happens, but when it does it's a miracle.

I turned in that night as soon as the bar closed and John tagged along with me. The building in which the officers' bar was located was also a unit of bachelor officers' quarters, known as BOQ. Our room, large and comfortable, with two beds, was at the far end of the hallway. I had had the room alone for some time, but was happy to share it with a man of John's good nature.

His gear was already disposed about the room, so we got into our pajamas and John opened a bottle of bourbon for nightcaps. He poured himself a waterglassful that made me shudder, but it had no visible effect upon him.

I had breakfast with him in the morning, but saw little of him that day as I had to report to the executive officer, Marshall. Captain Rawson, a gray-haired man whom the war had prevented from retiring, was also in the room. He seemed to be in a

(Continued on page 68)



'CHUTING THE FIRE-POWER
TO OUR PARATROOPS

Illustration based on a recent on-the-spot report of an actual airborne invasion.

Invasion from the skies! Men, artillery, ammunition . . . wave after wave of billowing parachutes dropping with dramatic suddenness in the rear of the enemy's lines. Pack howitzers are quickly assembled. 75 mm. shell are unpacked and rushed to the gun crews. Even before the last 'chute has touched the ground, Fire-Power that dropped from the skies is sent hurtling toward the enemy . . .

We at Oldsmobile receive a special thrill from the news of such spectacular airborne assaults. Not only because they demonstrate the strength of Allied arms and give some indication of the tactics that will lead to final Victory. But also because they afford a dramatic example of how the type of Fire-Power we build for Army Ordnance is being delivered to our fighting men. It's good news to us every time to hear that our products are performing well in action—whether it's high-explosive shell such as those being dropped from the sky in the illustration above, or automatic aerial cannon for America's fighter planes, or tank cannon for the armored forces. Every *new* report of Oldsmobile products in action is *new* incentive for us to "Keep 'Em Firing!"

FIRE-POWER *is Our Business!*

Do a little "shooting" yourself!

You can help provide the Fire-Power our fighters need . . . help produce it . . . help deliver it . . . by getting your money into the fight.

★ BUY WAR BONDS ★

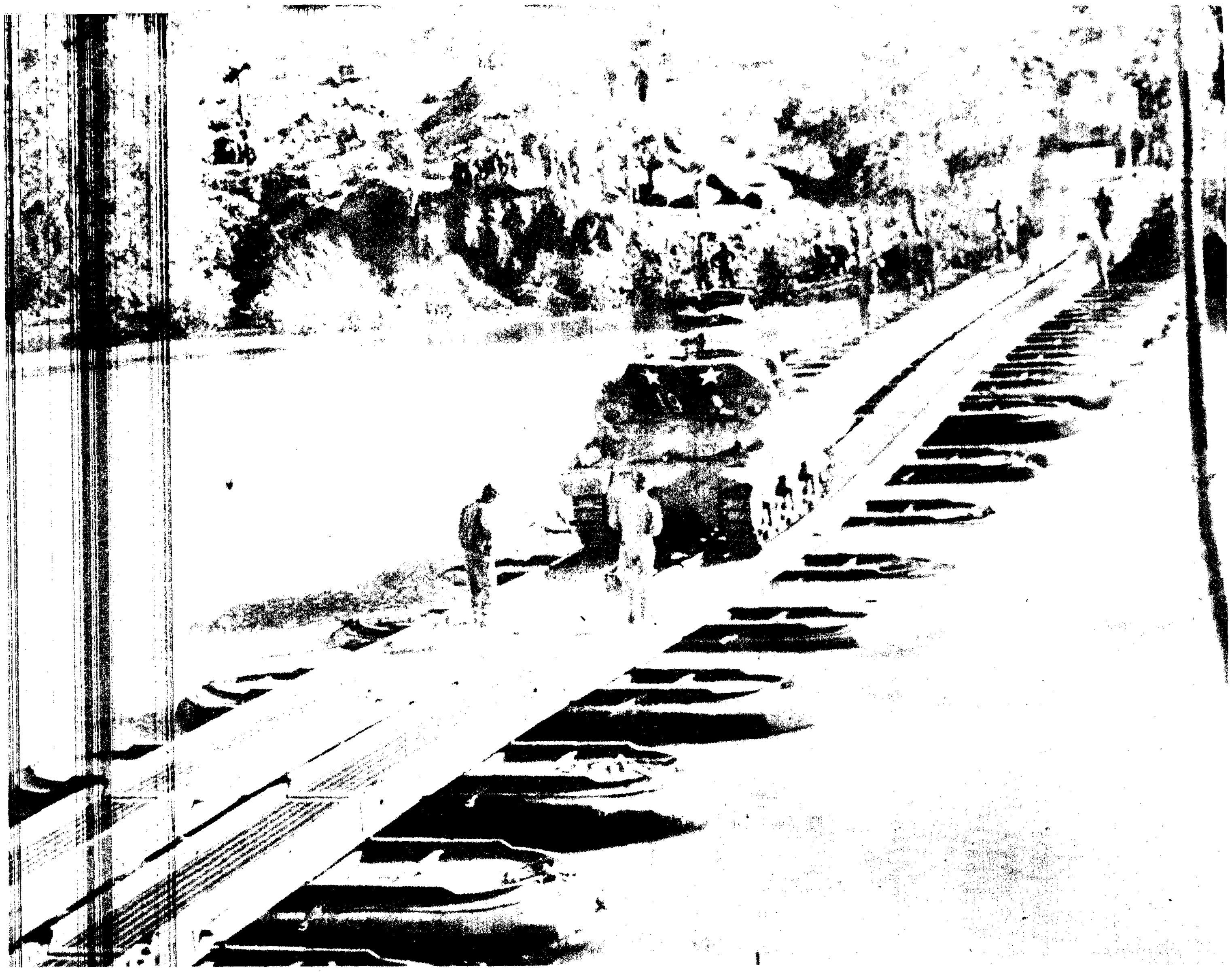
OLDSMOBILE DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS

KEEP 'EM FIRING

VICTORY AT VOLTURNO

BY RADIO FROM FRANK GERVASI

The dispatches merely said: "Our forces crossed the Volturno at several points this morning." They didn't mention the Sergeant Kemps, the mud, the unblinking dead, or the bridge that was finished five minutes late. However, Collier's correspondent does



A U.S. M-4 tank crosses the Volturno on a pontoon bridge. First, a Sgt. Kemp had to carry a cable across and anchor it on the far side, at night and under fire of the enemy

EUROPEAN

IT WAS two hours before D-Hour, and Sergeant Kemp was wading in the Volturno where the river flattens out and bends in a quarter circle at the base of Mount Castellone about four straight-line miles upriver from ancient Capua. It was a clear night with a full moon and it was cold. The wind needled through the men's G. I. blankets and officers' combat jackets whenever they halted on the laborious march up the ravines and goat paths of the mountain, and then down the forward slope to the river edge toward the battle and possible death. In the springtime, those rocky, uncertain mountain paths and trails flowed with the melted snows of Castellone.

On this night they flowed with silent men bearing thirty-pound battle packs, lugging bazookas and ammunition, machine guns, automatic rifles, coils of wire for telephone lines and heavy, cumbersome boats—seventeen sweating men to each boat. Nobody talked. Commands were given in undertones, acknowledged in whispers and executed with as much silence as hobnailed boots and uncertain footing permitted. During halts, the men relieved themselves. On the forward slope of the mountain to leeward, the air was fouled in the ravines.

In the grotesque shadows, faces were indistinguishable one from the other, yet they were unmistakably the faces and forms of Americans. There was no great sense of danger, no drama except that created by the eerie setting and the indisputable fact that we were going into battle just as soon as Sergeant Kemp finished his job some three hundred yards below.

The dirty, gray-brown waters of the Volturno swirled about Sergeant Kemp's knees, then his waist. It reached his neck before he arrived on the northern bank. He dragged with him a steel cable. It weighed two hundred pounds for every hundred feet, and where he crossed, the Volturno is just 150 feet wide. Noiselessly, he anchored a cable on the enemy bank. It was to serve a double purpose—as a guide for assault troops and to carry telephone wire for communications. The sergeant made the cable secure and waded back.

South of the tortuous Volturno, all the way from the sea to Castel Campagnano, elements of the great Fifth Army were poised for attack. The British were on the left and the Americans at the center and right, for an offensive which had been delayed by rain that turned what the Hun had left of the roads into gooey rivers of mud, and hampered air operations over the lines.

Every regiment assigned to cross the Volturno had its Sergeant Kemp, but ours was the first to cross. To those of us who waited and shivered with painful cold in the phantasmagoric silence of Mount Castellone, he was all the Sergeant Kemps of this world rolled into one—a man of gigantic proportions alone in an unfriendly river, moving surely toward an enemy shore, unafraid, the free end of the heavy wire wrapped around his waist, swinging huge fists to balance himself against the uncertainties of current and mud.

The next day he turned out to be just another G.I., healthy, square-faced, humble and totally unheroic, saying simply, "The river wasn't so cold. Those guys over there must have been all asleep. I made lots of noise, I guess. I must have. That cable was heavy, and I was thrashing around in the bushes, trying to find a place to anchor the darn' thing."

One Man Leads the Way

That was all Sergeant James Kemp of Chico, California, had to say on the subject. But for an electric half-hour or so in the deep mountain stillness, at least one division waited on the southern riverbank and in the mountain that bulked enormously above it, while he completed his mission.

Shortly after midnight on the morning of October 13th (which means just about the time Sergeant Kemp was scrambling back up the southern bank of the Volturno, dripping water and mud), the artillery opened up. Our big guns were firing from behind us over two mountain ridges and toward two primary objectives on the opposite bank. Our mortars were firing from just above and behind us. The heavier guns were aimed at Monticello, a stumpy, pyramidal mountain at the edge of the Volturno Plain opposite us, and at the hump of a mountain with the un-Latin name of McOotinold.

Bursting shells raised showers of incandescent earth on the mountain targets. Every minute for an hour and a half, fifty shells fell on Monticello and McOotinold. Few fell on the broad plain itself. The trajectory of the projectiles was too flat and too long. Only mortars could reach the plain, which had once been a malarial swamp but was now ditched and drained and dotted with peasants' houses and haystacks and co-operative farms. One of these, La Fagianeria, was a huge place with tall silos and rows of workers' houses and buildings. All—ditches, houses, haystacks, culverts, walls and even corn shocks—hid Germans armed with machine pistols, machine guns, rifles and rifle grenades. The swamp drainage system constituted ready-made trenches, and the Hun had dug himself in well.

Our batteries fired in chaotic rhythm. At times the noise was beyond human endurance. It was a primordial noise in which great hammers swung against gargantuan, varitoned gongs, and the echoes they made bounced from mountain to mountain in a vast natural amphitheater. The shells tore the sky with the sound of silk being slit by sharp, hurried knives, and the tortured air protested with loud echoing groans and moans down the valley.

Under this arcade of screaming steel and sound, two battalions waded the river, some along the cable that Kemp had strung, others along still other cables that the first assault troops had carried. And all the while not a sound from the enemy. Then the barrage ceased. It was D-Hour.

The silence was almost tangible. On the opposite bank, wet, muddy doughboys crawled on elbows and bellies toward they didn't know what, with their heads well down, their faces often in the oozy mud of the Volturno Plain. A German machine pistol broke the new quiet. This weapon makes a sound like a small high-speed rivet gun—*trrrrrrrt*. Then came the slower-paced answering fire from a light Yank machine gun, and we knew that the doughboy was on the ball. Once, in a moment of quiet, there was a burst from a German pistol. Then another and another, and one determined *splut-splut-splut* from an American weapon. The German failed to reply.

The sounds of firing from the Germans were surprising. It had seemed certain that no living thing could have survived our shells. But the enemy survived. It was not difficult to reason why. Our barrage had largely gone over the Germans' heads. When it subsided, they came out of their holes, manned their weapons and met our troops with a cross fire of automatic weapons and grenades and mortars.

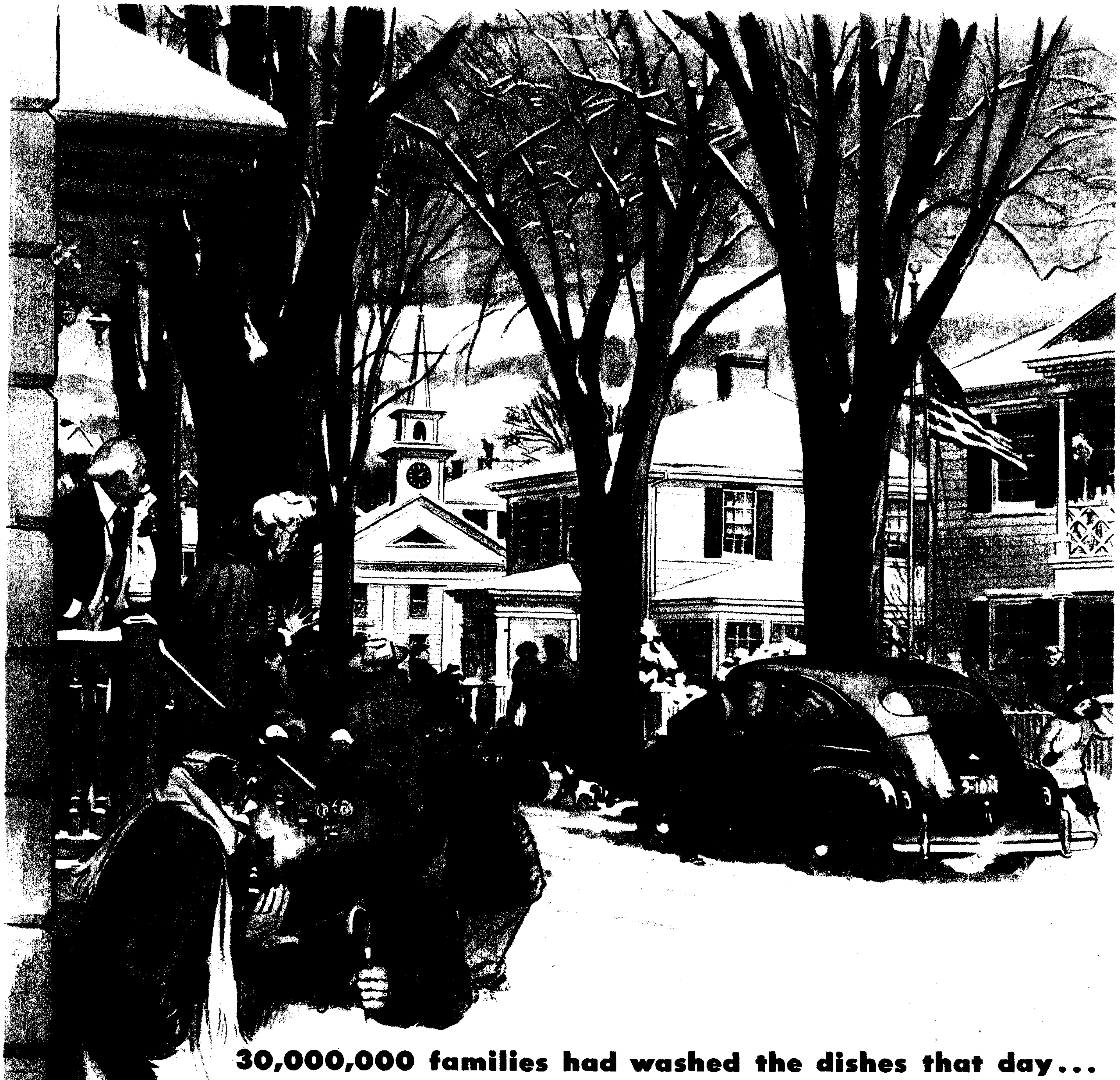
The Attack at Dawn

Early in the battle, the German red flares went up, signaling to the mortars in the mountains above them where to aim. We were to learn how deadly their mortars were, when daylight came. But between D-Hour and daylight, the Volturno Plain was a concentrated inferno of small-arms fire. Haystacks ignited like torches. First one and then another house burned, and then just ahead of our troops and in front of the main body of defending Germans, our mortars dropped smoke bombs to screen our advance which was now general on the center of our front.

On our left in Capua, the British attack had run headlong into a German attack on the southern side of the river. Some of the British boats were smashed by the Germans almost before they had been put into the water. One battalion suffered heavy losses.

On our right, an American division encountered resistance in the town before it

(Continued on page 56)



30,000,000 families had washed the dishes that day...

Few Americans will ever forget what they were doing on the Sunday afternoon that fell December 7, 1941.

The sun shone in most parts of the country. A Brahms Concerto welled tranquilly from radios in thousands of peaceful living rooms. And in millions of kitchens, the warm, soapy smell of fresh-washed china and sparkling glassware mingled with the lingering fragrance of Sunday-dinners-done. . . .

In some thousands of homes, Mother and the girls did *NOT* wash the dishes that Sunday. They were consigned to a new contribution to our pre-Pearl Harbor standard of living — a G-E Electric Dishwasher that performs the whole task and leaves them sterilized, shining clean and dry.

Because our men of electrical research and production had made practical this and many other technically complex home conveniences for America, the full force of electricity quickly could be turned against the enemy, arming and protecting our men and sensitizing our fighting machines as the world had never seen it done before. Naturally, every General Electric facility was instantly and whole-heartedly devoted to this effort, with results that can be reported in detail only after the war.

But when the day of Victory dawns, they will return to the peacetime job of making things for better living. Things finer because of General Electric's war experience and research. They will be part of the complete G-E equipment you will take for granted in the new, low-cost home your War Savings Bonds will help to build or buy.

DISHWASHER

EVERYTHING ELECTRICAL FOR AFTER VICTORY HOMES

GENERAL ELECTRIC

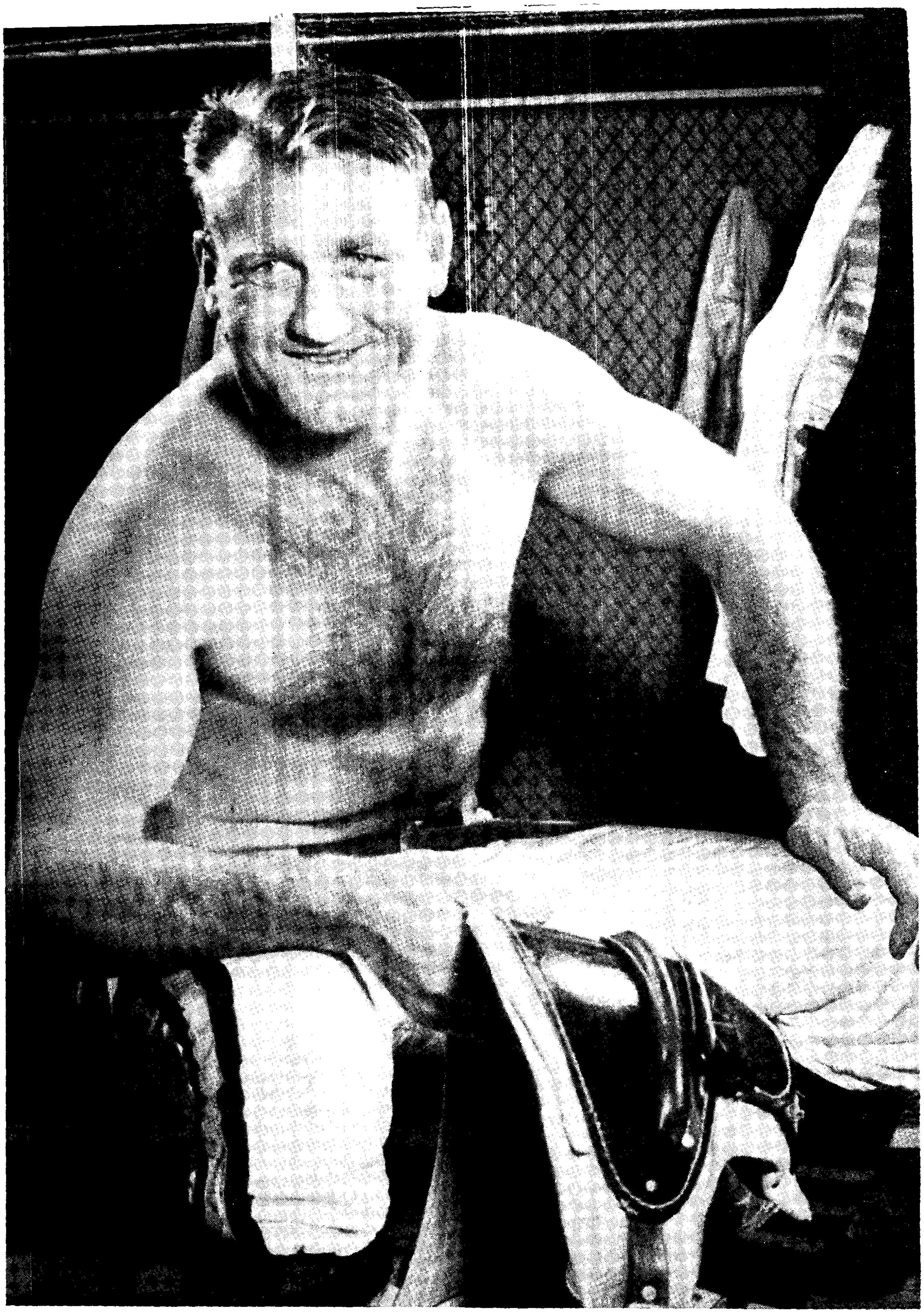
Hear the General Electric radio programs: The G-E "All Girl Orchestra" *Sunday 10 p.m. EWT, NBC.* "The World Today" *news every weekday 6:45 p.m. EWT, CBS.*

BRONKO BUCKS AGAIN

BY STANLEY FRANK

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S
BY SARRA, INC.

There's a chill in the air and gloom in the dressing rooms—the terrible Mr. Nagurski has returned to the pro football wars. Meet the man who makes with the mayhem



"A lineman ought to be good for 30 years," says Bronko Nagurski. He's 35 and back in football with the Chicago Bears after a six-year layoff

HIS name is Bronko Nagurski. He played amateur and professional football for sixteen years, and most of it was the greatest football ever played. He is the toughest and most fabulous man the game has produced since Jim Thorpe and he's all-time All-America at either fullback or tackle. This season, at the advanced age of thirty-five, he has come back after an absence of six years to help out his old club, the Chicago Bears, and to help the maimed opposition out of the arena on a door. He is, as always, the most imposing hulk on the field.

These simple, unadorned facts make unnecessary an elaborate build-up of Nagurski. The Bronk is not a fancy guy; he is as subtle as a kick in the teeth. He was with the Bears for five years before he said anything on the field except, "I hope that kid isn't hurt too bad," and his technique was as tricky as a safe falling from a height. He held the ball in one paw, hunched his incredible shoulders and ran through tacklers and brick walls until he fell flat on his face.

Yet more stories, authentic and apocryphal, are told of Nagurski than of anyone ever associated with football, including Rockne, Grange and Thorpe. His physical strength is legendary in a sport that calls for massive meat and muscle.

Animated Stone-Crusher

He is, in fact, a living legend. In 1929, when Minnesota had the ball on Northwestern's 12-yard line, fourth down and goal to go, Nagurski and his 228 pounds hit the center of the line with explosive force. His momentum carried him ten yards beyond the end zone, to a stack of 100-pound bags of cement. His impact knocked three bags off the pile. The Bronk shook himself once and lined up for the point after touchdown.

Doctor Clarence "Fat" Spears, raconteur and Nagurski's coach at Minnesota, once was asked how he managed to have so many vibrant youths on his teams.

"Every summer I climb into my car and drive down the back roads," Spears related. "When I see a boy working in the fields, I stop and talk to him. After a while, I ask him where he lives. If he points with his hand, I can't use him. But if he points with the plow, he's got a chance to play on the same team with Nagurski."

The most sincere tributes came from Nagurski's colleagues in professional football. These mountainous men revel in violent body contact; they are inordinately vain of their beef and brawn and they love to try contusions with physical powerhouses. It must be love, for there are easier ways of making a better living; ordinary players on major-league football teams are not paid more than $2,500 a season.

But the Bronk was entirely too much for them. "Nagurski was responsible for more mysterious ailments than an unknown germ from the Orient," Ed Froelich, trainer of the baseball Yankees, confides. Froelich was working with the Chicago Cardinals when Nagurski made the biggest and strongest guys violently ill on the Thursday or Friday before a game with the Bears.

As stout Steve Owen, coach of the Giants, remarked in a deathless crack, Nagurski was the only man who ran his own interference. He was not too effective if the opposing linemen hit him before he got up momentum, but once under way, he was virtually unstoppable.

Tackling him in the usual fashion was a waste of time and health. He jarred the tackler with a murderous straight-arm (they called him the man of a thousand elbows) and followed through with his shoulders and knees. If the stunned tackler still was on his feet after that going-over, he then would be trampled by the thundering herd of one. The technique ultimately adopted by the pros was to roll themselves into Nagurski's feet in the hope that they could trip him.

Bronko was more devastating on the defense. He never tackled the ball carrier. He simply slammed the fellow to the ground with a body block. He gravely explained that he could hit harder that way

Adventures of
LONGINES
THE WORLD'S MOST HONORED WATCH
The A.E.F. watch of father serves his flying son*

The Longines watch pictured above was given to an American boy on his induction into the Army in April, 1918. He became a machine gunner and the watch went with him through the mud, fire and fury of battle at Baccarat, Meuse-Argonne, Panne, Ypres, and Lys, to the Armistice. ¶Then he put aside the tools of war, but his Longines watch he kept. He wore it daily as he created his peace-time estate—marriage, a home, family; a son grown to manhood. Now it is the son who goes to war. Enlisted as a flying cadet, no military watch could be found. So the A E.F. watch of the father was pressed into service for the flying son. ¶Truly the promise of long life from a Longines watch is not based on expectancy but on experience. The 25 year old Longines on this young pilot's wrist can tick the seconds with the best of the watches in service.

*From documents in our files

Longines-Wittnauer Watch Co., Inc., New York, Montreal, Geneva; also makers of the Wittnauer Watch a companion product of unusual merit.

Longines

WINNER OF 10 WORLD'S FAIR GRAND PRIZES AND 28 GOLD MEDAL AWARDS

The beating heart of every Longines Watch is the Longines "Observatory Movement,*" world honored for greater accuracy and long life. *Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

and was sure to get a piece of his man with a shoulder or a leg. It's a wonder the piece Bronko got remained in possession of the original owner as often as it did.

Off the field, Nagurski is a gentle giant, almost painfully shy and modest. He seems to feel that his extraordinary strength sets him apart from other men—as it does, of course. He cannot join in the horseplay that always is going on around a football team because, in a moment of exuberance, he might disjoint someone. He seldom participates in the good-natured ribbing that passes for small talk among athletes; he is not a gay, witty fellow, fast on the upbeat, and his teammates are wary of getting him sore, though the Bronk has never lost his temper.

Nagurski hates the hoop-la and hysteria of big-time sport. Before he came to terms with the Bears this fall, he made the club agree he would not have to appear publicly except in actual games. He suffers acutely when people stare at him and sixteen years of exposure to the spotlight has not put him at ease with strangers.

Bronko was one of the dozen or fifteen world's wrestling champions who flourished simultaneously a few years ago. He won more than 300 consecutive matches, but a debutante knew more about scientific wrestling than he. All he brought to the sport was his football reputation and a flying tackle. But Bronko never was happy among the hippodroming hippopotami. He quit when he had enough money for his farm and the education of his sons, Bronko, Jr., and Anthony.

From a Country of Heroes

The Paul Bunyan of football came, appropriately, from the north country that spawned the lumberjack's legendary hero and Babe, the blue ox. Bronko was born in Rainy River, Ontario, on November 3, 1908, but his folks, who were immigrants from the Polish Ukraine, soon moved to International Falls, Minnesota, where they opened a grocery store. Bronko, incidentally, is the shortened form of Bronislaw. He was given the name when he was baptized and he's pretty sensitive about it, as Doctor Clarence Spears discovered.

When Nagurski reported for the frosh team at Minnesota in 1926, Spears circulated among the newcomers, most of whom he had met only once, giving them the hearty handshake and "My name's Spears, what's yours?" routine.

"Nagurski—Bronko Nagurski," the kid said hesitantly.

"Bronko? That's a strange name," Spears smiled.

The kid flushed. "Clarence ain't so hot, either," he blurted.

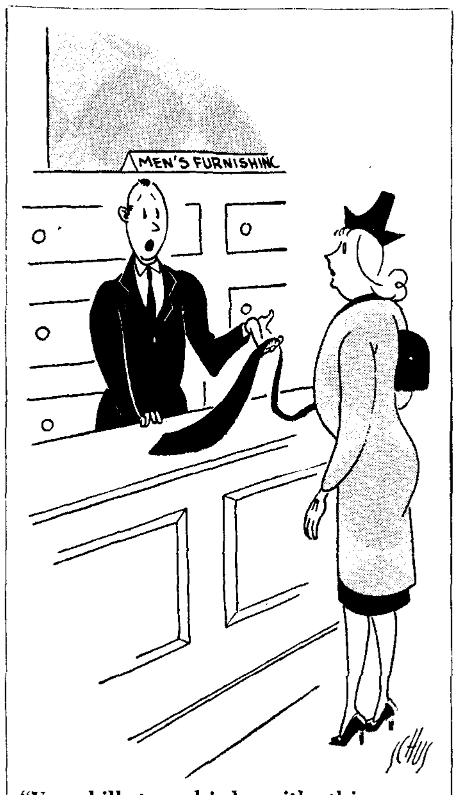
There never was the slightest doubt that Bronko was a "must" for the Minnesota varsity. He had been a fullback in high school, but Minnesota in 1927 had Herb Joesting, who was the All-America fullback. Spears still insists that Nagurski's best position would have been at end, but Minnesota that year had Haycraft and Turner, the best wingmen in the Big Ten. Nagurski, as a sophomore, played one game at end, then was shifted to tackle.

Spears never did decide where Nagurski was most damaging. In 1929, the Bronk played tackle against Iowa for the first 28 minutes, then went to fullback and battered his way for 43 yards and Minnesota's only touchdown of the game. The previous year he had three ribs torn at the juncture of his spine early in a game. He couldn't bend in the backfield to receive the pass from center, so he shifted to tackle and played all but the last five minutes. The following week, he played 60 minutes of terrific tackle with his back in a brace. He played 23 varsity games for Minnesota in the toughest college league extant and never asked for a time-out.

The Bronk began to buck at the gates of football immortality when he joined the Bears in 1930. He was six feet two inches tall, he weighed 230 pounds and in street clothes he appeared to be no more than 200. He could run 100 yards in less than 11 seconds. He hit with the impact of a tank, and the records say he was the greatest ball carrier pro football has known.

In his eight years with the Bears, Nagurski gained 3,947 yards from scrimmage in 856 attempts, an average of 4.6 yards per crack. This is 87 yards more than the recognized National League record established by Clark Hinkle, of the Green Bay Packers, in 1,171 attempts over ten seasons—an average of 3.2 yards. Nagurski is not credited with the record because the league did not keep official statistics in 1930 and '31, his first two years.

In 1934, Beattie Feathers joined the Bears fresh from Tennessee and set the all-time league mark for yards gained in one season with 1,004. Every inch was made behind Nagurski's interference. They still say Feathers was the smartest player who ever lived because he knew enough to stick behind his convoy and do nothing until Nagurski blasted the opposition aside.



"You kill two birds with this one, madam. You give it to your husband. Then he gives it to the mailman"

COLLIER'S ADOLPH SCHUS

There was a concrete wall behind the side of the line that Nagurski backed up, and he was one of the two men who mastered the jump pass. He threw 73, completed 36, and nine went for touchdowns. The other man who mastered the knack of leaping and pitching short, bullet passes was Hinkle, whose greater distinction is that he was the only man ever to make the Bronk look bad.

This happened during a Bear-Packer blood-letting in Chicago. The Packers had the ball on their 49 when Hinkle was sent inside Musso at right tackle. The hole opened, and Hinkle plowed through, but Nagurski roared up to flatten him. Hinkle anticipated the play and spun as he was hit. The force of Nagurski's block knocked Hinkle back four yards, but as he catapulted through the air, he churned his legs like a man running on an invisible treadmill. Hinkle landed on his feet, kept churning—and shot through the same hole for 51 yards and the winning touchdown. Musso contends it was the only time in history that a back went by a lineman's nose three times on one play.

Nagurski was reluctant to return this year when the Bears appealed to him to alleviate the manpower shortage. He said he had to get the crops in on his farm at International Falls. The Bears said they'd wait until he had.

There was one more detail—the real reason for his hesitation—to be settled. He made the Bears promise to let him go home if he discovered he had nothing to offer but his old, faded reputation. He joined the team late in September, more than a month after practice had begun.

Some of the boys were cynical of the Bears' and the Bronk's motives when it was announced that he would play tackle. They regarded it as a cheap stunt to stimulate business at the box office, but after a look at a workout, they began to agitate for Bronk's return to his old fullback slot.

The old-timer shook his head. "I can do it at tackle," he said, "but I've lost too much co-ordination and leg drive for the backfield. My legs are as strong as they ever were, but they feel like posts instead of springs."

The fabulous fellow's first return appearance was against his old sparring partners, the Packers. That morning the Bronk seemed disturbed at breakfast. The Bears thought the prospect of playing tackle for the first time in fourteen years had him worried.

"It's not that," he groaned. "I've got bigger things on my mind. My boy Tony is three years old today and I sent him a big box of toys for his birthday. Like a dope, I put in a whistle, a hammer and a drum. You don't know what that kid can do with a whistle, a hammer and a drum. My wife will kill me."

His Number-One Fan

That appears to be an exaggeration on the Bronk's part. Eileen Kane Nagurski weighs exactly 112 pounds. She's seven years younger than Bronko, who first met her when she came around to do her high-school homework with his sister, Stephanie. Because Mrs. Nagurski has no taste for farming, she stays at the Nagurski home at Rainy Lake with their two children, while Bronko drives to his farm each day. She likes football, though, and watches her husband in action when she can manage it. She thinks he's all right. So, apparently, does the Bronk himself.

Not long ago, after playing in a 21-21 tie game that was marked by interesting atrocities, the Bronk regarded Musso, his old chum, speculatively. "This is the first time I can remember that I'm not tired after a game," he said. "You know, linemen ought to be able to play for thirty years."

"You sure you weren't kicked in the head?" Musso demanded.

Frank Sinkwich, the college glamor boy of 1942, now with the Lions, had two disenchanting brushes with Nagurski a few weeks later. On one play, Sinkwich tried to give him the hip-and-switch. Bronko felled him rather disdainfully.

"You can't fool an old man like me with that stuff, sonny," he said gravely. "But it's nice. Very nice. Try it on the other side."

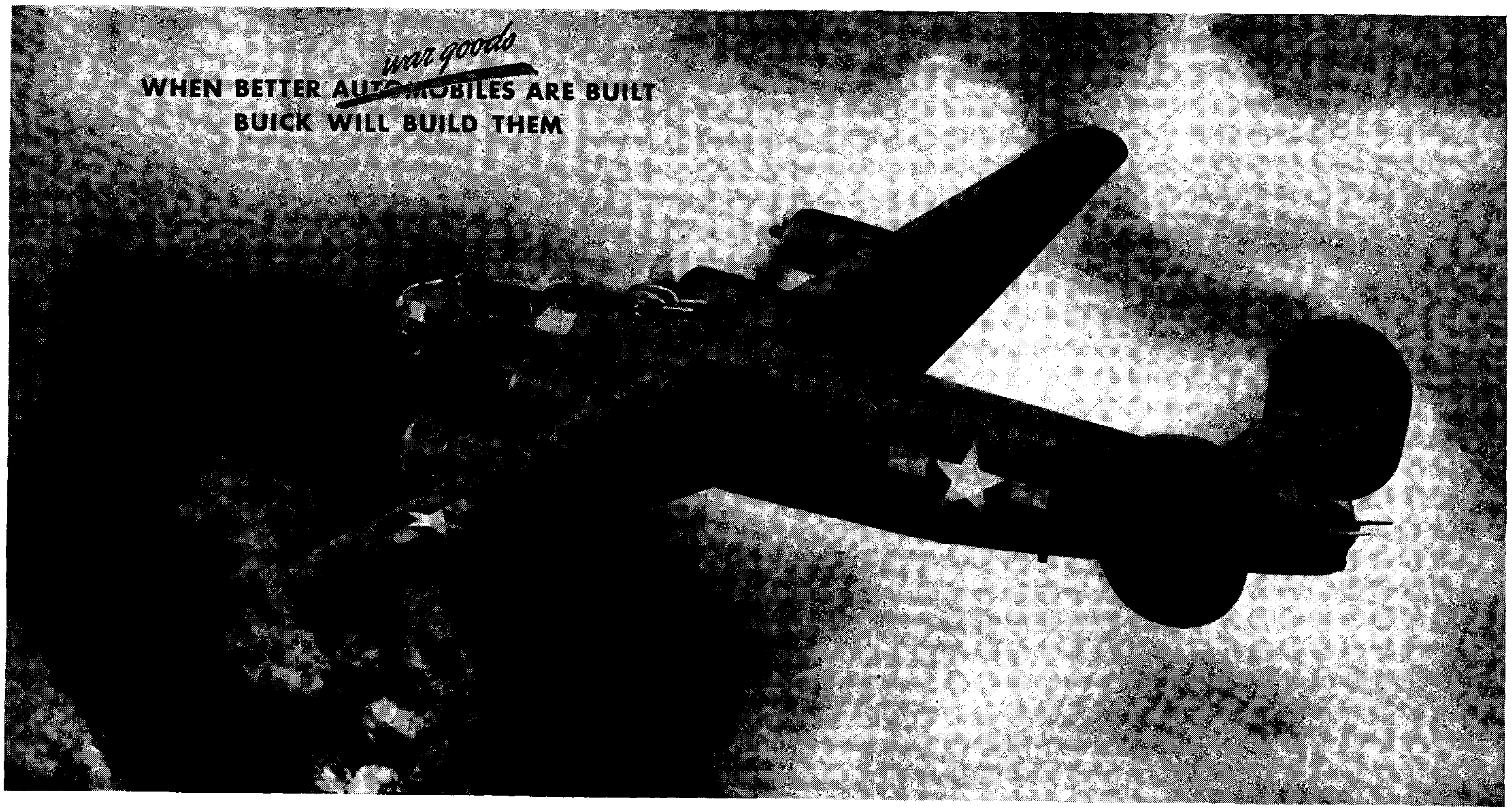
Later, Sinkwich faded to pass. The Bronk charged through the line but did not bother to chase the kid as he retreated. Sinkwich was forced to run with the ball. Bronko smacked him down again.

"Sonny, I'm too old to go chasing you," he admonished the youth. "You'll have to come to me."

Once upon a time the Bears thought it would be fun to needle Nagurski. They asked him how he grew up to be so big and strong and how he kept in such fine condition. The Bronk said he got that way plowing fields. His associates hooted and said everyone present had plowed at one time or another.

"Without horses?" the Bronk asked.

THE END



BATTLE-BOUND ON BUICK POWER

ENEMY eyes look at this plane—and don't like what they see.

They don't like the big load of bombs that it carries.

They don't like its Dead-Eye Dick accuracy over the target.

They don't like its range, which brings more and more of Fortress Europe within its reach, and they don't like the speed its four Buick-built engines provide to get it in and out—*fast!*

But that's why we *do* like the job of building original-equipment engines for the Liberator.

It and its gallant crews are doing a job that daily brings final victory closer.

If anything we can do can add speed to the Liberator's wings, range to its travels, power to the blows its crews are striking—count on us to do it.

So not a particle of metal goes into a Buick-built Pratt & Whitney engine that isn't probed, pried into, scrutinized to its very core.

Not a part moves out of a Buick plant in a finished engine that hasn't been checked, inspected, measured and *tested in hours-long operation* to prove its worth.

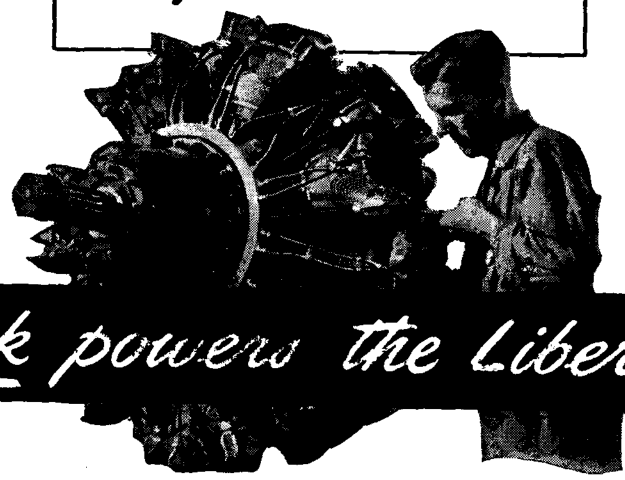
In the Liberator and its crew, Buick is teamed up with a gallant bunch that is writing a record anybody can be proud of.

And we're going to keep on striving to do our part in that job as loyally, as ably and as faithfully as they do.

The Army-Navy "E" proudly flies over Buick plants in both Flint, Mich., and Melrose Park, Ill., having been awarded to Buick people for outstanding performance in the production of war goods.

Keep America Strong

Buy War Bonds



Buick powers the Liberator

BUICK DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS

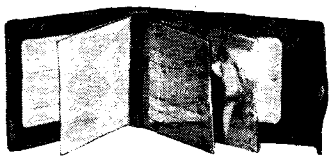
Every Sunday Afternoon—GENERAL MOTORS SYMPHONY OF THE AIR—NBC Network

MEN ON
Active Duty

BUY
WAR BONDS HERE

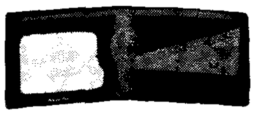
need the
MEEKER
DOUBLE-DUTY
Billfold

Snapshots, passes, money, licenses, cards... there's a handy place for all of them in this unique Combination Billfold and Removable Pass Case. Neat, trim, compact...it's the latest *masterpiece in MEEKER leather craftsmanship.*



Pass Case may be carried as part of Billfold, or separately. Holds 8 passes, cards, etc. With Pass Case removed, you have a sleek, thin billfold, for evening wear.

MEEKER-MAID Billfolds



for Women

This beautiful MEEKER-MAID creation has double bill compartment, space for cards, and removable purse. Several stunning color combinations.

MEEKER-MADE *Billfolds, all noted for their fine quality, smart styling and expert workmanship,* $1.00 *up... At Dealers Everywhere.*

THE MEEKER COMPANY, INC. ☆ JOPLIN, MISSOURI
New York: 347 Fifth Ave. • Chicago: 36 S. State St.

MEEKER MADE
Fine Leather Goods

Romance in the First Degree

Continued from page 13

the idea that he wished he could tell me."

"Did he admit he was in trouble?"

"Indirectly—yes."

"Is that all?"

"No." Cameron looked at Sandy as though for help. "Money figures in it some way."

"That," explained Sandy, helping him out, "was where we both got completely lost."

I suggested that she tell me that part of it. She did. "Not long ago Dad discovered that Alan and Linda were converting their savings into cash: you know, selling war bonds and other securities. He figures they must have accumulated between twenty and thirty thousand dollars."

I said, "Wow! That ain't spinach." I looked at Cameron and he caught my unasked question.

"I went to Alan and told him if he needed money, he could get it from me. He said he didn't need any."

"Then what possible reason . . . ?"

"I couldn't solve the riddle. Evidently the secret was more important to him than the money."

I said, "Suppose I find out something that isn't sweet? You understand that I'm not going to spill any of Alan's secrets."

"I don't want you to," said Cameron flatly. "Your job is to do whatever you can to pull him out of this jam. I don't care if I never know the details."

"Fair enough. That's how I'll play it . . . but I wouldn't be surprised if I felt like a heel before it was over."

Sandy said, "You'd make a beautiful heel, Jerry."

"I've had training." I ground the fire off the end of my cigarette by twirling it against the bottom of the ash tray. "Who's going to know *why* I'm staying at the apartment?"

Sandy said, "Just Dad and myself."

"Rita?"

"No."

"Wouldn't it be better . . . ?"

Cameron came clean with me. "Rita hasn't been very close to us recently. She seems to be more interested in—well, her outside activities—than in the family life."

"The baby," explained Sandy, "annoys her. Anyway, she's just as happy not to be bothered."

I was getting a lot of new slants, and the more I thought about the setup, the screwier it got.

"You'll rest for a few weeks," Cameron was saying. "That'll look logical—on account of your wound."

My wound! I made a face. Leaving three toes in Tunisia didn't look very heroic to me. It had caused me a little pain and half of a good pair of G.I. shoes, and it had given me an honorable discharge from the Army. But I couldn't see myself being babied in anybody's house.

THE old man called for the check. It was understood all round that I was moving in. I didn't feel happy about it, but that's how it was. I reached down and opened my little suitcase. I took something out and laid it on the table.

"For you," I said to Sandy. "Very rare and expensive. Cost one buck and was worth every bit of fifty cents. It's fresh out of Tunis."

She put her hands on the little flat package. She gave me a funny look. It wasn't like any other look I'd ever seen in her eyes. She said, in an odd sort of voice, "You're kidding."

"No, I'm not. It's for you."

"I mean . . . you're kidding about buying it for me."

"Who else would I buy such a cheap present for?"

She kept hammering at one point. "Did you actually think of me when you bought this—whatever it is? Or did you happen to remember just now that it was in your grip?"

"I thought of you. . . ." The thing was getting silly. "What gives, anyway? I intended mailing it to you. Couple of days later a piece of shrapnel found me. So I brought it home instead."

She opened the package. It was all for a laugh, but she didn't laugh.

It was a goofy scarf. I think women call them kerchiefs. It was red and white and green and it had a pattern that I thought was nice. The material was junky.

Sandy looked at it a long time. She said, "It's lovely."

"Now *you're* kidding," I said.

"I'm not kidding. It really is."

I felt uncomfortable. "Eight bits I paid for it . . ."

"That isn't the point," she said.

I started to crack wise, but suddenly I changed my mind. I'd meant the whole thing to be a gag, but it wasn't working that way. I figured it was all tied up with the way civilians put halos around the heads of men in uniform.

She folded the kerchief carefully and tucked it in her bag. She didn't say anything more about it, and neither did I.

We got up and started for the door. "You'll have time for a bath before dinner," Mr. Cameron said. "I believe you'll find the evening most interesting."

I said I was sure I would.

But I wasn't thinking of Alan or his troubles when I said it. I was thinking of Rita.

I wondered whether she was still as beautiful as I remembered her.

They rode me home in a taxi. Home was a lavish apartment on the eighteenth floor of a new building in the east Fifties. The door was opened by a nice-looking colored girl whose name was Hilda. She was the maid and she had a broad, pleasant smile. She wanted to carry my suitcase, and when I wouldn't let her, she followed us anyway. Sandy said, "This is the gentleman we've been talking about, Hilda."

She said, "It is, sho nuff?" She stared at me curiously. "You been fightin' them Japs in Africa?" she asked.

I kept a straight face. "Something like that," I told her.

"I got a boy friend in the Army," she confided. "He's a sergeant."

"He rates me then. I'm just a corporal."

She thought that was very funny. "Reckon you must be pret' near a ginral, the way Miss Sandy talks about you."

They left me alone in the room. It was a big room full of twin beds and blond furniture. Typical guest room, and more than a little awe-inspiring after two years in the Army. I opened my suitcase, unpacked my few belongings and stripped. I went into the bathroom and stepped into a nice pale yellow stall shower. It felt good. So did I by the time I'd finished.

I put on clean underwear, and dressed and left my room. I walked down a hallway to what was obviously the living room. It was a huge room with six windows and three exposures. It occupied the entire end of the building. It was furnished simply and with exquisite taste. Just off that room there was a recreation room, with one end fitted out for table tennis. I wondered whether my foot would hurt if I tried to play. I heard somebody come into the living room. I turned around.

THE girl was slender and brunette and I knew right away it was Linda, Alan's wife. She looked incredibly young, much too young to be twice married and once a mother. She was vivid and striking rather than simply pretty. She wore a dark dress which made her look much less than matronly, and her hair was fixed attractively. That's the only way I could describe it. Nothing screwy about the coiffure. Nothing screwy about the girl, either.

She walked up to me and held out her hand. She said, "I'm Linda."

"I'm Jerry Franklin."

"I might have guessed."

"So might I. In fact, I did. When do I see Warren Cameron Second?"

Her brown eyes sparkled. She had a lovely suggestion of a Southern drawl. "You're being polite."

"I'm interested, really."

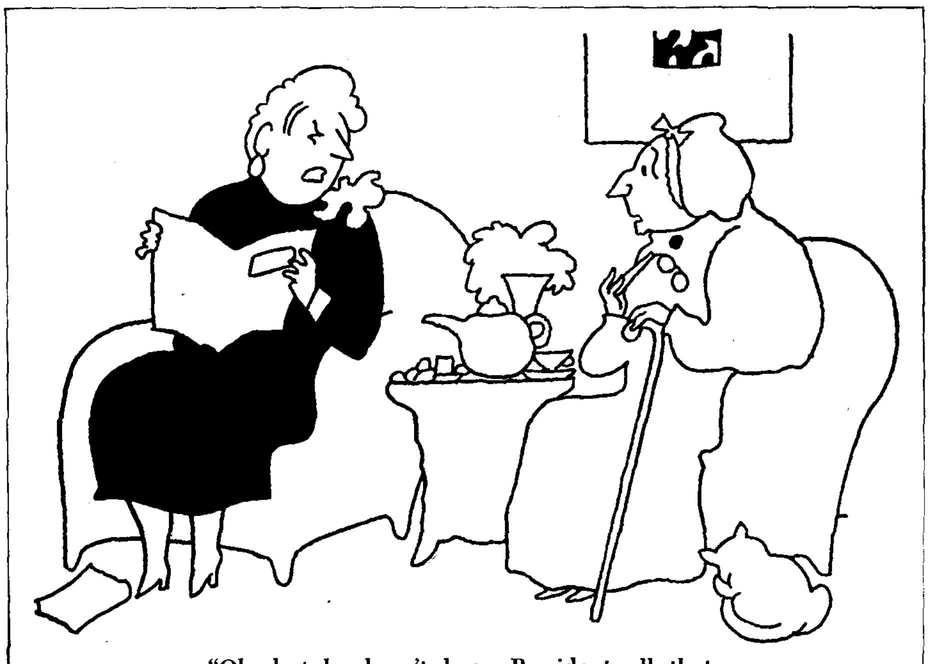
"You asked for it," she said, beckoning me to follow. "So you're goin' to get it."

Her room was up the hall, across from mine. She tapped on the door and a man's voice said, "What's the idea: knocking for admittance?"

"Visitors," she said. "In the singular."

I liked the way she was handling things. I liked Linda. She opened the door and I walked in behind her.

One step into the room and I heard a bellow. "Jerry! You old so-and-so!" Alan was on me like a ten-ton truck. He



"Oh, but he hasn't been President all *that* time, Auntie. This is a *different* Roosevelt"

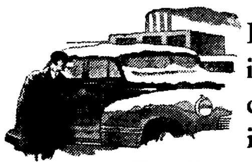
WHY YOUR BATTERY REQUIRES SPECIAL CARE THIS WINTER

★

A Message to the Nation's Car Owners from
the Nation's 34,000 Delco Battery Dealers

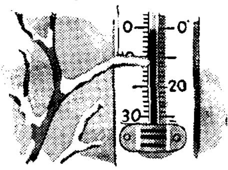
★

Wartime Importance of Private Transportation



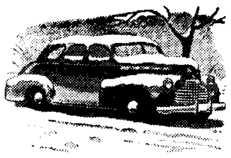
Before you can judge the importance of keeping your battery "in action," you have to decide how important it is to keep your car itself "in action." Here are some facts to go on. Public transportation facilities, already carrying capacity loads, can take care of about 20 per cent of essential transportation. That leaves 80 per cent—four people out of every five—who must depend on cars. If you are among these, then your car is essential to transportation. *And*—your battery is essential to your car.

Why Cold Weather Makes Cars Harder to Start



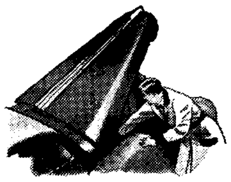
Certainly you've noticed that cars start harder in winter, but do you know why? There are two main reasons. The first is the increased power required to crank an engine when the oil is stiff; the second is the decreased power available from a battery in cold weather. It takes 2½ times more power to crank an engine at zero than it does at 80 degrees; and at zero a battery can deliver only half as much power as at 80 degrees. That's why a partly charged battery may "get by" in summer but fail in winter. Cold-weather starting demands a fully charged battery.

Danger of an Undercharged Battery in Winter



One of your responsibilities this winter is keeping your battery fully charged, not just for sure starting, but as a safeguard against freezing. A fully charged battery, with a hydrometer reading of 1.280, is in no danger of freezing. A half-charged battery, with a reading of 1.220, will freeze at 31 below zero. And a battery that is very low, with a reading of 1.150, will freeze at 5 degrees above zero. Have your battery checked regularly this winter. Limited driving may make it necessary to have a recharge occasionally.

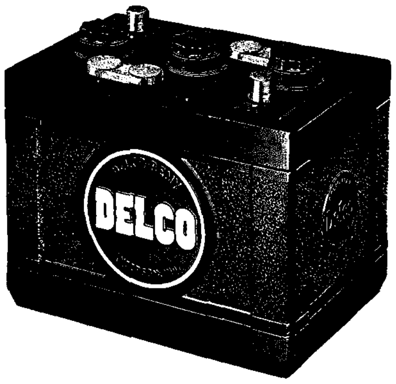
How Periodic Inspection Extends Battery Life



Having a battery checked regularly is an essential safeguard against the enemies of battery life. Inspection will show when water should be added to prevent serious damage to the plates and separators . . . when a recharge is needed to avoid permanent sulfation of the plates . . . when the hold-downs that keep your battery securely fastened in its carrier should be tightened to avoid destructive vibration. These and other services can help you stretch the life of your battery, and save materials needed for war.

YOUR DELCO BATTERY DEALER CAN HELP YOU KEEP YOUR CAR "READY FOR ACTION"

See your Delco battery dealer at least once a month for a free check-up. He has enlisted his services in the war against waste, to keep batteries on the job. Let him give your battery the care it deserves, and do your part in maintaining essential wartime transportation.



PRODUCT OF DELCO-REMY

DELCO BATTERIES
for all makes of
CARS ★ TRUCKS
BUSES ★ TRACTORS

Delco batteries provide extra starting power, long life, exceptional dependability. When you *must* replace—replace with a Delco battery.

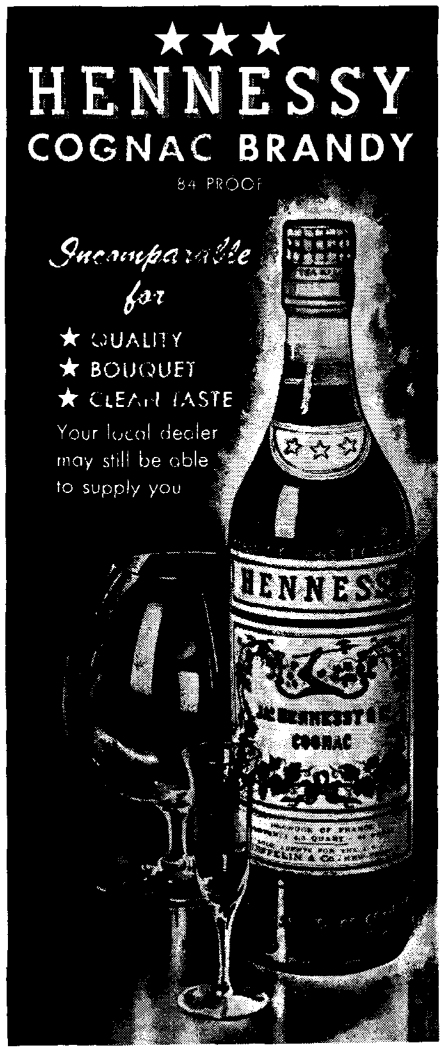
To Bring Them Back Sooner
BUY MORE BONDS

Delco-Remy ★ ★ *wherever wheels turn or propellers spin* ★

The Lowest Priced
Nationally Advertised Tooth Brush in America
only 23¢
Pro-phy-lac-tic + NYLON

IN DUST-PROOF CARTON

Pro-phy-lac-tic
NYLON
Tooth Brush


★★★
HENNESSY
COGNAC BRANDY
84 PROOF

Incomparable for
★ QUALITY
★ BOUQUET
★ CLEAN TASTE
Your local dealer may still be able to supply you

Distilled and bottled at Cognac, France
JAS HENNESSY & CO . . . . . . Est. 1765
SOLE U. S. AGENTS: Schieffelin & Co.
NEW YORK CITY • IMPORTERS SINCE 1794

pounded my shoulder and called me names, which was his way of proving that he was really glad to see me.

He was in his shirt sleeves, and he hadn't put his tie on yet. He was a lot shorter than I was and just as broad, which made him look broader. He looked like the same Alan I'd last seen a couple of years before. Hair and eyes about the color of Sandy's. Good-looking, without being handsome. He kept pumping my hand and saying, "Well, whaddaya know—whaddaya know?"

I said, "I know I want to see your handiwork. Where's the blessed event?"

There was an alcove with a crib in it. They walked me to it and Alan made an embarrassed gesture. "It happened one night," he grinned.

I looked at the baby. The baby looked at me and sort of smiled. He looked just like any other baby. I knew what was expected. I put on an act. I said, "You did a durn' good job, kid. That's one tough-looking little mug." I poked a finger at him, like I was supposed to do, and said "Kitchy-kitchy," wondering whether that had gone out of date as a method of addressing infants. Evidently it hadn't because the baby gurgled. So I did it again and got another good reaction. I didn't know what was due next, and I figured I'd look sort of silly standing there saying "Kitchy-kitchy" indefinitely.

I looked up and saw something. Alan and Linda were standing side by side. They weren't looking at me or at Warren Cameron Second. They were looking at each other, and they didn't look at all like the two nice people who had been kidding me a few seconds ago.

Alan looked old and worried. Linda's guard was down, and her eyes betrayed something which disturbed me. They stared at each other, then—as though by signal—both looked at the baby. Their expressions became more tense, more drawn, more worried. Then they looked up, caught my eye—and picked up their act where they'd left off. They smiled again and once more looked the way they were supposed to look. But in that brief instant I had seen enough. I had seen enough to know that Mr. Cameron and Sandy hadn't been exaggerating.

Then Linda took over her maternal duties. She explained that Warren Cameron Second was being raised by the book and that we'd already violated too many rules. This was sleep time for the kid. She shooed us out of the room.

We went back to the living room. Mr. Cameron was there. He looked a lot older than he was, and he smiled at me as though he were my father. I liked it.

The buxom colored cook whose name was Margie brought in some cocktails with olives in them. They tasted fine. We sat around and discussed the baby. Then there was a sort of inspired hush, and Rita came in.

RITA always made an entrance. Maybe she planned it that way; maybe it just happened. But no matter where she came from, she always took my breath away. This time was no exception.

It's impossible to describe Rita without using superlatives. You could say that she looked enough like her father, brother and sister to be pegged as a member of the family. Everything else was bonus.

She was a full two inches taller than Sandy which made her tall enough to be called statuesque. She had provocative gray-green eyes and the richest, goldest hair I ever saw.

She was in dinner dress, and she walked over to where I was stumbling to my feet and said, "Jerry! It's so good to see you again."

She said it in a deep, throaty voice that sent tingles up and down my spine. She put both hands in mine. I almost upset my cocktail putting it down so as to make the most of this opportunity. For a moment I forgot that she had sidetracked our engagement a month after I enlisted, and that she was mortgaged to somebody else; I felt myself looping, just as I had in the old days. I even said "Nuts" to the still, small voice that was warning me to watch my step.

Sure, it was an act. But it was a superb act. It carried me back two years and made me forget a lot of the peeve I'd been nourishing for about that long. She stood close to me, and let me have an eyeful. I deliberately grabbed hold of myself. I put my hands on her shoulders and turned her around slowly.

"Magnificent," I said. "And it all belongs to somebody else."

I heard a chuckle. I couldn't tell where it came from, but I suspected Sandy.

Margie brought Rita a cocktail. She held it daintily, and posed against the mantel. She had plenty to pose with. She had ignored my crack, and now she started in on the conventional line. Questions about the Army, about the fighting in North Africa, about my wound. Every word, every gesture, strictly out of the catalogue. I was amused. But I was dazzled, too. I didn't know where I stood, or what the immediate future held, but I realized that Rita still had the power to make me fidgety and uncomfortable.

Dinner was tops. We started with shrimp cocktails and followed with Southern fried chicken. We had grilled sweet potatoes and string beans and salad and dessert and coffee. We went back to the living room for liqueurs. "B and B," murmured Rita. "Do you still like it?"

I said that I still liked it. I said that I still liked everything I used to like, only more so. I was stuffed and happy. At eight-twenty the buzzer sounded. Rita ostentatiously went to the door. I heard sounds from the hall and then she made another entrance, this time with a man in tow.

The man was Ronnie Halliday. He was the lad who had taken my place. I tried to size him up fairly, but it wasn't easy.

He looked okay. Average size, average coloring, average manner I knew he was 4-F, but I couldn't see any outward symptoms. He talked pleasantly, but a trifle ponderously. He said he was glad to meet me, which I doubted. I said I was glad to meet him, which was flatly a lie. There was an awkward silence and then Rita explained that they were on their way to see Oklahoma. That was the signal for Brother Halliday to explain that he had accomplished a minor miracle by getting seats. He let me understand that any sucker could buy seats from a speculator, but that he didn't operate that way. Patience, he told me, and influence; then you could get any seats you wanted at box-office prices. Not the best seats, maybe—but at least you were inside the theater. He tucked Rita proudly under one arm and sailed out with her. I knew something was expected, so I said, "Nice chap."

Alan looked across at me and winked. "Stable," he explained. "A super-Babbitt."

"She seems to like him."

"He's all right, I suppose. Rita insists on owning a man."

I said I remembered. I was remembering too many things. Some of them hurt. I picked a cigarette out of one of the humidors, fired it, and took a deep drag.

WE TALKED about this and that. Once I remarked to Alan that he looked tired and asked whether he was working too hard. He said he wasn't, and let it go at that. At ten o'clock Mr. Cameron turned in: doctor's orders. Some sort of mild cardiac condition. Alan and Linda abandoned the effort of being gay. They tried, but it didn't work. So they excused themselves . . . said they were tired. That wasn't like Alan, either.

I was sitting in an easy chair. Sandy sat opposite me. I was looking at her and wondering. I was wondering how she could be such a grand kid, and yet so different from Rita.

We talked a little and then played a couple of games of backgammon. Then we talked some more, about nothing at all. Midnight happened and we were still talking. Finally she asked me whether I was tired, and I admitted that I was. That was our cue to start turning out lights.

We got 'em all out. We stood by the window and looked west. The city was mighty dark. I made the usual comment and got the usual answer. It was Sandy who first mentioned what I was thinking about.

She said, "How does it look to you, Jerry?"

"About Alan?"

"Yes."

I said, "Not so good. He and Linda are in something up to their necks."

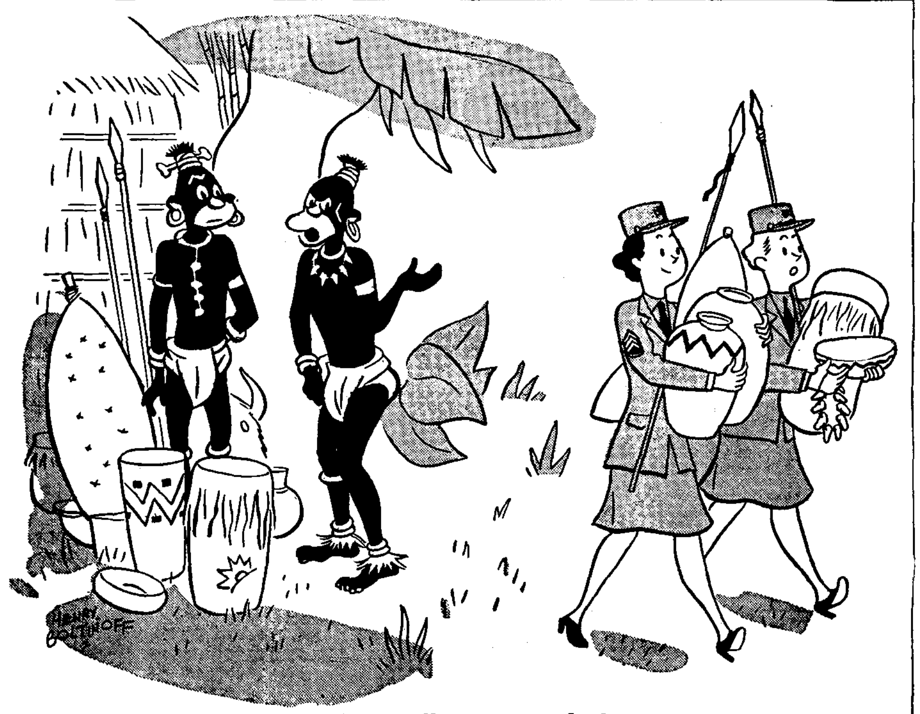
"Think you can find out what?"

"I'll do it," I said, "if it kills me."

It was a figure of speech: nothing more. Fortunately, I didn't then suspect that I hadn't missed the mark by a mile. . . .

Time marched on. Not much time—two or three days—but it marched.

I had to work at getting settled. All my



COLLIER'S "We were doing all right until they sent the Wacs over. They drive a hard bargain" HENRY BOLTINOFF

Food Problems and my budget *Don't Worry Me* and here's why!

Says Mrs. Katherine Askew, of Atlanta, Georgia
as told to Grace Hartley, Food Editor, Atlanta Journal

"My husband says I'm a mighty smart food shopper . . . because I keep our meal enjoyment up, and still keep our food budget down. Of course, he realizes that I do all my buying at my A&P Super Market. That's where I always find a wide variety of the good things I require to provide my family with nourishing meals . . . and where, too, I invariably find good values and ceiling prices rigidly observed. And here's another reason why I'm an A&P fan: my A&P Super Market sells so many different foods, I can do all my shopping in one stop."

Quite naturally in these times, American families want the best, the most nourishing food possible for their money. That is why millions shop at A&P . . . with the assurance that they will get the utmost for every food dollar they spend. While it is next to impossible to expect any store to have everything you want, your A&P Super Market can supply you with every food required for good, wholesome meals.

SAY "HELLO" to Atlanta's busy, attractive housewife, Katherine Askew, and her husband, John (below), electrical engineer for a Southern utility company. But you haven't met—really—this fine Georgia family until you've seen the cute, healthy 18-months-old twins, Mary Nell and Barbara. Katherine finds time to knit, sew and do needle-point . . . take the twins A&P Super Marketing in their "Victory buggy". John is one of a group responsible for designing air-raid warning systems, including those at Atlanta and New Orleans. He is author of a textbook on wartime electronics.

RED CIRCLE
BOKAR
CONDOR
COFFEE
A&P
SERVICE
ALWAYS
CUSTOM
GROUND
EIGHT O'CLOCK COFFEE
RED CIRCLE
BOKAR
CORN FLAKES

A&P SUPER MARKETS

SUPER A&P MARKET

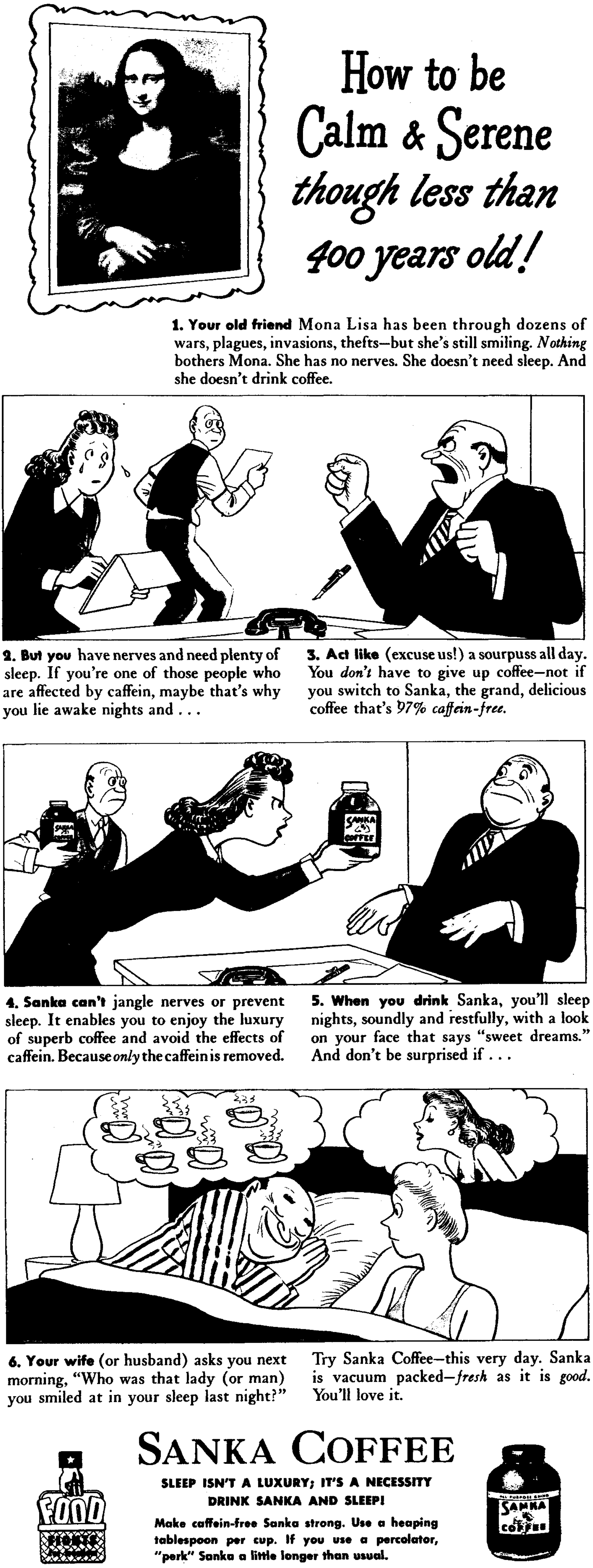
A&P
ESTABLISHED 1859

Save UP TO 25%*
ON MANY FINE FOODS

**Many A&P brands (sold only at A&P) bring you savings up to 25% compared to prices usually asked for other nationally known products of comparable quality. These savings are yours because A&P brings these good things direct from their source to you with many unnecessary in-between expenses cut from their cost.*

33 Ann Page Foods
Eight O'Clock, Red Circle and Bokar Coffees
Jane Parker Cakes, Rolls and "Dated" Donuts
A&P Canned Fruits and Vegetables
7 Sunnyfield Cereals
Nectar and Our Own Teas
Marvel "Enriched" Bread
White Sail Household Products
Sunnyfield Flours
and many other fine foods

©1943—The Great Atlantic & Pacific Tea Co.



How to be Calm & Serene *though less than 400 years old!*

1. Your old friend Mona Lisa has been through dozens of wars, plagues, invasions, thefts—but she's still smiling. *Nothing* bothers Mona. She has no nerves. She doesn't need sleep. And she doesn't drink coffee.

2. But you have nerves and need plenty of sleep. If you're one of those people who are affected by caffein, maybe that's why you lie awake nights and . . .

3. Act like (excuse us!) a sourpuss all day. You *don't* have to give up coffee—not if you switch to Sanka, the grand, delicious coffee that's *97% caffein-free.*

4. Sanka can't jangle nerves or prevent sleep. It enables you to enjoy the luxury of superb coffee and avoid the effects of caffein. Because *only* the caffein is removed.

5. When you drink Sanka, you'll sleep nights, soundly and restfully, with a look on your face that says "sweet dreams." And don't be surprised if . . .

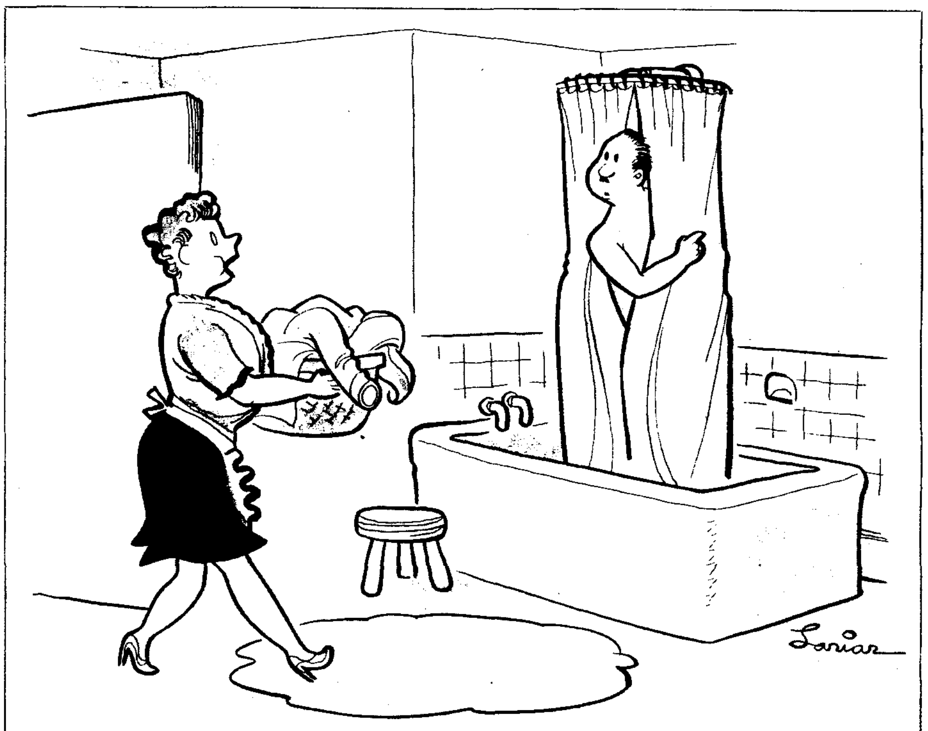
6. Your wife (or husband) asks you next morning, "Who was that lady (or man) you smiled at in your sleep last night?"

Try Sanka Coffee—this very day. Sanka is vacuum packed—*fresh* as it is *good.* You'll love it.

SANKA COFFEE

SLEEP ISN'T A LUXURY; IT'S A NECESSITY
DRINK SANKA AND SLEEP!

Make caffein-free Sanka strong. Use a heaping tablespoon per cup. If you use a percolator, "perk" Sanka a little longer than usual.



"Take these in with you, Harry. The laundry didn't get back!"

COLLIER'S LAWRENCE LARIAR

life I'd been a civilian, but I'd still forgotten how. Two years in the Army does that. Even my four months in hospital hadn't gotten me back in the groove.

I got a trunk and two suitcases out of a warehouse and dug into 'em. Some of my clothes were okay. A little tailor near where the Camerons lived said he could fix 'em up in no time. I had a lot of shirts and underwear and socks and robes and things which were still serviceable. I went downtown to my favorite store and bought some new stuff. The first night I appeared in civilian clothes I felt as odd as I had my first day in uniform. I took a walk with Sandy and saluted three officers. Each of them looked startled, then grinned, then returned the salute.

ONE evening Alan got home early from the office. Linda was doing things to the baby; Sandy and Rita were out, Mr. Cameron was in his room. I cornered Alan in the living room. He was sitting in an easy chair doing nothing. I said, "What's eating on you, buddy?"

I made it casual, just as one friend would ask another friend about the score. He said, "I'm okay, Jerry."

"Like hell you are! You're too conscientious or something."

"What does that mean?"

"You're working too hard. It shows in your eyes and in your face. Me no like."

He shook his head. "I'm not working too hard."

"Says you. I think different."

"I'm not; really."

"Then what's eating on you? You aren't your usual sweet, sunny self."

His face got serious and he stared at me. For an instant I thought he was going to spill. Then he changed his mind. "I suppose we all work harder these days," he evaded. "Maybe it does show on me."

"Worried?" I asked.

"About what?"

"I wouldn't be knowing that unless you told me."

He made with a laugh. It was completely phony, but maybe he thought it fooled me. "I haven't a worry in the world," he said. "I'm a one hundred per cent lucky lad."

I probed some more and didn't get half way to first base. I had tried direct attack and now I started to get subtle. By the time the conversation ended I wasn't very proud of myself as a subtle approacher. As a matter of fact, I was becoming convinced that my ability as an investigator had been grossly overrated. I knew nothing when the conversation began and I knew even less when it ended. Except for one thing.

I knew that Alan wasn't going to tell me anything. Whatever I found out, I'd have to dig for.

I reported to Sandy, and she asked me not to be discouraged. "Promise me you won't," she said.

"Okay. I promise. And I'll break the promise, because I'm discouraged already."

"Just because Alan wouldn't talk?"

"That's three of the reasons."

"I was sure he wouldn't. Which doesn't alter the fact that he's in trouble up to his ears."

"Check," I said. "But I don't know what to do about it."

"Take it easy," she advised. "Keep your eyes and ears open. And have fun."

I said I would. But it wasn't too easy. Rita was disturbing me, but good.

At first I didn't get it. As a matter of fact, I suppose I never had really known anything about Rita even though I'd been engaged to her. She was so lovely it hurt; and she had always dazzled me. She was dazzling me now. The only reason I didn't go completely overboard again was Sandy.

That kid watched the play Rita was making. She seemed to be amused by it. She wasn't missing a bet, and I had the feeling she was laughing at me. She never said a word against her sister, never uttered a criticism. But there she was, right on the fifty-yard line, watching me make the fumbles. Her keen gray eyes kept me from making too many. I was trying not to look as ridiculous as I felt.

I couldn't quite figure Rita's angle. She was giving me a double dose of glamor. I didn't enjoy the sensation, but there were times when my common sense abandoned me completely and the only way I could think of Rita was in terms of her blond gorgeousness.

Maybe I was wrong. I hoped I was. She'd made a sap of me once, and I didn't want it to become chronic. She had her faults. I could see them—all of them.

I braced Mr. Cameron and asked him why I couldn't have a seat at my old desk in the office. He begged me to wait a while. He said I needed more rest. That was the bunk, and I told him so, but he insisted on my playing it that way.

I said, "But I'm not accomplishing anything, and I'm getting bored."

"Wait a while longer," he said. "I'm sure something will happen."

He just said it. It was words, nothing more. He didn't even suspect that he was right.

It happened on a Thursday night. Sandy and I had won a hot game of gin-rummy doubles from Alan and Linda. They called the game off fairly early and went to their room. That was about ten o'clock. Rita was out with her boy friend. Sandy said she was tired, and I said I was, too. At 10:30 the apartment was quiet except for traffic noises which drifted up from the streets.

I got undressed and stretched out under the reading light. I tried to think of something besides Rita, and didn't have much luck. So I picked up a book and made an effort to get myself excited about the American Civil War. It seemed to me that Stonewall Jackson was quite a lad, but a trifle remote. So I went to sleep.

I didn't hear any knock on the door. I didn't hear the door open. I didn't know anything was happening until the ceiling light went on. The Army had taught me to wake up quick, and so I woke up quick.

Sandy was just inside the door. She had on one of those things over her nightie. Sleepy as I was, it struck me that I needed a fresh introduction. I hadn't figured she could look that good.

She walked across the room and sat on the edge of my bed. She asked me whether I was wide awake and I said, "What do you think? That's a neat number you're wearing."

SHE looked at me in surprise. Then—if it hadn't been Sandy—I'd swear that she blushed. She made one of those instinctive gestures toward the throat: pulling the lapels, or whatever you call 'em, together. I said it had looked better the other way, and asked what gave.

She whispered, "Alan. And Linda."

"What about them?"

"They've gone out."

I reached for two cigarettes. I lighted both and passed one to Sandy. I asked, "What for?"

"I don't know."

"All right," I said. "Let's have what you do know."

She spoke very softly, and I could see she was excited.

"I couldn't get to sleep. Don't ask me why; I just couldn't. I heard Alan and Linda talking. That wasn't unusual, so I didn't pay any attention. Then I heard someone dialing the phone. I had a feeling that it was important, and I decided to listen in on the hall extension. But when I got out there it struck me that if I lifted the receiver, the person talking from the other room would hear the click.

"So I did the next best thing. I tiptoed to their door and listened. The person on the telephone was Linda, and I could tell from her tone that whatever it was she was talking about was urgent."

"So-o . . . ?"

"I couldn't hear much, but I heard enough. Two or three times she said, 'Yes, now. Tonight. Right away.' Then, after a while, she said. 'You told me I could call you there,' and after another pause, 'I'll come right out in the car. Alan will be with me.' Then there was something I couldn't get, and finally Linda said, 'Yes. I know. Long Island. Palmtree Inn. Inside of an hour . . .' "

Sandy stopped talking and looked at me. She expected me to say something, so I said it. "I remember the spot. It's quite a place. I've gone dancing there several times."

"No dancing there now," she said.

"Because it's late fall?"

"Not entirely. The Palmtree was closed all last summer. Victim of gas rationing."

"I see . . ." Of course I didn't see, but it sounded wise. "So Linda and Alan were going to meet someone at an empty roadhouse in the wilds of Long Island."

"They've gone," said Sandy. "About ten minutes ago. And it must be terribly secret, because otherwise they'd have asked me to listen for the baby."

I said, "What does that make me?"

"It doesn't make you. It makes us. We're going to follow them."

"Why?"

"To find out things."

I said, "If you turn your back and keep on talking, I'll start getting dressed." I commenced with my socks and shoes. "Any idea who she was talking to?"

"No."

"Did she seem as though she wanted to go, or was she being urged to?"

"She was insisting."

"Did you hear her conversation with Alan after the phone call?"

"No. They started moving around the room. I was afraid they might open the door and find me snooping. So I went to my room. I stayed there until I was sure they'd gone. Then I came in here."

I asked, "How're they going to get to the Palmtree? That's a long way."

"Alan's car. He has to use a car for business."

I said, "And how would I follow?"

"My car. I've got it in a garage near First Avenue."

"Gas?"

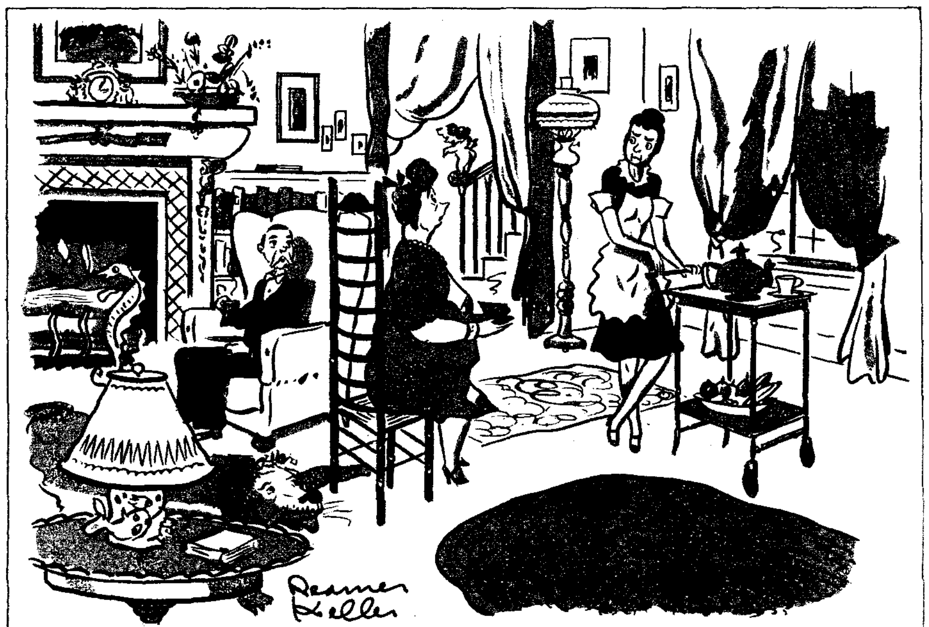
"Plenty. I try never to use it, so it's ready to roll except perhaps for some extra air in the tires."

I was wide awake now, and a little excited. I said, "You've got a good plan, kid, except for one thing."

"What's that?"

"I'm going alone."

She started to protest, but I choked her off. I said, "Be reasonable. Maybe something's about to break and maybe it



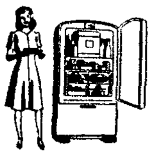
COLLIER'S "Would you take five dollars for that evening wrap with the worn collar I gave you last year, Marie?" REAMER KELLER

WHAT'S HE SAY?
HE SAYS THERE'S SOMETHING REALLY NEW IN DENTIFRICE
LISTERINE
TOOTH POWDER
DOUBLE SIZE
LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., ST. LOUIS, MO.
NET WEIGHT 4.2 OUNCES
War-Economy Container
10% More Powder
No Higher Price

Powder in a revolutionized **NEW QUICK-FOAM FORMULA!** Feels more like a paste when you brush, yet gives you powder's money-saving economy. **NEW "WHIRLPOOL" CLEANSING ACTION** really gets down to work on dull, lack-luster tooth surfaces . . . helps bring out the flashing natural brilliance of enamel. And what a taste thrill in that **NEW WINTER-MINT FLAVOR!**

IN WHICH WE

This is the story, briefly told, of men and women who turned from the arts of peace to the grim trade of war. And in their story of individual achievement you may read the story of America—the epic victory of a free way of life over dictatorship.



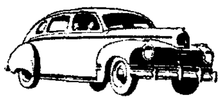
In December, 1941, the men and women of Nash-Kelvinator were building the revolutionary Moist-Master Kelvinator Refrigerator, to keep the food in peaceful American homes fresh and appetizing and healthful. In 1941 the men and women of Nash-Kelvinator were also building a new type of automobile, designed years ahead on aerodynamic lines, and giving as much as twenty-five to thirty miles per gallon of gas at moderate highway speeds.

And then, virtually overnight, these men and women so well versed in production for peace, turned to production for war.

Now in this December, two years after Pearl Harbor—what account can we and they render of our war years?

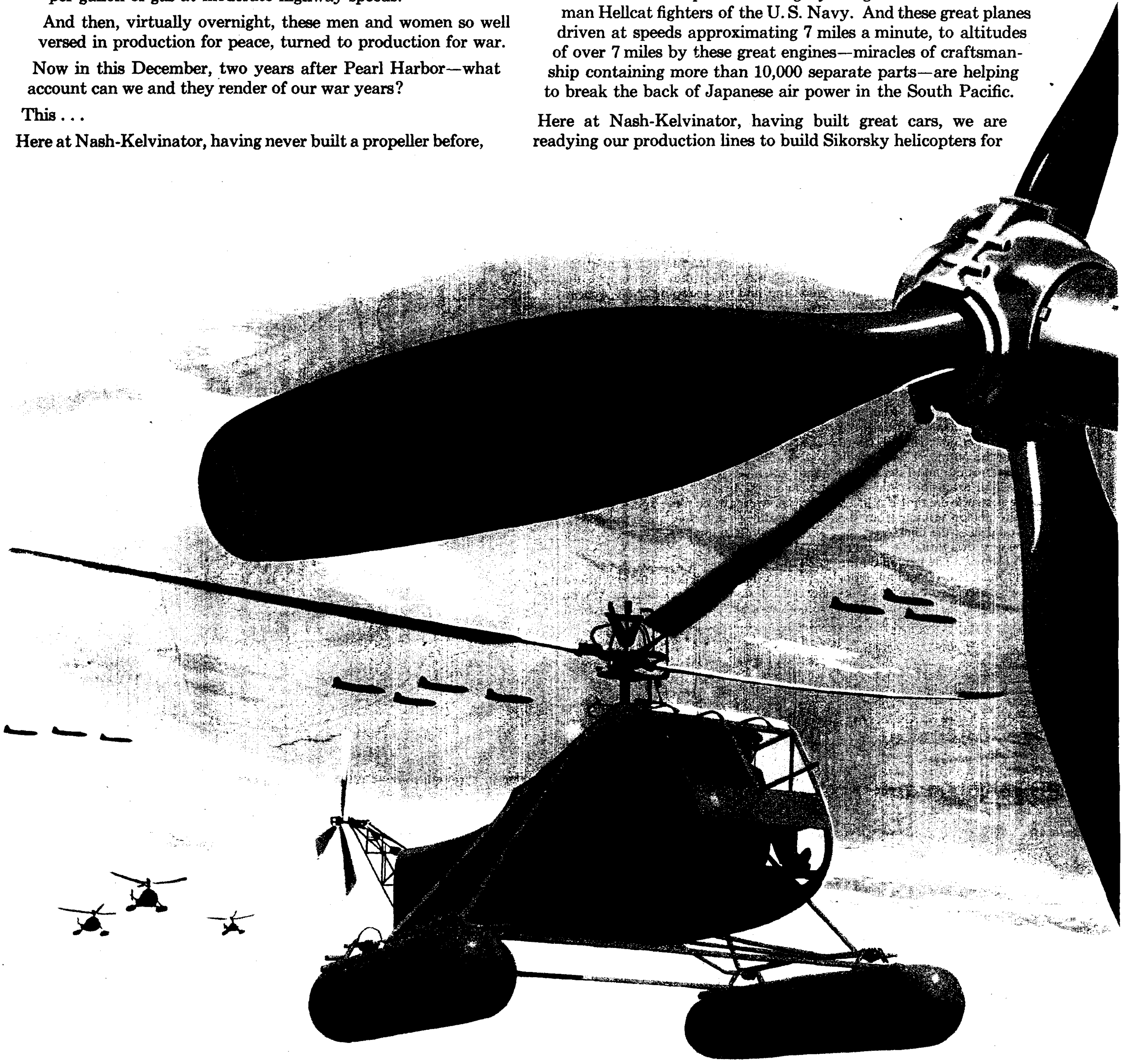
This . . .

Here at Nash-Kelvinator, having never built a propeller before, we are building intricate Hamilton Standard propellers for these famous American and British bomber, transport and cargo planes . . . Flying Fortress, Liberator, Mosquito, Mitchell, Lancaster, Baltimore, Dauntless, Havoc, Skytrain and Skytrooper. You have seen their names, and read their records in the ruins of enemy ships, and cities, and armies. Now we have become the largest manufacturer of this type of aircraft propeller in America.



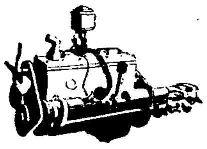
Here at Nash-Kelvinator, having built great automobile engines, we are building great aircraft engines . . . 2,000 h. p. Pratt & Whitney supercharged, eighteen-cylinder, air-cooled engines that power the mighty Vought Corsair and Grumman Hellcat fighters of the U. S. Navy. And these great planes driven at speeds approximating 7 miles a minute, to altitudes of over 7 miles by these great engines—miracles of craftsmanship containing more than 10,000 separate parts—are helping to break the back of Japanese air power in the South Pacific.

Here at Nash-Kelvinator, having built great cars, we are readying our production lines to build Sikorsky helicopters for



SERVE FREEDOM...

the Army Air Forces. When and where and how the Army will use this new marvel of the air, which can rise vertically, hover motionlessly, fly forward or backward, is a military secret. But this can be told—this newest aerial marvel of the United Nations will be built only by Nash-Kelvinator and its designers, the Sikorsky Division of United Aircraft Corporation.



Here at Nash-Kelvinator, having a reputation for precision manufacturing, we are building governors for the propeller mechanisms of Flying Fortress, Douglas, Consolidated North American, and Martin bombers—and Navy PBY1 and PB4Y1 patrol bombers. And, again because our men and women are craftsmen and precisionists, we are now one of the largest manufacturers of binoculars in the world—supplying the U. S. Army on most of the world's battlefronts.

And in addition, here at Nash-Kelvinator, we are producing parts for submarines, cargo ships, and Army trucks, trailers, jeeps and tanks.

In this brief period of less than two years, Nash-Kelvinator facilities have been expanded tremendously in Milwaukee, Kenosha, Detroit, Grand Rapids and Lansing . . . and our production for war is now virtually double our former production for peace.

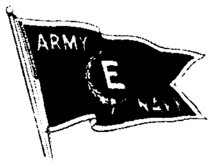
This is how the men and women of Nash-Kelvinator have served America . . . have served you . . . are serving freedom. This is the story of how free men and women driven only by the compulsion of their will to stay free, their desire to keep America always a land of progress and individual opportunity, have helped perform the miracle of production that is now smashing our foe on every front.

This is the story of how they are working day and night to hasten Victory so that they may turn once again to peaceful things—to the building of an even finer Kelvinator, an even greater Nash.

This is their story . . .

This is the history of America.

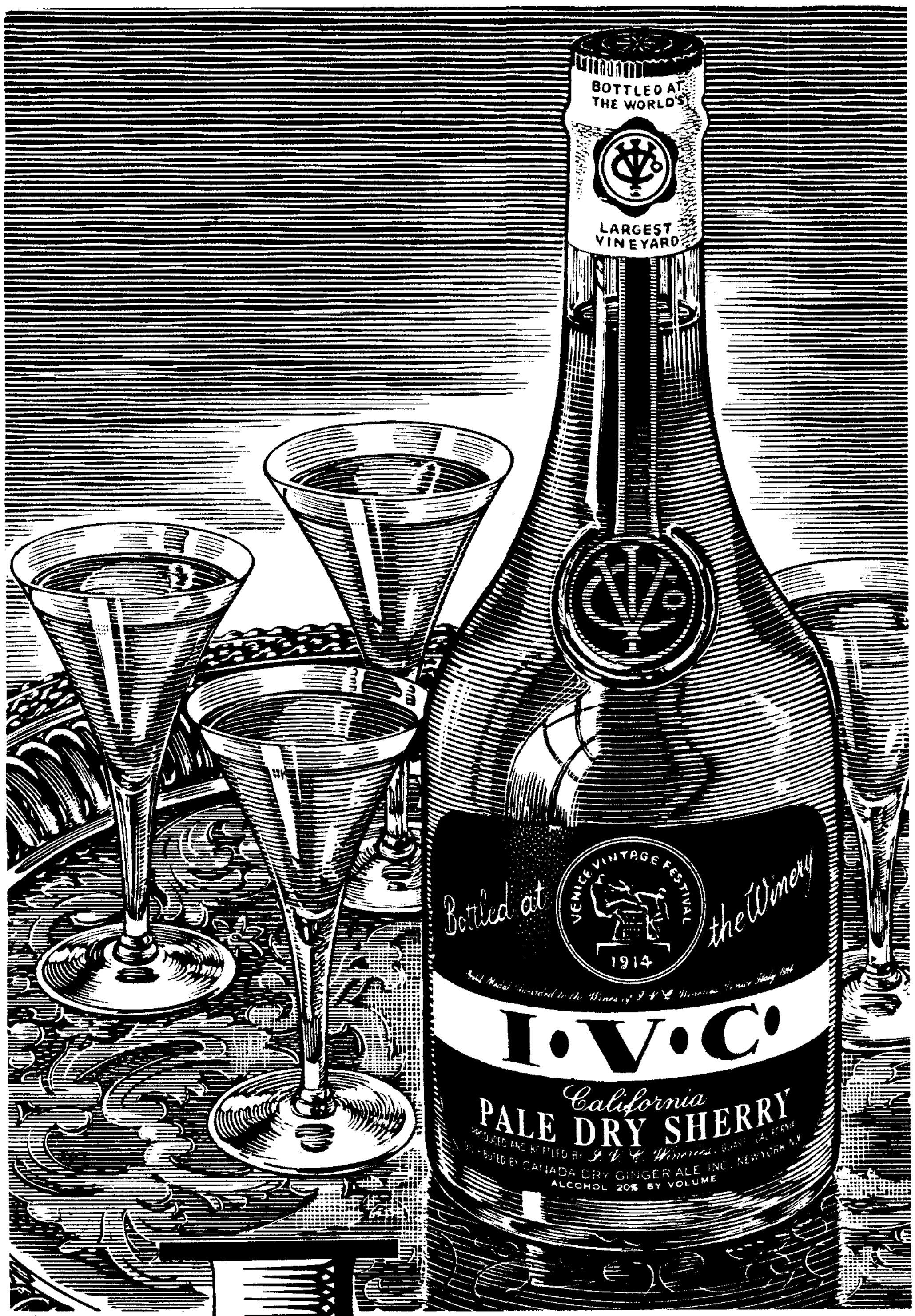
NASH-KELVINATOR CORPORATION
Kenosha • Milwaukee • DETROIT • Grand Rapids • Lansing



The men and women of the Propeller Division of Nash-Kelvinator Corporation have been awarded, and proudly fly and wear, the famous Army-Navy "E" for High Achievement in War Production.

NASH AUTOMOBILES

KELVINATOR REFRIGERATORS • ELECTRIC RANGES



I V C

THEY'RE MORE DELICIOUS
—naturally!

"DRY" grapes from non-irrigated vineyards give I.V.C. wines that extra delicious flavor.

Naturally, these non-irrigated "DRY" grapes of ours grow smaller, but the precious juices are more luscious . . . just naturally richer.

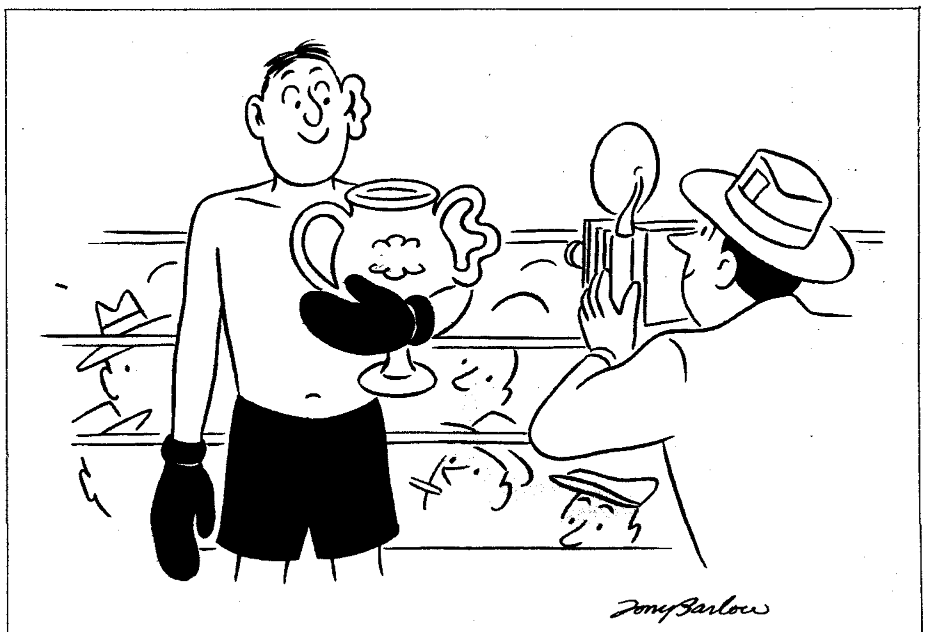
★

Since 1883, these rare California vintages have been bottled at the winery. Now twenty-six different I.V.C. Gold Medal and Cucamonga wines are pressed, matured, and bottled for your pleasure . . . here at the world's largest vineyard. Distributed solely by Canada Dry Ginger Ale, Inc., New York, N.Y.

I·V·C

BUY UNITED STATES WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

WINES *BOTTLED AT THE WINERY*



COLLIER'S TONY BARLOW

isn't. I am probably the world's worst investigator, and if you were there I'd be twice as bad. Things will probably be smooth as butter, but if they aren't, you'd only be in the way."

She didn't like what I was saying, so I kept on saying it. Finally she agreed. I'll hand her that: She was a level-headed youngster. Give her a fistful of logic, and she was able to digest it. She made a final play by asking me whether I knew how to get to the Palmtree by car. I said that I knew approximately. I couldn't zip right through without thinking, but I knew the roads in a general way, and I wasn't worried.

SHE went out of the room while I finished dressing. When she came back she was dressed, even to coat and hat. Before I could say anything, she spoke. "I'm not arguing any more. If you insist on going alone, you can go alone. But I've got to walk as far as the garage with you so there'll be no hitch about getting the car out."

That made sense. Even at that, we had a little trouble. We killed time, too, because the tires were soft and they had to check the oil and water. Then I drove her back to the apartment and let her out. She said, "You haven't changed your mind, Jerry?"

"About you? Nope. And thanks for not making too much of a point of it."

I went across the Triborough Bridge and past La Guardia airport. I was surprised at how little traffic there was. I knew in a general way where I was going, but I had to read every road sign, and my progress was slow. For one thing, I didn't want to be picked up, because I didn't have a driver's license.

The drive out took me about twice as long as I'd figured. I reached the vicinity of the place and started looking around for it. I figured I couldn't miss.

The Palmtree had been very fashionable and expensive ever since speak-easy days. It had played a policy of name bands and big acts and had attracted a huge limousine trade. I remembered it as it used to be: a blaze of brilliant light with music coming out and a million autos, more or less, parked all around. So when I did get within a few hundred yards of it, I didn't recognize the place.

It looked neither big nor impressive. There weren't any lights and there was no music. As a matter of fact, there wasn't anything. It stood under the same trees I vaguely remembered, but it looked very forlorn.

I got out of Sandy's car, walked through what had once been a parking space and approached the front door, intending to circle the building to see whether Alan's car was in back. I'd have gone through with it, except that I noticed something odd.

The door was open. Wide open. It was black inside. There wasn't a light anywhere. I started to go in, and changed my mind. I continued to the end of the building and looked all around. No Alan. No Linda. No car. Nothing but that open front door.

"Okay, Toots," I said to myself, "you might as well have a look inside. It'll give you something to tell Sandy about."

I didn't enjoy walking in. There was a musty, gloomy atmosphere inside. An empty, discarded roadhouse isn't a homey place. I advanced as though I were on patrol, which is to say that I moved with the speed of molasses.

The main room looked twice the size of Pennsylvania Station. The windows were high and moonlight came through. Not much of it, but enough to relieve the blackness. It looked spooky. Chairs piled on tables. Deserted bandstand at one end of the room. No menus. No waiters. No high prices. No gaiety. No nothing.

It didn't add up right. I wondered whether Sandy had misunderstood Linda. Why would anybody be coming to this joint at this time? Why had she been urging it? Why was the front door open now? I was the little boy who didn't know any of the answers, but I certainly could think of a lot of questions.

I MOVED toward the back of the room. I had a nervous, uncomfortable feeling. I don't know what I was afraid of, but I'm darn' sure I wasn't feeling good. I had a great desire to be somewhere else, but I wouldn't go until I'd given the place a pretty thorough looking-over.

I came around a stack of tables. The moonlight seemed a little brighter there. That was fortunate, because it kept me from stumbling over the body.

I drew back just in time. One more step, and I would have tripped. That wouldn't have been nice. Tripping over dead men isn't my idea of a jolly evening.

I stood gawking down at the corpse. I don't know why I was so sure that the man was dead. I only know that I *was* sure. I also don't know why I was so thoroughly scared. I had seen a lot of dead men in Africa. I never liked the sight, but I thought I'd gotten accustomed to it. I'd have sworn that seeing a corpse would never make me breathe quicker. But right then I was discovering how wrong I was.

I wanted to strike a match, but I didn't dare. But my eyes were keener now, and I stared at the thing which lay at my feet.

It was a man. The first thing I thought was that it wasn't the caretaker, provided there was a caretaker. This man was well dressed. He was a white-collar guy, definitely.

He looked big as a mountain stretched out on the floor; but he wasn't big, actually. Maybe five foot, nine; maybe a hundred and sixty pounds. I couldn't see him well enough to even guess at the age.

I kneeled down and touched him. No heartbeat. No pulse. I put my ear against his lips. Not a hint of breathing.

I touched him a couple more times. I didn't like what I touched. He was dead all right, dead as a doornail. But he hadn't been dead long. The body was warm.

If someone had just been there and killed him, that's about how warm the body would be.

If Alan or Linda had killed him and then run away, the body would have felt just about like that. The idea hit me, and left me feeling pretty sick.

It occurred to me that I'd better hightail it away from there. I had come out to discover things, and I'd certainly batted 1.000. I didn't know what I had discovered, but it was already too much.

I got ready to go. I was still staring at the gentleman on the floor and thinking about Alan and Linda. I was thinking that I didn't like any part of this. I was thinking that I was more scared than I'd ever been in the Army.

I didn't hear anybody. I didn't hear a sound.

The first hint I had of anything being wrong was when something hit me on the head.

I saw a million beautiful skyrockets and heard a roar like the grandpappy of Niagara Falls might make.

I went out like a light.

I OPENED my eyes and looked at the picture of a lady—very undressed. She was long and slim and she had an urn on her shoulder. She would have been worth a couple more glances except that my head hurt terribly.

I closed my eyes. I was on a couch and there was a pillow under my head. There was also a bandage on it. I wore the bandage. Under it was a lump as big as the entire day's work of a hen. It was as sore as a toothache. Even with my eyes closed, I could see flashes of colored lightning.

I didn't know where I was or how I had gotten there. One instant I was out at the Palmtree Inn staring down at the body of a distinctly defunct gentleman, and now I was lying on a nice, comfortable couch in somebody's living quarters. Maybe it was a room in the same building. Maybe I was somewhere else. I had no consciousness of the passage of time. I still didn't know what had struck me or why.

I smelled perfume. It was probably nice perfume, but there was too much of it. I opened my eyes.

A woman was sitting in a club chair not far from the couch. She was staring at me, and not moving. I closed my eyes and opened them again. She was still there. She still didn't say anything.

I couldn't figure how tall she was, but I'd figure a very few inches above five feet. She had the blackest hair and eyes I had ever seen. The hair was parted in the middle and combed down flat against a well-shaped head. She had a small mouth, nice white teeth and a tiny nose. Her ears were small, too. Delicate features, but she didn't look delicate.

She looked hard as a rock. Her eyes never wavered from my face, and I could see that she had things on her mind. She obviously didn't give a hoot whether my head hurt or not.

SHE had on a house coat with a zipper front, but the zipper hadn't been zipped. The coat was open and she didn't have on much clothes underneath. She had nice hands, too. They rested on the arms of her chair, and on the left hand was a big diamond ring. It was on the engagement finger. I caught her eye, and got the impression that I rated slightly less than tops with her.

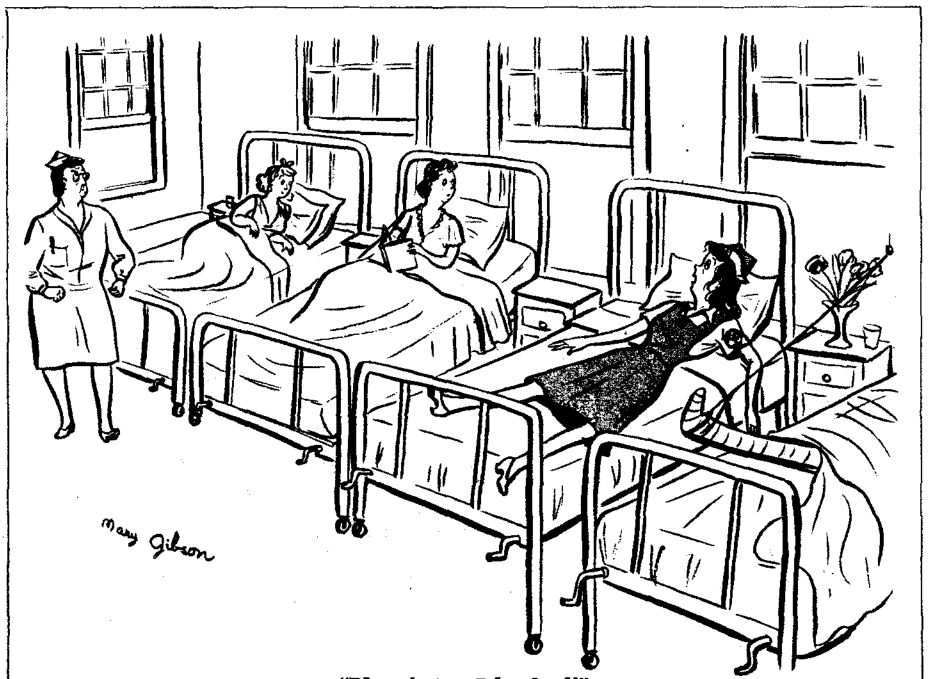
I let my eyes wander. I was in an apartment. I saw a dining alcove and a room off it which I figured was a kitchen. There was another door which could have led to a bedroom. The room I was in was for living purposes only, judging by the furniture. There was the usual stuff, plus a radio-phonograph and a tiny, upright piano. I glanced at my wrist watch. Five minutes before three o'clock. I must have been as cold as a mackerel.

The woman's eyes never left my face. She looked as though she could hate me on the slightest provocation. I said, "Have you got a drink handy?"

The table beside her chair was evidently a cellaret. She bent down, opened a little door, took out a bottle of Scotch and a glass. She poured liquor into the glass and handed it to me. I took it with a hand that trembled and tossed it off neatly. It burned all the way down, but it felt good. I held the glass out again. "Encore?" I asked. She poured me another shot, and then put the bottle away.

I tried to sit up. The room was spinning, so I closed my eyes. When I opened them, the place was reasonably still. I started to get up. A cold, flat voice—a man's voice—came from somewhere. The voice said, "Keep it right there, chum."

I followed the direction of the voice. I saw a wiry little man with a dead, expressionless face and sparse brown hair. He was dressed all in brown and he had on a red necktie. The tip of a red handker-



COLLIER'S "Phew! Am I bushed!" MARY GIBSON

Willard Downes

Hard to Get!

BOTANY
REG.
ROBES for MEN

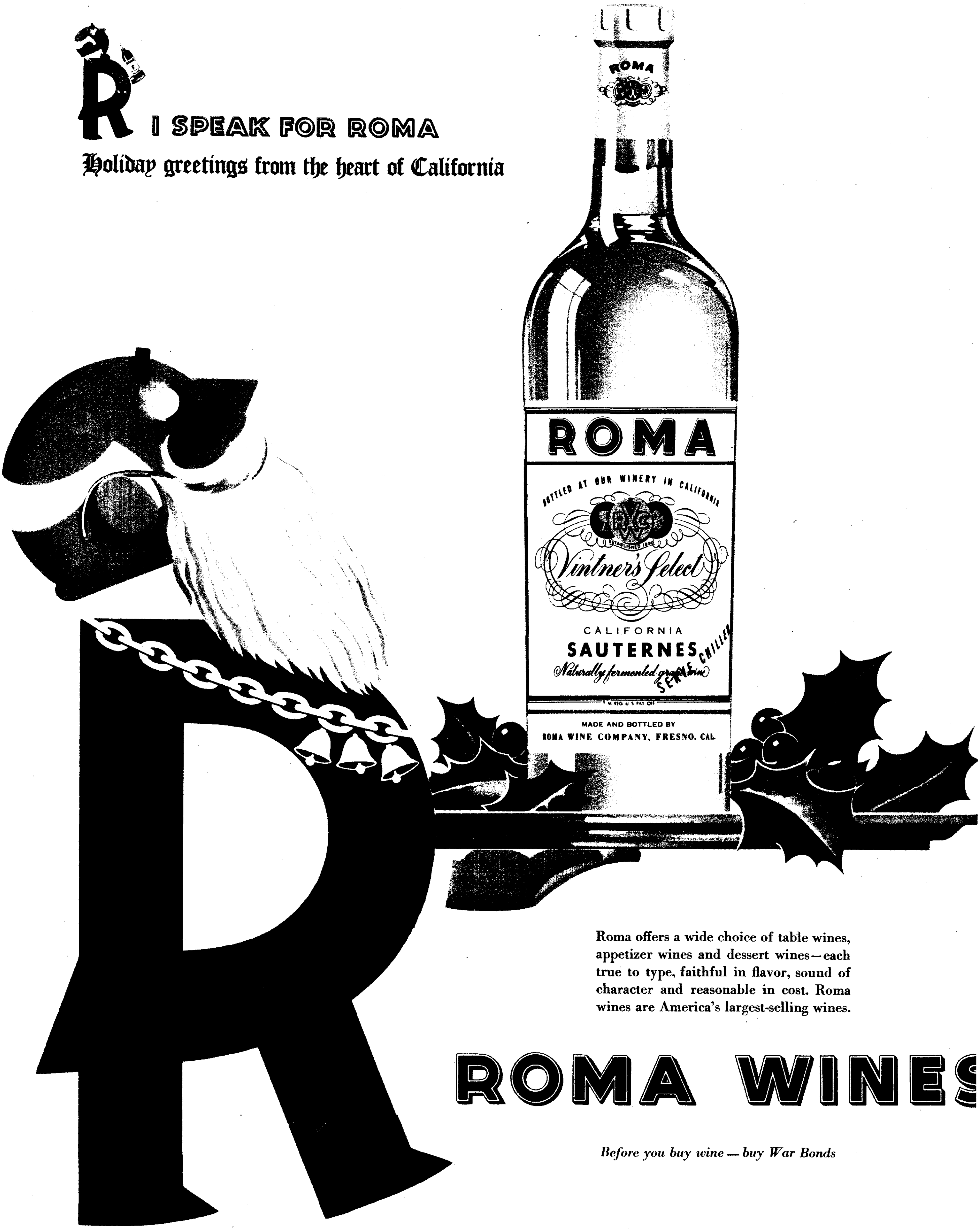
SCARCE...BUT STILL
AVAILABLE. WRITE
US FOR NAME OF A
DEALER NEAR YOU.

Botany

BOTANY WORSTED MILLS, PASSAIC [illegible]

I SPEAK FOR ROMA

Holiday greetings from the heart of California


ROMA
ROMA
BOTTLED AT OUR WINERY IN CALIFORNIA
ESTABLISHED 1890
Vintner's Select
CALIFORNIA
SAUTERNES
Naturally fermented grape wine
SERVE CHILLED
T M REG U S PAT OFF
MADE AND BOTTLED BY
ROMA WINE COMPANY, FRESNO, CAL.

Roma offers a wide choice of table wines, appetizer wines and dessert wines—each true to type, faithful in flavor, sound of character and reasonable in cost. Roma wines are America's largest-selling wines.

ROMA WINES

Before you buy wine — buy War Bonds

Roma Wine Company . . . Fresno . . Lodi . . Healdsburg, California.

chief protruded from his breast pocket. He had the eyes of a fish, except that they were brown. He stared at me without winking. I looked him over carefully. He wasn't more than half my size, but I decided not to argue with him.

In his right hand he was holding a gun. It looked like an Army .45. That's a mean gun at close range. It can blast a tunnel right through you and knock you flat at the same time. I have a great respect for anybody who is on the other end of a gun like that.

I said, "Did you conk me?" and he nodded.

"With that?" I asked.

"Yeah."

"Why?"

"What do you think?"

I heard sounds from outside the window. I couldn't see, but I got the impression I was fairly high up. I looked at the black-haired woman. "We're in New York?" I inquired.

She nodded.

"He brought me in?"

"We did."

I shook my head. Slowly. So it wouldn't hurt too bad. "That was really a wallop," I said. Then a silly idea hit me. I said, "Where's my car?"

"Downstairs." It was Brown Suit talking. "I come with you. She drove your car."

My eyesight was clearing. My head still throbbed, but I felt some better. That was the Scotch. I asked the little man a question: "You connected with the police?"

His face split crossways in what might have been called a smile. He said, "I ain't no cop."

"Who are you, then?"

He looked at the woman and then at me. "You ain't askin' questions," he said in a voice which had no tone shadings in it. "You're answering."

ALL this time the girl was staring at me. I fumbled for a cigarette and lighted it. I knew she was going to start talking pretty soon, and I waited. When she did start, she didn't make sense.

"How long," she asked, "have you known John Mitchell?"

I said, "Who?"

"John Mitchell."

"I never heard of him."

Brown Suit said, "Try again, chum. That line ain't gonna get you nowhere."

I kept on looking at the woman. "I don't know the score," I said. "I don't know anything. But most of all, I don't know anybody named John Mitchell."

Her eyes kept boring into me. "Your name is Jerome Franklin," she said.

"Jerry," I said. "How did you know?"

"We went through your papers. You're fresh out of the Army."

She plucked a cigarette out of a packet and fired up. She puffed a couple of times, and said, "I'm Zora Sherman. Does that spell anything to you?"

"No."

"Never heard of me?"

"No."

Brown Suit said, "He's good and dumb." Zora didn't pay any attention to him or his remark. She fired another one at me:

"Why did you go to the Palmtree Inn tonight?"

I'd been expecting that. I wasn't mentioning Alan and Linda, so I did the best I could under the circumstances. I said, "Just for the drive."

"Spread that out a little."

"Before I went in the Army, I used to hang around there a lot, when I could afford it. I didn't know it was closed. So I went out."

Brown Suit said, "That stinks on ice."

I shrugged. "That's my story, Miss Sherman. It isn't a very good one, but it'll have to do until I think of something better."

She said, "That shouldn't be hard. But let's play like we believe it. Okay: you get out there. What happens then?"

"Same story?" I asked. "Or a new one?"

"Stick to this one." I liked the way she was handling the situation. "I'm getting accustomed to it."

"Well, I was all full of nostalgia. You know: romance from the old days. I parked my car and walked around, recalling the lovely evenings I'd spent there. The door was open, so I went in and rambled around."

"Then . . . ?"

"I stumbled over the body of a man."

"He was dead?"

"Yes."

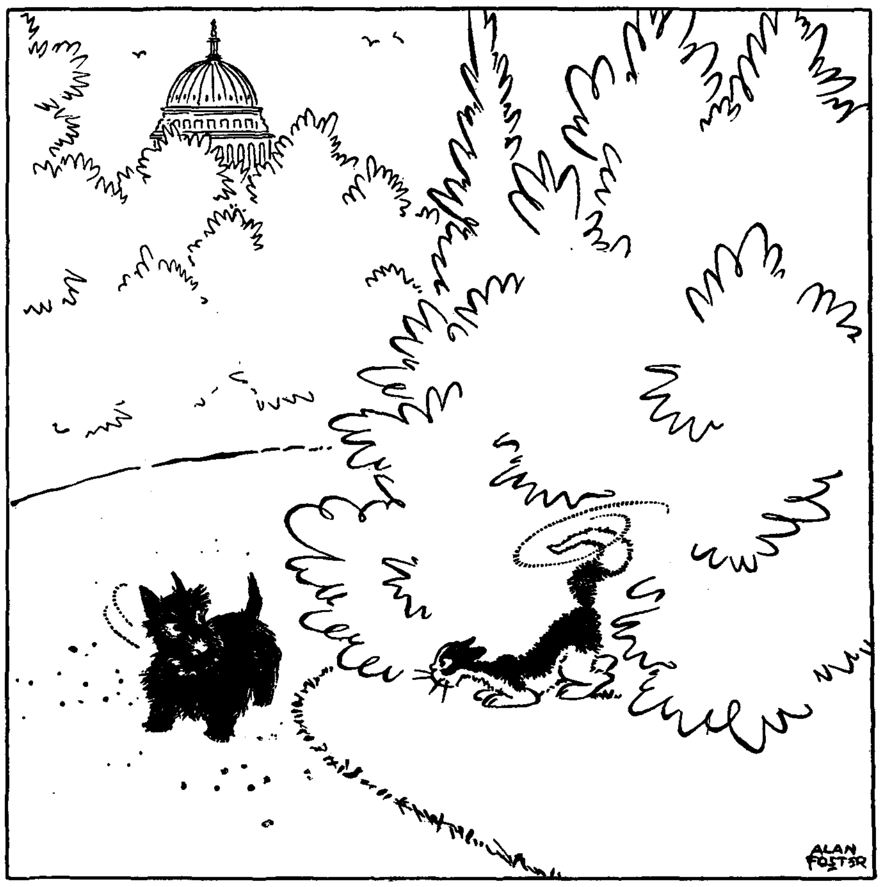
"Who was he?"

"That's two guys you've asked me about. I don't know either."

She said, "There's only one. The dead man was John Mitchell."

"I still never saw him before," I said.

MR. FALA OF THE WHITE HOUSE by ALAN FOSTER



COLLIER'S "Now, now—none of that commando stuff!"

She said, "Maybe I believe you. Maybe I don't. For your sake, I hope I do."

She didn't raise her voice. It was quiet—but it had something in it. I said, "That sounds bad."

"It could be."

"You think I killed him?"

"Not yet I don't. If I did, I'd kill you."

I DIDN'T like the sound of that. Alan and Linda kept parading through my mind. Nice, quiet vacation I was having.

I wasn't terribly afraid. I can't explain why I wasn't, but that's the way things stood. I got the hunch that it wouldn't be too hard to convince Zora that I hadn't killed the man. But I wasn't sure how much convincing I wanted to do. I was in a thick fog without a compass. The things that had happened earlier that night: Linda's telephone call, her talk with Alan, their departure for the Palmtree, the fact that they'd evidently been there and gone before my arrival . . .

None of it checked with what I knew about Alan. It didn't check with the kind of girl Linda obviously was. Yet they were mixed up in this, but deep. There had to be an answer, but I couldn't begin to figure it. They had unquestionably gone to meet John Mitchell—whoever he was—and John Mitchell was dead. I carried the fight to Zora.

I asked, "What was John Mitchell to you?"

What little color there was in her cheeks vanished. She said, slowly, "I was in love with him."

She made me feel uncomfortable, the way she said it. She was suffering. I said, "I'm sorry. . . ."

"Somebody murdered him," she went on. "I'm trying to find out whether it was you."

"It wasn't."

"But your story isn't true."

"Maybe it is. Maybe it isn't. But it's near enough."

Brown Suit said, "I can make him talk, Zora."

She ignored him again. She was evidently wondering about the next angle. So I beat her to the punch again. I said, "What were you doing out there, Miss Sherman?"

"I was there," she answered briefly. "That's enough for you to know."

"You and this lad?" I jerked my head toward Brown Suit.

"Yes."

"Has he got a name?"

"Nick Alto: that's his name."

"It's another one that doesn't register," I told her. "I'm surrounded by strangers tonight."

The little man said, "Yeah, I'm Nick Alto. It'd mean something if you knew."

"If I knew what?"

"Anything. I don't get fooled with."

"Check. But I still owe you something for that sock on the head."

"You don't owe me nothin'. I seen you standin' over Mr. Mitchell. I didn't know but what you had sloughed him. I wasn't takin' no chances."

I said, "That's reasonable enough. So I'm not mad any more."

"Wouldn't do you no good if you was. I just don't give a damn."

I said, "Why did you call him 'Mister'?"

Nick looked at Zora, and then they both looked at me. She said, "You don't miss anything, do you, soldier?"

"I try not to."

"Nick worked for John. Sort of."

"What do you mean: Sort of?"

Nick broke in. "He's still asking the questions, Zora. We ain't gettin' nowheres."

She said, "Maybe we are."

"How you figure that?"

Her eyes never wavered. "He's covering somebody."

I said, "Don't be silly."

"Okay. But that's what I think. And it ain't safe."

"Why not?"

"Because you're fooling with big stuff. It might explode all around you."

"What do you mean: Big stuff?"

"Important guys. Bad ones. They don't like people who know things and won't tell."

I shrugged. It wasn't a very good shrug, because I wanted to show I wasn't impressed, when the fact was I was impressed as hell. I said, "Tell me more."

She said, "You ever hear of Leo North?"

"That again? No, I never heard of him. What team does he play on?"

Nick Alto said, "Now I know the guy's lying. Everybody knows about Leo North."

"Except me," I amended. "I'm not right bright."

Nick Alto snorted again. "I bet you don't even know what the black market is."

I looked over at him. "Sure I know. Sirloin steak. Automobile tires. Nylon stockings."

Zora said, "There's a lot of it."

"So what?" I started putting two and two together. "Is that where Mr. Leo North fits in?"

Zora said, "Yes," and Nick made another noise which indicated that he thought my remark was funny.

BLACK market. An unknown named North about whom I was supposed to know. A vivid brunette whose sweetheart had been killed at a deserted roadhouse on Long Island. A little man named Nick Alto with a big Army gun. Alan Cameron, my best friend; and Alan's wife, a little thoroughbred from Alabama. It was one of those jigsaw things, except that none of the pieces fitted.

I said, "What has Leo North got to do with this?"

Zora answered, "I'm not telling you anything that all the cops in the area don't know. North throws a lot of weight in this black-market racket."

"Was Mitchell tied up with him?"

"Yes." She was talking about it as calmly as though discussing the weather. "John Mitchell had brains. He was educated. North isn't. They made a good team."

"If Mitchell was as prominent as you say North is—"

"He wasn't. Brains never are. But North is going to be awful sore at whoever murdered John."

"And you?"

She said simply, "I was John's girl."

I got the idea all right. This John Mitchell must have been quite a lad. Whoever had killed him was in for a bad time.

And I had a grandstand seat.

I turned to Nick Alto. "Didn't you see me when I first walked into the Palmtree?"

He said, "No."

"How come not?"

"I wasn't there."

"When did you first see me?"

"Just a few minutes before you got sapped."

"Was Zora with you?"

"Yeah."

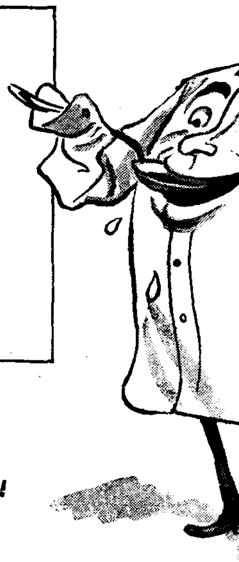
"I was standing by the body. What made you think that there was a chance I hadn't killed him?"

"Me and Zora, we didn't hear no shot."

Zora said, "Also, we didn't find a gun."

I said, "You know darn' well I had

Want to make your shirts last longer?



JUST FOLLOW THESE 8 TIPS ON WARTIME CONSERVATION!

1. When washed folded, collars get a brutal amount of scrubbing along their top edges. So turn collars *up* before laundering.

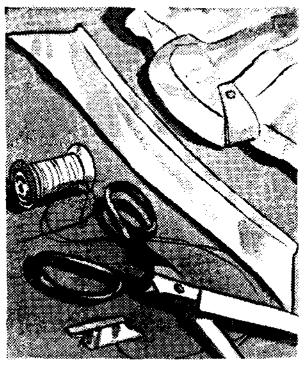
2. If sleeves are too long, cuffs get rubbed to death on desks, chair arms, etc. Take a tuck in extra-long sleeves.

3. Don't toss away shirts when the cuffs fray. Just clip off the frayed edges, turn under the *new* edge, and sew it up again.

STARCH
BLEACH

4. It's downright cruel to overstarch or overbleach shirts. Use *no* starch on non-wilt collars; *no* bleaching on colored shirts.

5. If a shirt's extra-dirty, soak it overnight. Give shirts 3 hot rinses, and, when ironing, be sure the iron's *not too hot.*



6. Frayed collars shouldn't mean finis. If your wife's clever with needle and thread, ask her to turn the collar.

7. A shirt that shrinks is hopeless. So buy *only* "Sanforized"-labeled shirts, which won't shrink 1%. (Arrows are "Sanforized.")

8. It's bad to throw away a shirt without first clipping off the buttons for spares. And shirt fabrics make nice aprons, etc.

☆

● THESE DAYS, it's patriotic to make *everything* last as long as you can. This saves materials and manpower, and gives you more money to put into War Bonds.

●

Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc., Troy, N. Y.

☆

ARROW SHIRTS TIES · UNDERWEAR HANDKERCHIEFS

nothing to do with it. Or let's put it another way: You're about ninety per cent convinced that I didn't."

"What makes you think that?"

"You wouldn't have fooled around with me otherwise."

She shook her head. "You pegged that one wrong, Jerry. If you're the man that's wanted, I can get you any time. I brought you here for something more important."

"What?"

"Suppose you did it: I want to know why."

"And if I didn't do it?"

"I still want to know who did."

"What will happen when you find out?"

"I'll give you one guess."

She wasn't kidding. If she had threatened or blustered or gotten hysterical, I'd have been less worried. I nodded my head toward Nick Alto and spoke to the girl, "He's accustomed to using a gun, isn't he?"

"Yes."

"I thought that sort of stuff had gone out of fashion in civilian life."

She said, "There's lots of dough in the black market racket. Illegal dough. Wherever you find that, you find smart boys who know how to get it. It's like prohibition."

"This is different," I said. "There's a war on."

"So what? Somebody's gonna grab the coin. It takes men like Leo North to organize things and grab it big."

"Does Nick work for the outfit?"

"Maybe."

"And you?"

"I don't work for anybody."

"Mitchell was taking care of you?"

"Yes . . ."

I said, "I'm sorry about him, but I still didn't do it." I paused. "How did *you* happen to be at the Palmtree tonight?"

She considered that one. Then, "I was meeting John there."

"Did he know it?"

Her eyes narrowed. "You guess too much."

"In other words, he didn't know you were coming. For some reason of your own, you took the drive with Nick; is that it?"

She said, "You've got some reason for saying that."

I backed away as quick as I could. This Zora Sherman was too keen. Sure, I had a reason. I knew that Mitchell had made an appointment to meet Linda and Alan at that spot. So far, Zora hadn't given the slightest hint that she knew there were two such people in the world. If that were so, it was my job to see that she didn't find out.

I didn't want her to question me about that angle, so I kept on questioning her. I said, "I can't figure what Mitchell was doing there himself."

"Maybe he went to meet you."

"Try again. He never heard of me."

Zora said, "Maybe this will tie it up for *you*. Leo North owns the Palmtree."

I caught the drift. North owned it. Mitchell had worked for North. I said, "Maybe he went there often."

"Every once in a while."

"That's how you knew where to look for him?"

Nick Alto broke in. He said, "Look, I think you're tellin' this mug too much."

She said, "I'm not telling him anything he couldn't find out for himself if he wanted to. And he's telling me more than he thinks."

THE positive way she said that made me nervous. She gave me a smile that wasn't a smile at all. She said, "You've got your neck way out, Jerry. It isn't worth it."

"Isn't worth what?"

"Playing around with dynamite to cover somebody else."

"I told you . . ."

She cut me off with a gesture. "Skip it," she said. "You're lying, and it's not getting either of us anywhere."

I asked, "What gives now?"

"About what?"

"Me."

She said, "I've been trying to figure that. If you didn't kill John, that puts us on the same side of the fence."

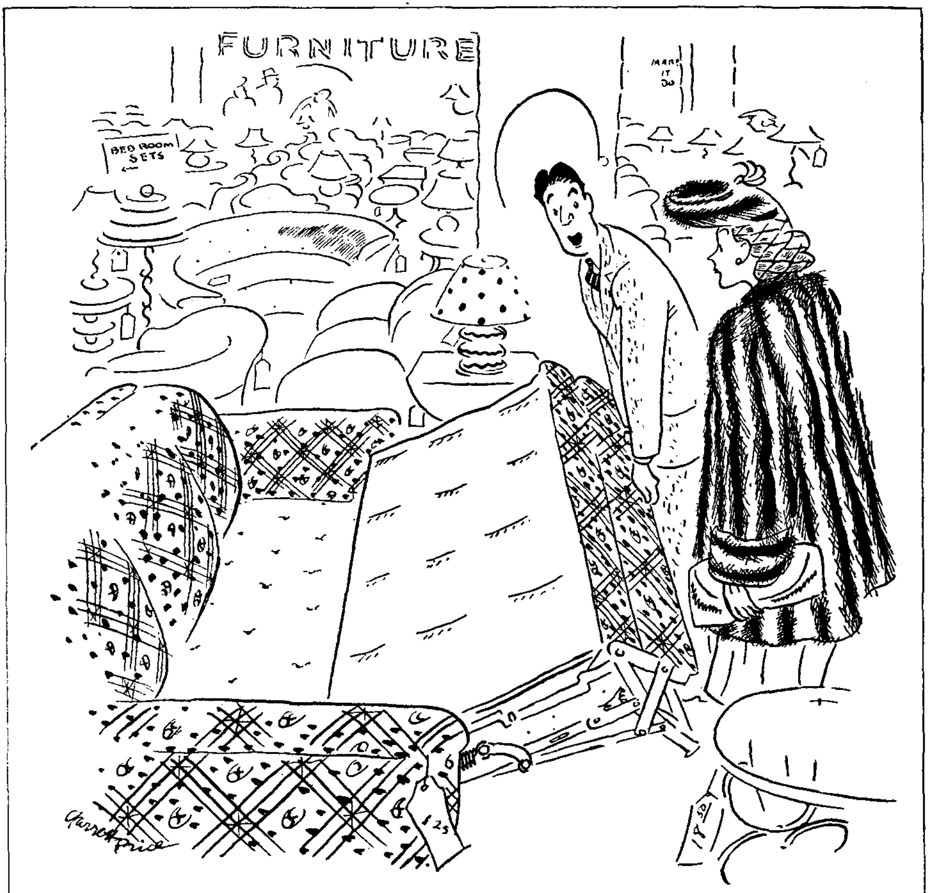
"Meaning what?"

"So long as anybody thinks you might have done it, you're not safe. But definitely. So you'd like to help me find out who did."

"Would I?"

"Yeah. You're not dumb."

"I'm beginning to wonder." I studied the pattern on the rug while I framed the

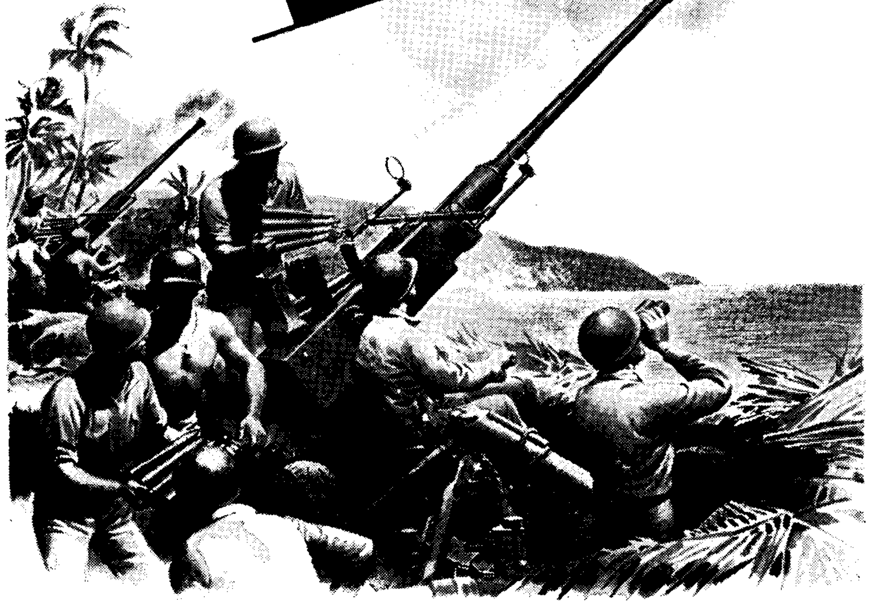


COLLIER'S "This couch is more than just a couch for guests; you can sleep on this yourself in absolute comfort" GARRETT PRICE

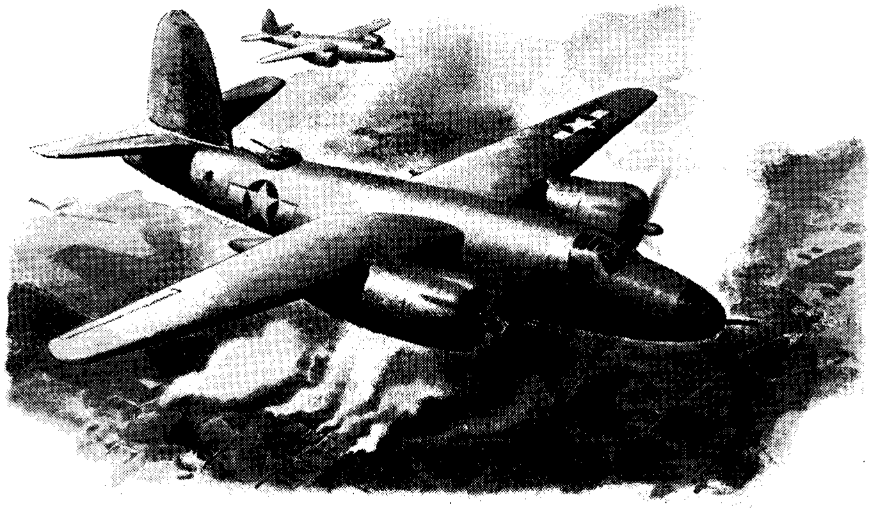
De Soto
FAR AFIELD

THE big doors of De Soto plants now open day and night for the continuous passage of arms—to the remotest corners of the globe. The De Soto trademark of today is a kind of craftsmanship that increases the efficiency of guns, gives flight to the deadliest of bombers, provides fighting mobility for some of the toughest vehicles of war.

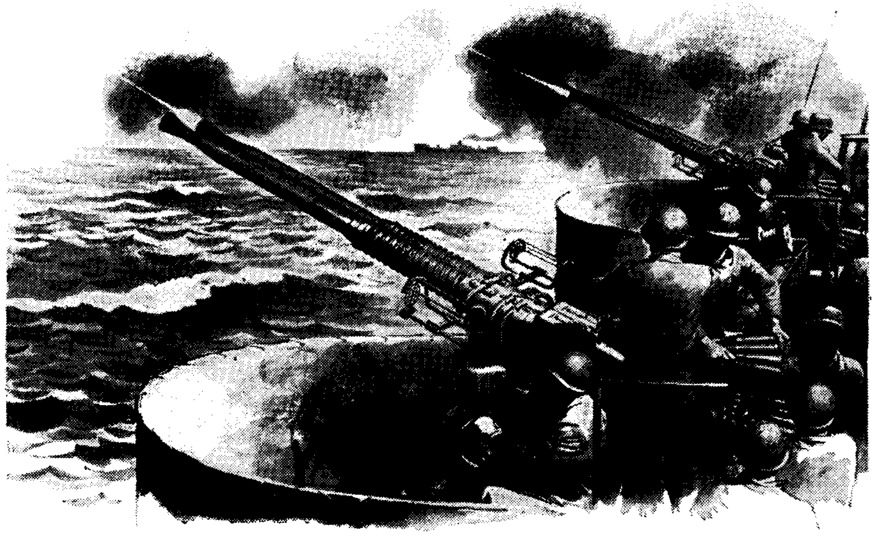
DE SOTO DIVISION OF CHRYSLER CORPORATION



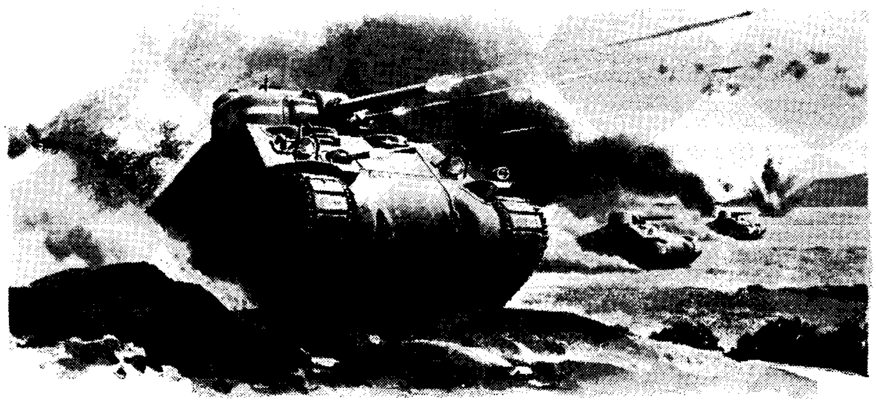
Bofors Cannon for Anti-Aircraft defense on land and sea contain vital parts from De Soto.



"Bodies for Bombers" have been produced by De Soto for many months.



In naval action throughout the world there's a touch of De Soto too.



Tanks and fighting vehicles get many of their basic parts from De Soto shops and artisans.

DISPLAYED BY DE SOTO DEALERS

This De Soto sign means top-notch service and ample parts supply for the care and maintenance of De Soto products of peace.

DE SOTO APPROVED SERVICE PLYMOUTH

★ ★ ★

War Bonds are Your Personal Investment in Victory

TUNE IN ON MAJOR BOWES, EVERY THURSDAY. 9:00 TO 9:30 P. M.; EASTERN WAR TIME

ABSORBINE JR. helps relieve sore, aching muscles because it speeds up your circulation in the affected areas. Then fresh blood can carry pain-causing fatigue acids away. Apply a few drops of Absorbine Jr. full strength and rub it in—a little goes a long way. At all drugstores, $1.25 a bottle. W. F. Young, Inc., Springfield, Mass.

Absorbine Jr.

New *under-arm*
Cream Deodorant
safely
Stops Perspiration

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
REPLACEMENT OR A REFUND OF MONEY IF DEFECTIVE OR NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

1. Does not harm dresses, or men's shirts. Does not irritate skin.
2. No waiting to dry. Can be used right after shaving.
3. Safely stops perspiration for 1 to 3 days. Removes odor from perspiration, keeps armpits dry.
4. A pure white, greaseless, stainless vanishing cream.
5. Arrid has been awarded the Seal of Approval of the American Institute of Laundering, for being harmless to fabrics. Use Arrid regularly.

ARRID IS THE LARGEST SELLING DEODORANT

ARRID
39¢ a jar
(Also in 10¢ and 59¢ jars)
At any store which sells toilet goods

next question. "When you tell Mr. Leo North everything that happened tonight, what will he do?"

She said, "I'm not telling him. Not yet."

"But if he's the big chief . . ."

"North would have you polished off," she said coldly. "That wouldn't mean a thing unless you were guilty."

I said, "You're not being considerate just because it's me."

"Of course not. I'm interested in finding out who it really was. That's why I figure you and I might play ball."

"It'd be fun," I told her. "But I still don't know a thing."

"You might remember—later."

"Don't count on that."

She said. "Where are you living?"

I told her about Warren Cameron. It was something she could find out easily enough. I was casual about it—more casual than I felt.

She said. "My name's in the phone book. So is this telephone number. I'd like to hear from you once in a while."

I blinked. "You mean this interview is over?"

"Yes."

"Suppose I go straight from here to the police?"

"I don't believe you will."

"Why not?"

"They might want to know the real reason you went to the Palmtree tonight."

I said, "You get an idea, Zora—you hold on to it."

I got up. I didn't feel very steady on my feet. Zora motioned to the door, and Nick walked toward it with me. He said in a flat, toneless voice, "Don't try to play cute, chum."

I took another look at Zora. Tense as she was, and as miserable, she was still beautiful. I could figure what was going on inside her. I said to Nick, "Better keep an eye on her. I've got a hunch she's fixing to go all to pieces."

Nick looked up at me quickly He was startled. For just an instant his guard was down, and I saw something. Something important.

Nick Alto was in love with Zora. I knew—without knowing how I knew.

FIVE minutes later, fumbling with the keys to my car in the cold, gray, realistic light of early morning, I laughed at myself. "Jerry," I said, "you're getting softheaded in your old age. Zora's a trim little tramp and Nick is a lousy gunsel. You're crazy, Jerry, to think about a lug like that knowing what it is to be in love."

Crazy. That was it. Plumb nuts. But, silly as it was, the idea stuck.

It stuck for a long, long time. . . .

A sleepy elevator boy had taken me down from Zora Sherman's apartment to the lobby. He didn't seem surprised that a gentleman should be leaving there at six o'clock in the morning. Or perhaps he didn't think I was a gentleman.

I stepped out into the street. The day was just getting under way. There was a dim freshness in the air. I walked to the corner and took my bearings. I was still wondering what kind of an apartment house Zora lived in, because they must have had help carting me upstairs the night before. And I couldn't have looked or smelled like a drunk.

I came back from the street signs at the corner and climbed into my car. The pain in my head had settled into a dull, uncomfortable throbbing. My clothes were disheveled and my muscles ached.

I drove slowly. I still didn't want to be picked up without a driver's license. I took the car back to the garage and delivered it to an employee I hadn't seen before. I gave him a cigarette, took one myself, and started west.

I got to the apartment house where the Camerons lived and stepped into the elevator. The boy running the cage hadn't ever seen me and he wanted to know whom I wished to see and whether I had an appointment. I said I wanted to see the whole Cameron family, that I didn't have any appointment, and that I was visiting there. He said, "At this hour?" and I said, "It looks that way." It was bright, airy persiflage, but he took me upstairs anyway.

I picked out the key Mr. Cameron had given me and opened the door as quietly as possible. The foyer looked long and gloomy. I could see the whole length of it, and into the living room. I could see the couch in the living room. Somebody was lying on that couch.

It was Miss Sandy Cameron, and she was fast asleep.

I tiptoed in, and stood looking down at her. She had a negligee on over bedroom pajamas. One hand was thrown across her breast, and in that hand she was holding something.

It was the cheap, gawdy red-white-and-green kerchief that I had bought for her in Tunis. She was holding it tightly, even in her sleep, which struck me as silly.

She stirred and opened her eyes. She saw me and was wide awake in an instant. She sat up on the couch and said in a tight, urgent voice, "I've been worried. . . ."

I sat down in an easy chair and edged it up close to her. I said, "Why the siesta in here?"

"I wanted to see you as soon as you got in."

"I just arrived. You're seeing me."

I leaned back against the easy chair. The bump Nick Alto had given me touched the upholstery and I winced. Sandy said, "What's the matter, Jerry?"

"Nothing."

Her eyes didn't miss a bet. "You've been hurt!"

"Bruised maybe. I'll explain later. Suppose we get your end of it first. Did Linda and Alan come back?"

"Yes."

"What time?"

"About two-thirty."

"What happened? Try to remember everything. It's important."

She said, "I was sitting in my room, reading. I heard them come in. A few minutes after that the baby woke up and Linda attended to him. Then they started talking."

"Could you hear what they said?"

"No. Not the words, anyway. But I could tell from the way they were speaking that they were worried or excited or something. Every once in a while, I'd hear Linda sob and then I'd hear Alan say, 'Don't worry, honey. Everything will be all right.' "

"Nothing else?"

"That's all I heard." She looked at me closely. "Why did you jump when your head touched the back of the chair?"

"I've been having fun."

"What sort of fun?"

"Not very funny fun . . . but there was lots of it."

She shifted the Tunis kerchief from her right hand to her left. The right hand reached over and touched mine. Her gray eyes were clouded. She said, "Let's have it, Jerry. Right from the beginning."

I told her. I gave it to her just as I remembered it. Everything.

WHEN I was through, she said, "Do you think Alan killed Mitchell?"

"He was there," I said. "So was Linda. They left in a hurry; that's why the door was open. They were excited when they got home, and Linda was crying."

Sandy said, "But why?"

"I wish I knew. It might have been blackmail: The cash they were raising, then this mysterious conference at a deserted roadhouse. Mitchell might have demanded more money."

"It's a large mess, isn't it? What about speaking to Alan?"

I shook my head. "I think not. Certainly not until we know more than we know now."

"Why?"

"Because I can't peg him as a killer, any more than it is possible to think of Linda that way. The fact that the evidence all indicates something wrong furnishes additional reason why we ought to make haste slowly. Talking to Alan now—before we get additional dope—might panic him. We might force his hand—make him do something that he wouldn't otherwise do."

She said, "You're sticking your own neck out to protect him."

"My neck isn't out. Not too far, anyway. Just for a little while let's sit tight and not rock the boat."

"You're all right, Jerry."

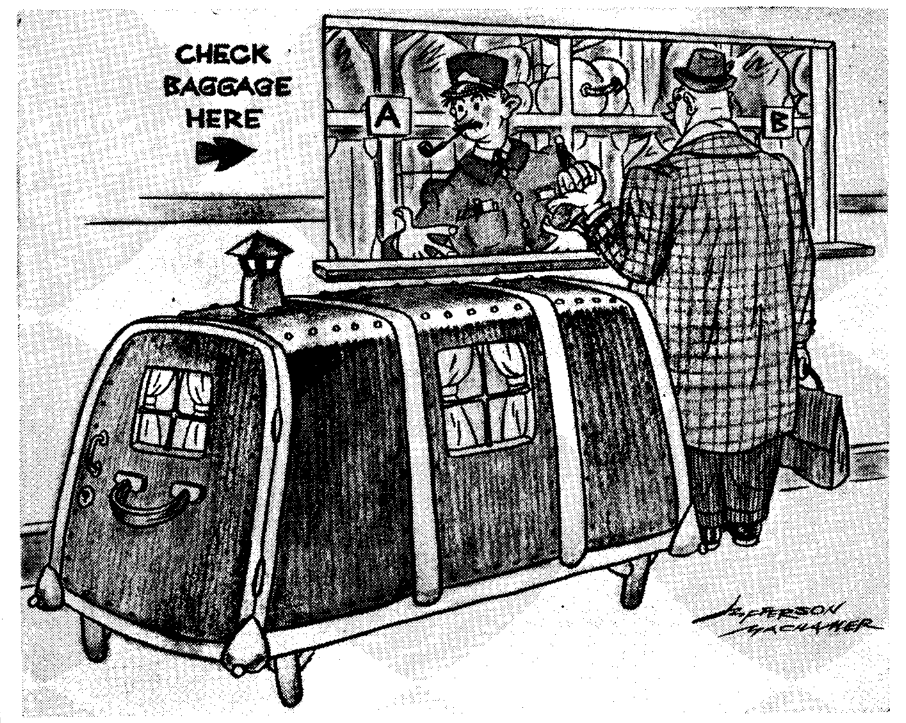
I said, "Thanks." I felt embarrassed. I got up and she got up, too.

"The cook will be drifting in soon," I said. "Besides, I want a cold shower and two aspirin tablets. Okay?"

She walked with me to the door of my room. Then she turned to me and stood on tiptoe so that I could hear her whisper.

"At the very least," she said, "you should have been a sergeant."

(To be continued next week)



"I want to check my trunk through to Washington"

COLLIER'S JEFFERSON MACHAMER

How
"Honesty Engineering"
helps prevent Loss of Personnel

NOT long ago a mid-west mercantile concern was suffering heavy manpower losses because of employee dishonesty. In one year alone, some scores of persons misappropriated company funds and were dismissed. Then U.S.F.&G.'s unique Personnel-Protection Plan was put into effect. Result: manpower losses due to dishonesty dropped 83% . . . another example of how "Honesty Engineering" helps stop employee dishonesty before it can start!

Today, employee dishonesty is a threat to employers great and small. For while fidelity insurance can repay your financial losses due to dishonesty, it cannot make good the loss of trained, hard-to-replace manpower.

It was to meet this problem that U.S.F.&G. developed its unusual Personnel-Protection Plan. The plan of "Honesty Engineering" helps reduce employee dishonesty in much the same way that safety engineering and fire prevention work have reduced accidents and cut fire losses for American business.

Based on long experience in bonding employees, the Personnel-Protection Plan not only insures you against loss through employee dishonesty but: (1) discloses undesirable personnel and prevents waste in training; (2) through tested methods helps keep good employees from going wrong; (3) helps employers eliminate leaks and pitfalls and acts of carelessness which often lead to employee dishonesty.

Your U.S.F.&G. agent will be glad to give you more information about how the Personnel-Protection Plan helps you keep your employees by keeping them honest. Consult him today.

Branch Offices in 43 cities—Agents Everywhere.

U. S. F. & G.

UNITED STATES FIDELITY & GUARANTY CO.
affiliate:
FIDELITY & GUARANTY FIRE CORPORATION
HOME OFFICES: BALTIMORE, MD.

Consult your insurance agent or broker as you would your doctor or lawyer

Do You Know What You're Fighting?

Continued from page 15

out in the field, turning the oats to the sun to dry out after heavy rains. I explained to them that I was making a tour of the country to find out why they were fighting this war and what they want this war to produce. We trudged across the fields to their home and they brought in some cool, sparkling well water.

We sat in the rather simple, plainly decorated dining room of the farmhouse. In two hours of questioning their purpose in fighting this war, and their hopes for the peace, the word Fascism was not mentioned once. I asked them what the word meant, since our nation is supposed to be fighting Fascism.

One sat there, thinking and thinking, saying nothing at all for a full two minutes. I waited patiently, and he then said slowly, "I don't know what it is."

I turned to the other farmer, and he, with great reluctance, said, "I am afraid I don't know, either."

These were not necessarily taciturn Maine farmers, because previously they had answered my series of twenty-two questions quite articulately. They were simply in the unfortunate position, like so many other Americans, of not knowing what we are fighting against.

Small-Town Conclave

In a small Iowa village, I picked four farmers who were in town for a few hours, and asked them to join me at the town bar. Not once was the word Fascism mentioned until, at the end of my long questioning, I asked what the word meant.

One said, "Fascism doesn't mean anything to me."

Another said, "It means a form of dictatorship."

A third said, "Yes, that's what it is: a kind of dictatorship."

Housewives were faced with the same confusion and lack of precision in their definitions.

A Tennessee housewife, who is mother of a four-year-old son and wife of a sailor in the Merchant Marine, said, "A Fascist is a person who rules as dictators do, and has full power of life and death over everyone."

A Virginia housewife, mother of a son in the Navy, said positively, "Fascism is the exact opposite of everything democratic."

A Massachusetts mother said, "Fascism means practically nothing to me, except something I want no part of."

Another Massachusetts housewife said, "It doesn't mean much to me, except a group of people rabid about something, but I wouldn't know what."

An Iowa housewife said that the word Fascism "reminds me of National Socialism, as in Germany."

Another Iowa woman, active in educational affairs in her state, said, "Anyone who places his own welfare above the welfare of others is a Fascist."

A Tennessee housewife, whose husband is an instructor in the Civil Air Patrol, described a Fascist as "a man in the business world who doesn't pay his people a living wage."

A Wisconsin housewife, working on Saturdays in a department store and whose husband is employed in a war factory, considers Fascism "about the same as Naziism. It is a form of government where you have a dictator."

This Wisconsin housewife is quite sure there are no American Fascists, because "Fascists are apt to be where the Italians are located, and we never did have many Italians up here in this part of the country."

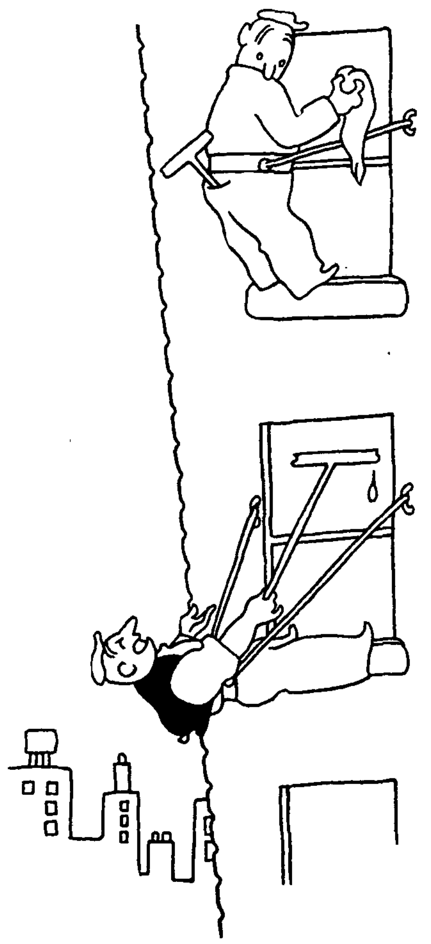
A woman clerical worker for a hardware firm in a Virginia city who expressed her bitterness against the Roosevelt Administration because her employer, a small businessman, is unable to find sufficient merchandise to buy, said, "Fascism means being ruled by a government and having part of your salary taken by the government. We just about have Fascism in America now."

A Symbol of Hatred

A Massachusetts office worker explained, "Fascism is against American principles, but I can't say what it is. All I do know is that the word evokes hatred in me."

"To me," said the stenographer for a Harvard professor, "Fascism means only Hitler and Mussolini."

But a New York stenographer, member of a union and active in its educational program, said, "Fascism believes in doing away with the right to live as human beings."



"It's simply that I prefer to work lying down. That's all"

COLLIER'S GARDNER REA

At a camp of the Women's Army Corps, where I had gone through more than two hours of questioning with a group of Wacs, it was apparent that the fact that they were in uniform had not changed their thinking to any appreciable extent.

One Wac said, "Fascism means the people of Europe, such as the Italians." She was quite convinced there are no American Fascists.

Another Wac considers Fascism "a government running the people instead of vice versa."

Some high-school students showed a sharp perception of the ideology of Fascism; others expressed themselves in the same terms as their elders. Some were already preparing themselves as well-informed voters; others were basing their thinking on shibboleths.

A pretty Virginia high-school senior said, "The word Fascism makes me think of dictatorships, and I don't like them."

A Massachusetts schoolboy, preparing to go into the Army, found in Fascism "the idea of one nation doing its utmost to fulfill its destiny to rule others."

An Illinois boy gave this definition: "Fascism means big business runs the country, and the little people are held down."

These are the typical expressions I encountered from high-school students—a differentiation between Fascism as a political party and as a state of mind.

Whether the Americans I talked with thought there were Fascists in America depended entirely on the definition they had already given me.

Those who defined Fascism as an ideology had no hesitancy in saying, "Of course, there are American Fascists." Those who defined Fascism as a political party could find neither Fascism nor Fascists in America.

As a matter of fact, those who hitched Fascism to a political party appeared puzzled and surprised when I asked the question: "Are there American Fascists?"

"Of course not," said a Tennessee housewife, "a person can't be an American and a Fascist at the same time."

A Maine attorney hesitated for some time before answering. "No," he said; "there are no American Fascists in big business."

A Michigan union official took the opposite view. "Yes, there are Fascists among businessmen, among farmers, and even in unions."

An Iowa farmer said, "Well, I do know that we don't have any Fascists out here in Iowa. Maybe there are a few in the big cities."

"No Fascists Around Here"

Those same words had been given to me by a foreman of a war factory in Ohio. "Why," he exclaimed, "we're 'way out here in Ohio. There are no Fascists around here." And a Texas advertising man affirmed that "there are no Fascists down here in the Southwest."

A Virginian who worked in a tobacco factory said: "Any American who opposes the democratic form of government and is opposed to certain races of people is a Fascist."

A Virginia banker wasn't quite sure, although he said, "I have met a great many people who are so intent on what they want to accomplish that they might be Fascists. They are starry-eyed or they have narrow minds." This banker previously had expressed himself as strongly opposed to the Roosevelt Administration.

A California industrialist, one of the many in his group who have helped turn this nation into an arsenal to fight a war, thought that "Fascism in America is expressed in terms of monopoly. Perhaps," he added with a wry smile, "we would all have a tendency toward Fascism if we were placed in the position of being a monopolist."

A Boston housewife was more expansive in her definition. "An American Fascist," she said, in all seriousness, "is anyone who is discontented with his lot, and sows that seed of discontent broadside on any fertile ground he can find. Why, those foreigners, those soapbox orators right on Boston Common—they are Fascists."

But another Boston housewife took quite the opposite view. "Any person," she said, "who works for his personal gain at the expense of others is a Fascist. They are men who have no thought for those who fall by the wayside."

And a Maine shipyard worker described a Fascist as a person who believes "in the theory of the survival of the fittest."

Such thinking is not constant with workers by any means. Many of them told me,

Smart comfort indoors and out is his if you give him a TAILORED ARLINGCREST wool worsted flannel robe and a SCOTTY KOTE wool worsted sweater. Both garments made of **100% WOOL NAPHTHALATED** wool gently cleansed in naphtha to preserve fiber strength and resiliency. Both high quality garments are on sale by leading stores. *Look for the Naphthalated Wool identification when you buy.*

ARLINGTON MILLS
LAWRENCE, MASS.

BUY BONDS . . . *Then Naphthalated*

HEALTH QUIZ

	YES	NO
Do you have headaches?	☐	☐
Do you lack pep or vim?	☐	☐
Do you get irritable easily?	☐	☐
Do you feel depressed—nervous?	☐	☐

The liver should pour out about two pints of liquid bile onto the food you swallow every day. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food may not digest. You get constipated. You feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these 2 pints of bile flowing freely to make you feel "up and up." Get a package today. Take as directed. Effective in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills. 10¢ and 25¢.

TEETHING PAINS RELIEVED QUICKLY

When your baby suffers from teething pains, just rub a few drops of Dr. Hand's Teething Lotion on the sore, tender, little gums and the pain will be relieved promptly.

Dr. Hand's Teething Lotion is the prescription of a famous baby specialist and has been used by mothers for over fifty years. One bottle is usually enough for one baby for the entire teething period.

Buy it from your druggist today

DR. HAND'S TEETHING LOTION
Just rub it on the gums

Proud Traditions

Golden Hind
Estab'd in 1832
G&W
FIVE 5 STAR
Blended Whiskey

THE "GOLDEN HIND"
The traditions of British seamanship date back to the days of Sir Francis Drake's "Golden Hind"—second ship to circumnavigate the globe—1677-80.

86 proof,
75% Grain Neutral Spirits

QUALITY is a century-old Gooderham & Worts tradition. Only whiskeys of outstanding excellence have been considered worthy to bear this family name. Such a whiskey is G & W Five Star—a blend of rare base whiskeys and special "rounded" neutral spirits. You'll find it supremely mellow, with an amazing flavor that challenges comparison.

GOODERHAM & WORTS LIMITED, PEORIA, ILLINOIS

A TRIBUTE

A tribute to Americans
Who promptly pay their taxes—
They know it's one more way to help
Our boys defeat the Axis!

G&W *Five Star* *Blended Whiskey*

GOODERHAM & WORTS LIMITED . . . . FOUNDED IN CANADA 111 YEARS AGO in the words of the Wisconsin war worker, that "I never saw an American Fascist and there certainly are no Fascists in labor unions."

These definitions—expressed by Americans in heart-to-heart talks, in their own words—implicitly show that most of those with whom I talked believe that Fascism will be removed from our enemies, the Axis powers, if we get rid of the outstanding and most noticeable symbols of Fascism.

The great majority of Americans I questioned from coast to coast also are not fighting the German people. The usual answer was, "No, I am fighting Hitler." Or, "I am fighting Naziism," or "I am fighting the German form of government."

Some, however, said they were fighting the people of Germany and Japan. To test the sincerity of their statements, I posed this question both to men and women: "Suppose you were the bombardier in the last plane of a bombing formation which already had destroyed your target, an aircraft factory. There was no need to drop any more bombs on it, but a mile away, you saw two hundred German women aircraft workers who had escaped from the factory when the siren sounded. Would you drop your bombs on those two hundred German women who make airplanes?"

That question shocked many people. Some of those who said they are fighting the German people recoiled; others said, "Of course, I would. Those women make the fighters to shoot down our men. Everyone is in this war and, to me, they would be the same as soldiers." Some American women spoke that way, too.

The Party, Not the People

But the majority of Americans I interviewed felt that their enemy was the Nazi system and the Nazi Party and those who follow the Nazis; and this, they said, did not necessarily mean the German people.

It is worth noting, however, that slightly more than fifty per cent of the people I talked with—the percentage was higher on the West Coast—are fighting the Japanese people.

The inability of many Americans to define Fascism may be lamentable from a long-range point of view, or from an immediate sociological viewpoint. It is dangerous, however, when Americans define Fascism as being "a political dictatorship in Germany and Italy," symbolized by Mussolini and Hitler and a few of their cohorts. In such thinking, lies the seed of a negotiated peace.

When those symbols of Fascism are removed, then Americans are in the grave danger of wondering why the fighting must continue until the enemy is forced to accept unconditional surrender.

I have a definition. I think I know what Fascism is. Do you? A Fascist is a person anywhere in the world who wants special privileges for himself and denies to others the simple rights of a human being. Fascism is a way of thinking. It may express itself in a multitude of ways and methods—Hitlers, Mussolinis, vicious empires. It may become a political party and gain control of a nation. It may use whips and guns. It may rely on implanting the constant fear of dismissal in an employee. It is not confined to certain races and nations, nor is it hemmed in by frontiers.

Such a definition is satisfactory to me. But a steelworker in Warren, Ohio, gave me, in one word, a better, simpler one: He said that Fascism is hoggishness. I agree.

THE END

Singing star Mary Martin watches Jeff Machamer working on a "rough"

JEFFERSON MACHAMER says *too* many people ask: "How do you *ever* get ideas for cartoons?" (Ideas like the one on page 50.) And he gives an answer. He says: "Well, an idea might bloom this way: Business demands me in Washington, D. C., for a few days and I ask my wife to help pack a bag.

" 'A bag?' she stonies. 'You'd better put a couple of windows in our steamer trunk and let me make up a bed in it and—'

" 'Quiet!' I yell, race for the drawing board and rough out a businessman starting for Washington with a combination trailer trunk. Which bears out advice Clare Briggs once gave me. 'Listen to or watch anyone in the world for ten minutes, and they'll say or do something funny enough to draw!' "

Machamer turned to painting after he wrote (and starred in) eight two-reel comedies for 20th Century-Fox. "I painted 60 oil and pastel masterpieces in three months at Los Angeles," he says, "and had a one-man show, but he didn't buy anything . . .

"Am now living on a wonderful old North Carolina plantation which we named Four Chimneys. It has four coal-burning fireplaces, three coal-burning stoves and a coal-burning furnace. I have to tend all and sometimes I just don't know *whom* I agree with, Harold Ickes or John L. Lewis!"

CECIL BROWN is one war correspondent who finds the home front just as fascinating, just as important as the battle fronts abroad. He recently made a forty-day coast-to-coast inquiring-reporter trip through the country, discovering among other things the situation he describes in Do You Know What You're Fighting? (Page 14.)

Brown, you will remember, resigned from the Columbia Broadcasting System in September, insisting that he wanted to say what he pleased.

He was a Rome correspondent for International News Service, under Frank Gervasi (now a Collier's correspondent), when the war broke out. War accelerated his travels, leading him through capture by the Germans in Yugoslavia, to the Balkans, to Turkey, to Cairo, to Singapore (where he disagreed with British censors, who cut him off the air) and home again to take over Elmer Davis' spot on CBS. He wrote Suez To Singapore, and now is writing another book, A War Correspondent's Report on America.

THE short short story looks like a tempting field to the beginning writer—so few words, so simple. But it doesn't work out that way. It takes an accomplished writer like I. A. R. Wylie to turn out a fine short short. (See Dance Night, page 27.) Of course you might say Ida Alexa Ross Wylie never was a beginner. She sold the first story she wrote, at age twenty, and progressed steadily from then on, never going through the customary rejection-slip period.

Australia-born Miss Wylie was brought up by a father who believed a girl should learn independence. "I had no education or any contact with other children until I was twelve," she says. "I spent my days roaming alone with my bicycle over the country, staying where I chose and paying my own hotel bills out of a usually lavish supply of money." She left a finishing school when she sold that first story, and supported herself by writing ever after.

She has a most de luxe Hollywood contract, which specifies that she need never spend more than five days there at a time. She fixed it that way because she infinitely prefers spending her days on her own farm in New Jersey. . . .

A. P.

I. A. R. Wylie

DOROTHY WILDING

Cecil Brown

"THE FINEST COLA I EVER TASTED!"
Spur
CANADA DRY
Spur
TRADE MARK REG.

The cola drink with Canada Dry quality

Bottled and Distributed by Licensees of Canada Dry Ginger Ale, Inc., New York, N. Y.

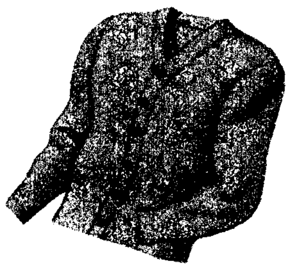
BUY WAR BONDS & STAMPS

"I'll certainly be happy when I can wear a Jantzen Original again"

We will all be very happy when that bright day comes. There'll be one of your very own for Christmas then, Boy of Ours, and carefree days out-of-doors to enjoy it. Until that day not even all of us at home who desire them may have these gay, colorful Jantzen Originals. There are just not enough to go around. The needs of our country come first; many Jantzen-made products are going to the Armed Services at home and abroad. But these splendid Jantzen sweaters are worth seeking. And we're supplying America's better stores with as many as we can possibly make. There's no finer Christmas gift in all the land. They are warm, sturdy. They are exclusive in design. They are tailored from pure virgin wool, Jantzen-spun... Jantzen Knitting Mills, Portland 14, Oregon.

Feather-Fleece Sleeveless, luxuriously light and soft virgin wool . . . 2.95

The Boxie for women, casual, cozy, comfortable . . . 4.95



The London Coat, one of Jantzen's feature sweaters . . . 8.95

Illustrated above:
Left: **The Klondike,** very new, very striking, far-north dogsled design . . 8.95
Right: **The War Bird,** authentic American Indian pattern in rich color contrasts 9.95

Jantzen Originals

TO BE FREE TO ENJOY TOMORROW . . . BUY BONDS TODAY!

Rely on
Reliance

Who's Easing Up?

Nobody! Every real American knows there's a job to finish, and we're out to finish it *for keeps.* That's why all America is buying more bonds, and working to break every wartime production record. Reliance is proud to provide these workers with Big Yank Flannel Shirts. Shirts that stand up, and are fine for cold weather. Shirts with patented storm proof cuffs, elbow action sleeves and handy pockets. In cheery plaids of wool and of twill flannel, also solid colors in suedes and twills. Big Yank Shirts for men and boys at good stores everywhere.

RELIANCE MANUFACTURING COMPANY
212 W. Monroe St., Chicago, Ill.
New York Offices:
200 Fifth Ave. • 1350 Broadway

MAKERS OF Big Yank Work Clothing • Aywon Shirts • Yankshire Coats • Universal Pajamas • No-Tare Shorts • Kay Whitney and Happy Home Frocks • Yank Jr. Boys' Wear • Parachutes for Men and Matériel

Reliance
BIG YANK

Victory at Volturno

Continued from page 31

reached the river. Twenty-fours hours later, both outfits were across the river, and the battle raged up and down the Volturno Valley, but just as the first light limned the blue-black Apennines in the north beyond that absurd ribbon of river, only our two battalions had crossed. Dawn came as though a stage electrician had turned up the blue lights and, with it, a great, soundless desolation. On the plain, there wasn't a sign of life or movement, only a great mist of smoke.

Down at the water's edge, engineers were hurrying to throw a bridge over the river. A sufficient number of tanks to support what infantry had crossed had already forded the stream, but there were trucks with guns, ammunition and supply units, ambulances and hundreds of vehicles, from jeeps to bulldozers, yet to go.

Behind the bridgehead along the narrow road toward the rear area, men, material and weapons were crowded in the valley as far back as Caserta and beyond, with barely enough room to move without jostling one another. A hundred times a day, our officers were thankful that the enemy had lost supremacy in the air. A few German bombers could have turned the Allied victory of the Volturno into a debacle of the first magnitude. But enemy airpower in the first twenty-four hours of battle was remarkable for its absence.

Company for Breakfast

Some hours after we had crossed, while we broke open some K-Ration breakfast units at a regimental forward command post and heated water in canteen cups over cans of gasoline set in the mud, a Messerschmitt came over on a reconnaissance mission. It flew low enough for us to distinguish the black cross on its blunt wings. It was the only enemy plane we saw until late in the afternoon when two fighter-bombers came over the bridgehead. One dumped an ineffectual bomb, and the other gave us a harmless burst of machine-gun fire. Both got away before our mobile ack-ack units could draw beads on them.

Enemy shellfire delayed the engineers. The men worked waist-deep and neck-deep in water. They worked like demons. In a few hours they managed to throw a light pontoon bridge over the river, strong enough to support loaded jeeps with trailers. Somehow, they got a bulldozer across, to gnaw out the approaches for a heavier bridge. I think the huge machine forded the stream, but I didn't see it. I did see shells bursting about trucks loaded with deflated pontoons, girders, steel track and planking, which were growling up a narrow road in the steep gorge toward the river. None was hit. The attack, however, caused several hours delay.

German batteries of 88s stung in on a position where the trucks were bound to pass, and intermittently shelled the place all day long. With William Stoneman of the Chicago Daily News and two other correspondents, I climbed a mountain for the third time in eight hours to watch the bombardment. Shells came from the enemy side of the river over our heads and dropped in the gorge below.

A thousand feet below us, on our left, our trucks milled about like bewildered oxen backing out of danger. Jeeps darted about buglike off the road into the shelter of ditches. Shells tore up the road and hit one truck, killing at least one man and injuring others. Later, fighter-bombers attacked a heavier bridge farther up the river. A bomb hit a half-track and killed three men and hurt six. Several big pontoons were punctured by shrapnel, but the bridge held up. One of the first trucks to cross it hit a three-decker German Teller mine on the opposite shore. The explosion demolished the truck and killed one of its riders and tied up traffic.

The engineers worked on through the day, overcoming difficulties as they arose—mud and bombs, shells, shortages of materials held up on the mucky, crowded roads, and enemy mines in unexpected places. The men worked until they were so weary that their movements were automatic, and their faces became the dull, dirty, unshaved masks of automatons. They were wet. They dried. They were wet again. They ate cold C-Rations out of cans and smoked when they could. There was no time for hot coffee. A lieutenant colonel stood on an abutment overlooking the struggling mass of men and snarled air hoses, an area cluttered with bulldozers, half-loaded trucks, planking ropes, cables and muddy machines barely recognizable as jeeps. I asked him when the bridge would be finished.

"Tonight," he said. "By nine-fifteen."

At 9:20 P. M., the bridge was finished, and the caissons were rolling across it.

The commanding officer of a particular regiment to which I was attached for the Battle of the Volturno is one of those COs who wants his command post within walking distance of the firing line. We moved three times in two days and we moved again at plus 5 hours which means at 7 on the morning of battle.

By 9 o'clock, I was sweating in a heavily loaded jeep, with a crazily swinging trailer bulging with half the command-post equipment, across a light bridge over the Volturno. By that time, the rain, which had begun to fall intermittently after a clear, dry night, had settled down into a steady light shower. The approaches to the bridge on the other side were hog wallows two feet deep. Only jeeps could make it—incredible jeeps that have the dogged persistence of mules, when you slip into low gear with all four wheels activated. What a machine!

The new command post was somewhere in the lee of one of the mountains we had blasted a few hours before. The way lay through fields where Americans had fought Germans, across ditches the Hun had held, and around foxholes our Yanks had dug. In one ditch lay two blond young Germans on their backs, with waxen faces and dead eyes to the sky. In another, a tall Yank was face downward. The graves registration officer had not yet arrived. At a small crossroads farther on, under a rude pergola of grapevines half in, half out of a trench he had dug, lay a mangled German. Unaccountably, there was a stout rope tied around his body under his armpits.

Debris of Retreat

On a crude table in a farmhouse, there were four loaves of black corn bread, all broken and partially consumed. Empty tins of chicken fricassee and green peas lay under rude benches on either side of the table. There had been four men. Three had got away, leaving behind them a light machine gun, several boxes of ammunition, a few grenades, two mess tins and a litter of rain-soaked letters. One of them must have had the Iron Cross. A faded black ribbon bordered with white and red was on an abandoned tunic. The fourth man lay on the floor.

I drove through La Fagianeria. Amazingly, the silos still stood. Several of the peasants' houses were intact. Kitchen stoves and heavier furniture were where the occupants had left them. Weary G.I.s moved cautiously in and out of houses and prowled in gardens, looking for cooking pots and souvenirs, and wary of booby traps. Where the doors of houses were closed, nobody bothered to enter. It's a common trick of the enemy to trip mines to doors, windows, anything movable. They even plant booby traps on our dead.

But La Fagianeria smelled of putrescent bodies. I got out as quickly as possible. The command-post site was several thousand yards farther on, in the debris the Hun had left behind. The German is a filthy soldier now. He wasn't at one time. His camp areas were clean, his tin cans properly buried, debris burned and latrines well dug and far from his water supply and his sleeping and messing areas. He was once a well-disciplined, well-equipped, meticulous soldier, but he has grown careless with a carelessness born of weariness.

Once he buried his dead or carried them away. It is rare now that we find a neat German grave with an immaculate wooden cross. Instead, we find the broken, rotting bodies of dead supermen who indubitably died without any love for the Fuehrer. Often you find them with face to the sky, right hand composed near the heart, and left hand flung upward; and we find the holes they used as latrines within fly range of where they lived and ate and slept. Their cans are discarded where used. Only their weapons show soldierly care, although you begin to find freshly captured Lugers with rusty bores, and automatic weapons which might have had better cleaning and oiling.

Survivors of the Farmyard

Four white Leghorn pullets huddled aimlessly near where the CO pitched his pup tent beside a ditch. Somehow, they had survived.

Three German prisoners were brought in toward noon. Two were under twenty years of age and had seen eighteen months of service. They were small, frightened boys. The older one had fought in Spain, France and Russia. He said Germany was headed for Communism as soon as Russia wins on the Eastern Front. He said only the Nazi Party members and the wealthy feared Communism.

He said he didn't care one way or another. "The poor man is interested only in work and bread, and it matters little who rules him in Germany, only let it not be the Nazis." When asked why he and his comrades continue to fight, he shrugged his shoulders and made a painful smile. "We are soldiers," he said.

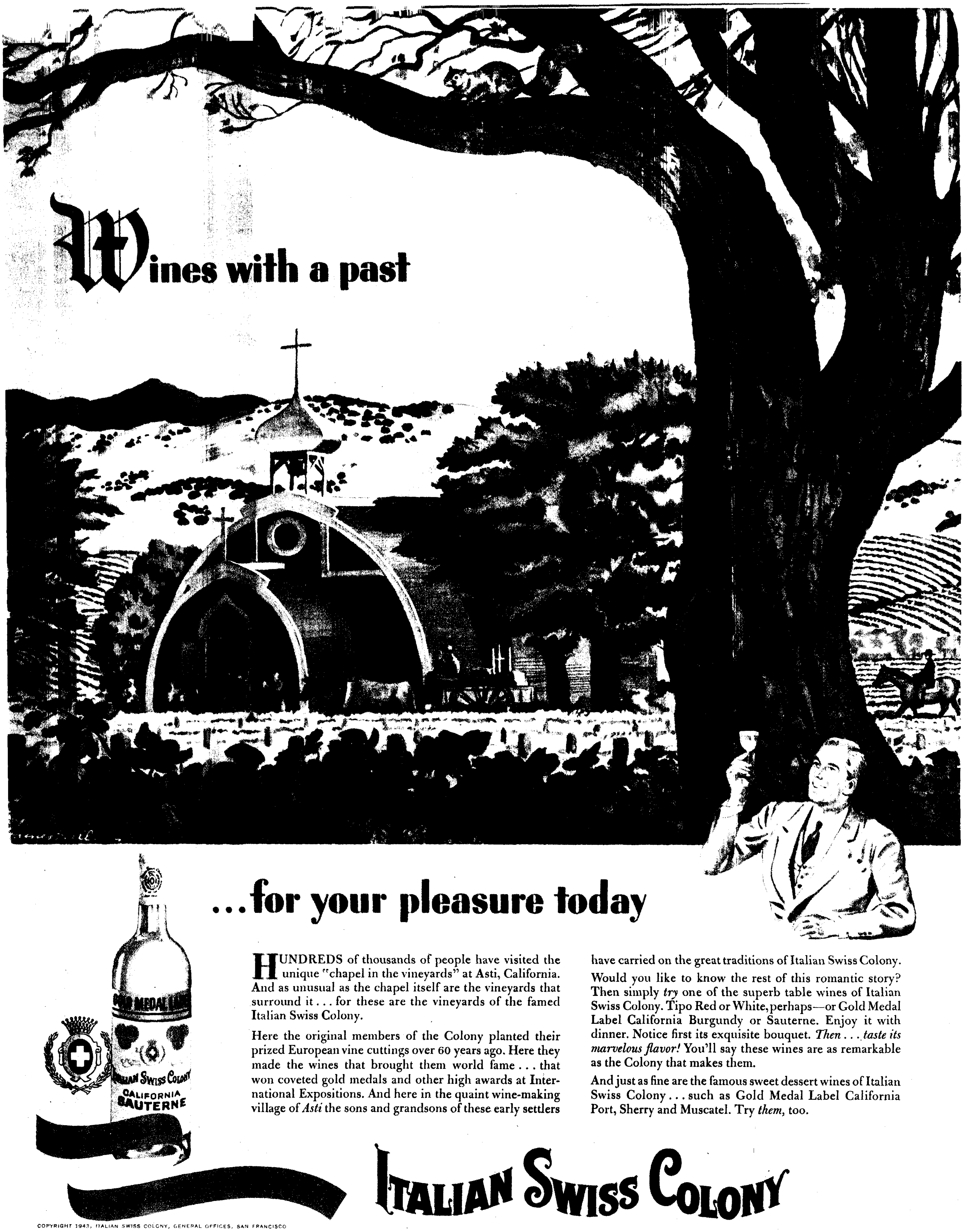
Up at battalion headquarters, within sound of blurting machine guns and bursting grenades, I found the remains of sixteen Germans who were no longer soldiers. They were sprawled on the ground at the base of a hill. There were no blankets to cover them, and they lay with flies and wasps buzzing around them. One was bandaged heavily about the neck and face. They had found him in a ditch, burbling blood out of a hole in his throat. One of our doctors tried to patch him up, but he lived only three hours.

Arranged in rows covered with blankets were our dead, almost as many as there were Germans. From some, white tags of identification fluttered, with their names and serial numbers and obvious details of how they died.

Near by was an impressive pile of Hun small weapons guarded by an unshaven G.I. with an expressionless, tired face. We nodded to each other, and he gave me a smile that was only in his eyes. He was huddled in a blanket against the cold rain and stared down at the pile of rifles, pistols, bayonets, grenades and machine guns.

"Just tell them," he said, "we are doing our best."

THE END



Wines with a past

...for your pleasure today

HUNDREDS of thousands of people have visited the unique "chapel in the vineyards" at Asti, California. And as unusual as the chapel itself are the vineyards that surround it . . . for these are the vineyards of the famed Italian Swiss Colony.

Here the original members of the Colony planted their prized European vine cuttings over 60 years ago. Here they made the wines that brought them world fame . . . that won coveted gold medals and other high awards at International Expositions. And here in the quaint wine-making village of *Asti* the sons and grandsons of these early settlers have carried on the great traditions of Italian Swiss Colony.

Would you like to know the rest of this romantic story? Then simply *try* one of the superb table wines of Italian Swiss Colony. Tipo Red or White, perhaps—or Gold Medal Label California Burgundy or Sauterne. Enjoy it with dinner. Notice first its exquisite bouquet. *Then . . . taste its marvelous flavor!* You'll say these wines are as remarkable as the Colony that makes them.

And just as fine are the famous sweet dessert wines of Italian Swiss Colony . . . such as Gold Medal Label California Port, Sherry and Muscatel. Try *them*, too.

ITALIAN SWISS COLONY

COPYRIGHT 1943, ITALIAN SWISS COLONY, GENERAL OFFICES, SAN FRANCISCO

I'M PUMPING PETE! I CONDENSE THE MOISTURE IN HERE—SO HIS PIPE WILL SMOKE 17% DRIER!
I'M FILTER FRED! I FILTER THE SMOKE SO HIS PIPE WILL SMOKE 23% COOLER!
I'M GREMLIN GUS! I TRAP 238 MG. OF TAR AND NICOTINE PER PIPEFUL!
Give him a

ROYAL DUKE
THE ONLY PIPE WITH A
PUR-O-MATIC BIT

—*Specially Designed to Trap Impurities*

● This Christmas give a Royal Duke Pipe—the pipe watched over by the famous Royal Duke Gremlins. Every Royal Duke is equipped with a PUR-O-MATIC BIT, especially designed to trap impurities. It combines a filter (in a special self-contained device) and an exclusive condensation chamber that cools, dries and cleans the smoke. See your dealer or remit to Continental Briar Pipe Company, Inc., York and Adams Sts., Brooklyn, N.Y.

Standard $1.50 **De Luxe $2.50**
Supreme $3.50

Royal Duke

Sunday in the Park

Continued from page 22

She wished he would leave the past alone. She said, conversationally, "Going to beat the Axis' ears down?"

"To their ankles," he said. "Soon, I hope, I think."

She noticed the bars and said, "Well, you're a success story. From the bottom to way up there. Congratulations, Captain."

He looked at her for a moment, then turned back to the camel. "Thanks," he said. "How did you know I started at the bottom?"

"Oh," said Lacey. "Well, you enlisted, didn't you? I just thought you would have."

He didn't answer. Suddenly she saw the wings. "You fly," she said, proud and afraid. "I didn't know." What a silly thing to say! Of course she didn't know. She didn't know anything at all about him any more. Just his secretary saying, "He's enlisted."

"Like a bird," said Jake. "A bird full of bombs."

Bombs, she thought. And suddenly the war was all around, wiping out the happy, peaceful nonsense of Sunday at the zoo. The terrible war, the enormous war, the war that had taught her that you needed someone to hold to, that it was folly to try to stand loveless and alone.

Jake handed her some peanuts and they moved along, trailing shells. A sailor and his girl brushed by, in the nearest thing to an embrace possible with locomotion. They shot an appalling thought into Lacey's mind.

"Jake," she said, before she could stop herself. "Are you married? Or anything?" She kept her eyes fixed on a cageful of giddy little monkeys.

"Oops! Look at Mr. Stuka," said Jake. "No, I'm not. Nor anything."

"Neither am I," she said, and then realized he had not cared enough to ask.

They came to the yak. He was standing in his private yard, near the fence, staring at the outer world with mournful eyes They stopped and lit cigarettes, and Jake studied the yak.

"He looks familiar," he said. "A little like Groucho, maybe, around the eyes."

Groucho—floppy black Groucho who had had such a good time with them in the Park every Sunday. Lacey thought angrily: Talking about Groucho should hurt you more than it does me.

Because Groucho had been Jake's dog. Jake had been crazy about him.

LACEY remembered that Sunday morning when Groucho jumped on the bed while they were still in it. He had bounced around, urging them to get up so they could all go to the Park. Jake had his arm around Lacey and finally he got the other around the wiggling cocker.

"Look," he said. "Both arms full of family. Groucho, you are a fine big dope, a wonderful pooch. Let's ask Mrs. Jewett to have a baby to keep you company."

Lacey's mind had skipped right over the baby. She drew back a little and said, "Darling, you love him too much."

"You can't love anybody or anything too much," said Jake, and he let go the dog and turned to her.

"You *can,*" Lacey insisted. "Suppose something happened to him?"

"Well, I can't *not* like him just because something might happen to him. Come back here, silly, and I'll fix your crazy ideas."

So that was that, till one Sunday when Groucho was playing around without his leash. He got interested in a kid's ball and followed it across the roadway under a moving taxi. When they got to him, he was dead.

Jake took it hard. Some time during the next few days, she was impelled to say, "You *were* too fond of him, Jake."

Jake looked at her for a long minute, his face baffled and angry. "What's the matter with you, Lacey?" he said. Then he walked out of the apartment and didn't come back for a couple of hours.

They had been married ten weeks. That was the first thing.

LACEY stared at the yak and said, "Yes, a bit like Groucho." She pressed the cigarette so tightly that it cracked and bits of tobacco shredded through her fingers.

"Well, we've done the zoo," said Jake. "How about the rest of the Park?"

"All right," she said, and wondered if it wasn't foolish of her, like snuggling up against a hair shirt.

They strolled out of the zoo up the hill past the bears—their old route. Lacey thought: Is he doing all this on purpose? Does he guess I still love him? Is he *trying* to hurt me?

He said, "How is everybody? How are the Spikers?"

She said, "All right, I guess."

The Spikers had lived down on Tenth Street, too. She hadn't seen them since she got back from Reno. She hadn't seen anyone they used to know.

"Haven't seen them lately?" asked Jake with curiosity.

"I've been busy with my job," she said.

"Got a good one?"

She said, "Yes, it's a good one." It was, too, but not the way he meant. He meant something sleek and smart and nonessential—the sort of thing she used to talk about trying for, back in peacetime. Not a denim-pants, hard-on-the-hands, night job in a factory in the Bronx.

They went up the mall between benchloads of people who were giving the strollers an amiable once-over. When they got to the end they leaned on the parapet and looked down at the raucous activity around the big fountain—kids, dogs, servicemen, girls, parents with baby carriages, old men in shirt sleeves, and one rigid dowager who looked as though she had a diamond dog-collar at home in the safe. Beyond this melee was the lake, which presented a chaotic pattern of rowboats moving erratically over the crowded surface.

Lacey remembered her mother's comment, "It's untidy—and too noisy." And the following Sunday of her visit to Jake and Lacey, she had not come to the Park with them.

But that was not the main thing about that visit. The main thing was when Lacey gave herself a deep, mean cut with a tin can. She was shaky, and the hand was throbbing when her mother brought her back from the doctors. She headed right for the phone, but her mother said, "Don't bother Jake with it, Lacey."

"I'm not going to *bother* him. I just want to tell him."

Her mother said, "Don't be childish. It isn't good to be so dependent."

So when Jake got home, her mother was preparing dinner, and Lacey was sitting palely in the living room. He said, "But darling, you should have called me. I want to know when things happen to you."

"I didn't want to bother you," she said, and by that time she believed it.

JAKE sat on the sofa and held the good hand and looked at his wife with a sort of earnest intensity. "Lacey, I love you. I want to comfort you when things go wrong." She took her hand away and reached for a cigarette. He said, "You never lean on me. You're so I'll-stand-alone. Sometimes you don't act married."

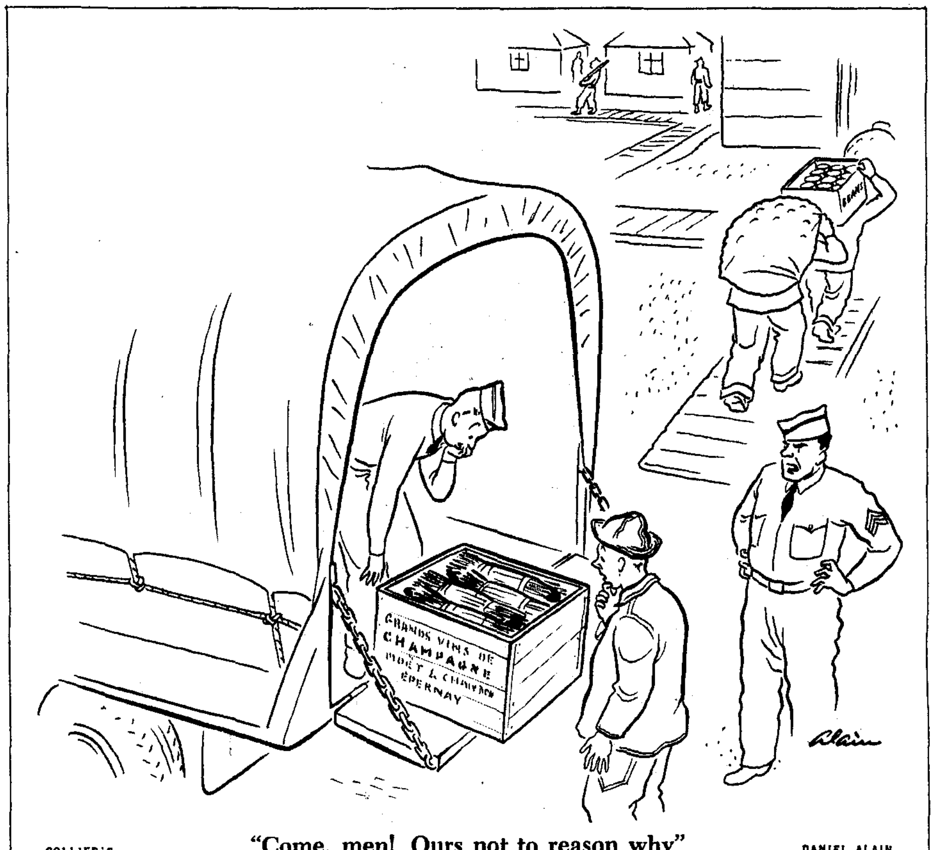
"Oh, *Jake.*" Suddenly she had a sensation of being pinned down, smothered. She evaded his arms and stood up. "The hand's all right. Really. Mix a cocktail, Jake."

They had been married four months. That was the second thing.

"Come on," said Jake, bringing her back to Central Park. "Let's go up to the bridge."

The bridge, of course. They had always gone to the bridge. Lacey looked at his face; it was serene and unconcerned.

When they got to the little bridge, the water under it was thick with rowboats passing through the bottleneck from one part of the lake to the other. They joined



COLLIER'S "Come, men! Ours not to reason why" DANIEL ALAIN

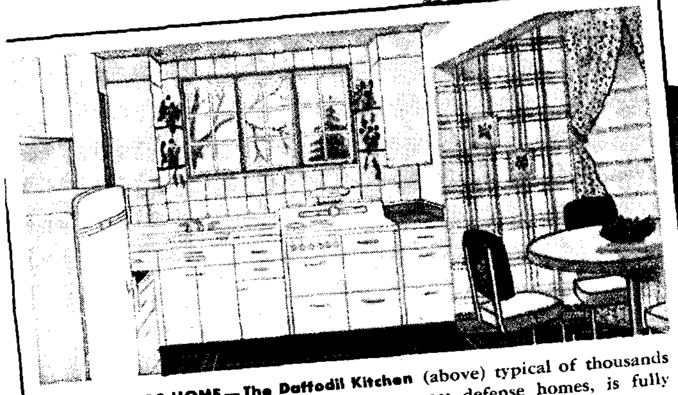
Here's Why WAR BONDS are the Best Gifts!

LOOKING at our Christmas gift problem from every angle . . . patriotic, practical and sentimental . . . we've agreed there's just one solution - War Bonds for *everybody!* You see, Bonds and Stamps will help give all of us the present we want—they'll bring our boys home sooner! And they'll also build a victory hope chest for the things we'll all need after the war. At our house that means, of course, that we'll be able to buy the Hotpoint Electric Kitchen we've had our hearts set on for years!

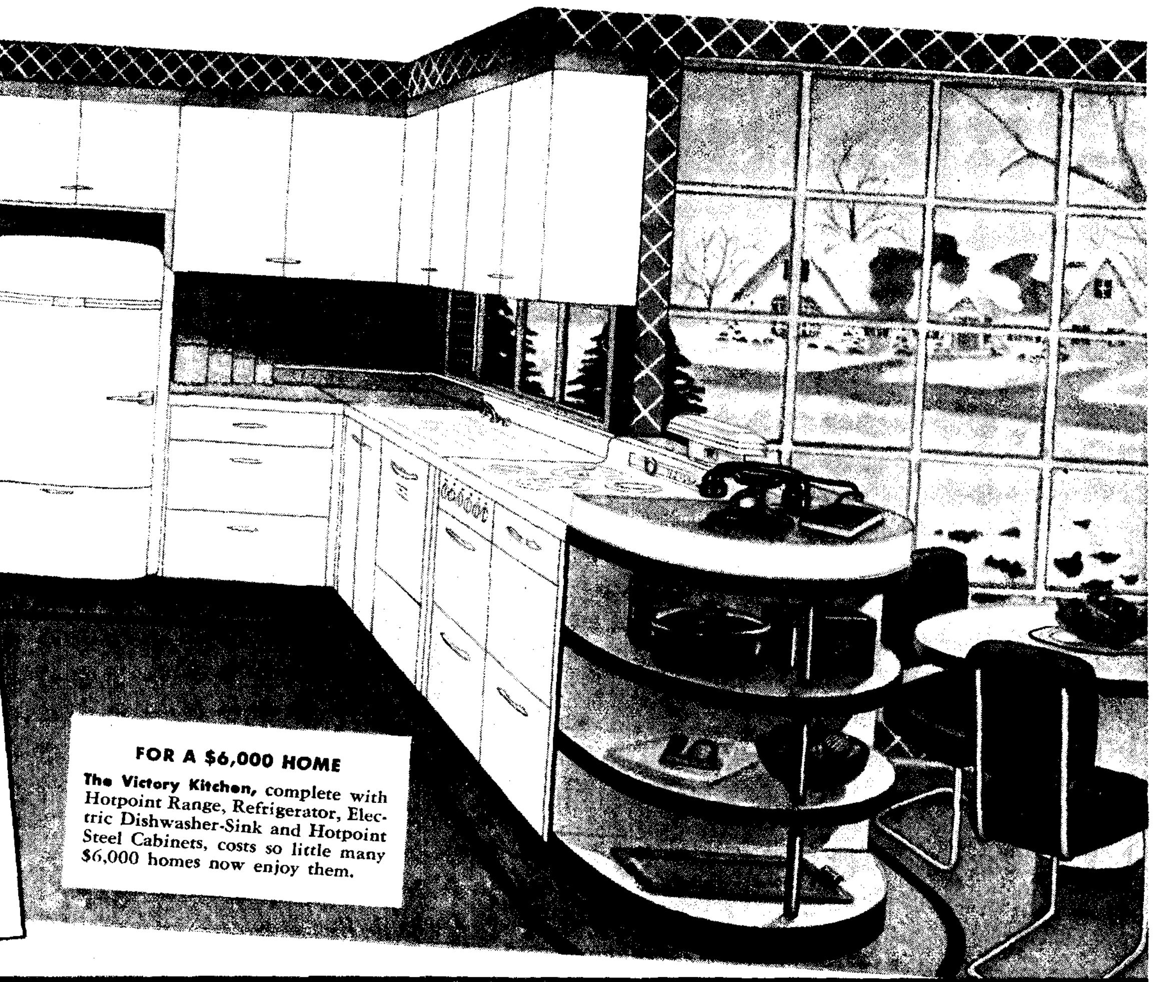
After Victory They'll Buy a HOTPOINT ELECTRIC KITCHEN!

FOR HOMES COSTING $6000
FOR HOMES COSTING $4000

The cost of a Hotpoint Electric Kitchen, including Appliances, Sink and Cabinets, averages about 10% of home building costs.



FOR A $4,000 HOME—The Daffodil Kitchen (above) typical of thousands that have already been installed in low-cost defense homes, is fully equipped with Hotpoint Range, Refrigerator, Sink and Steel Cabinets.

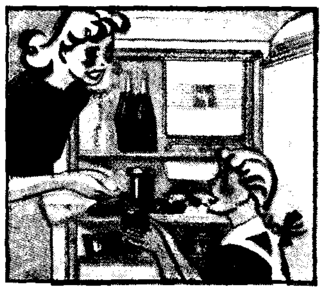


FOR A $6,000 HOME

The Victory Kitchen, complete with Hotpoint Range, Refrigerator, Electric Dishwasher-Sink and Hotpoint Steel Cabinets, costs so little many $6,000 homes now enjoy them.

BUY WAR BONDS TODAY—An Electric Kitchen Tomorrow!

- Your accurately controlled Hotpoint Electric Range will insure you perfect baking results! And of course cooking the speedy electric way, the air in your kitchen will be entirely free of fumes.



- You'll be able to save time and money by buying perishable foods in quantities. And you'll find that foods stay fresher far longer in the Hotpoint Electric Refrigerator.

- Two of your most tedious and time-taking tasks will be gone. A Hotpoint Automatic Electric Dishwasher will clean your dishes. A Hotpoint Disposall will flush away all your food waste before it becomes garbage.

ARMY E NAVY
FOR EXCELLENCE IN WAR PRODUCTION

Hotpoint ELECTRIC KITCHENS

HOME PLANNING FILE

HOME PLANNING FILE

Start your plans now for tomorrow's Electric Kitchen. Save ideas for remodeling or building your new home in Hotpoint's Home Planning File. Size 9"x12", of heavy box board, ten divisions, folder for War Bond purchases. If your electric company or dealer cannot supply you, send 25 cents in coin or War Stamps. (Offer restricted to continental U. S.)

Edison General Electric Appliance Co., Inc.
5634 West Taylor Street, Chicago 44, Illinois

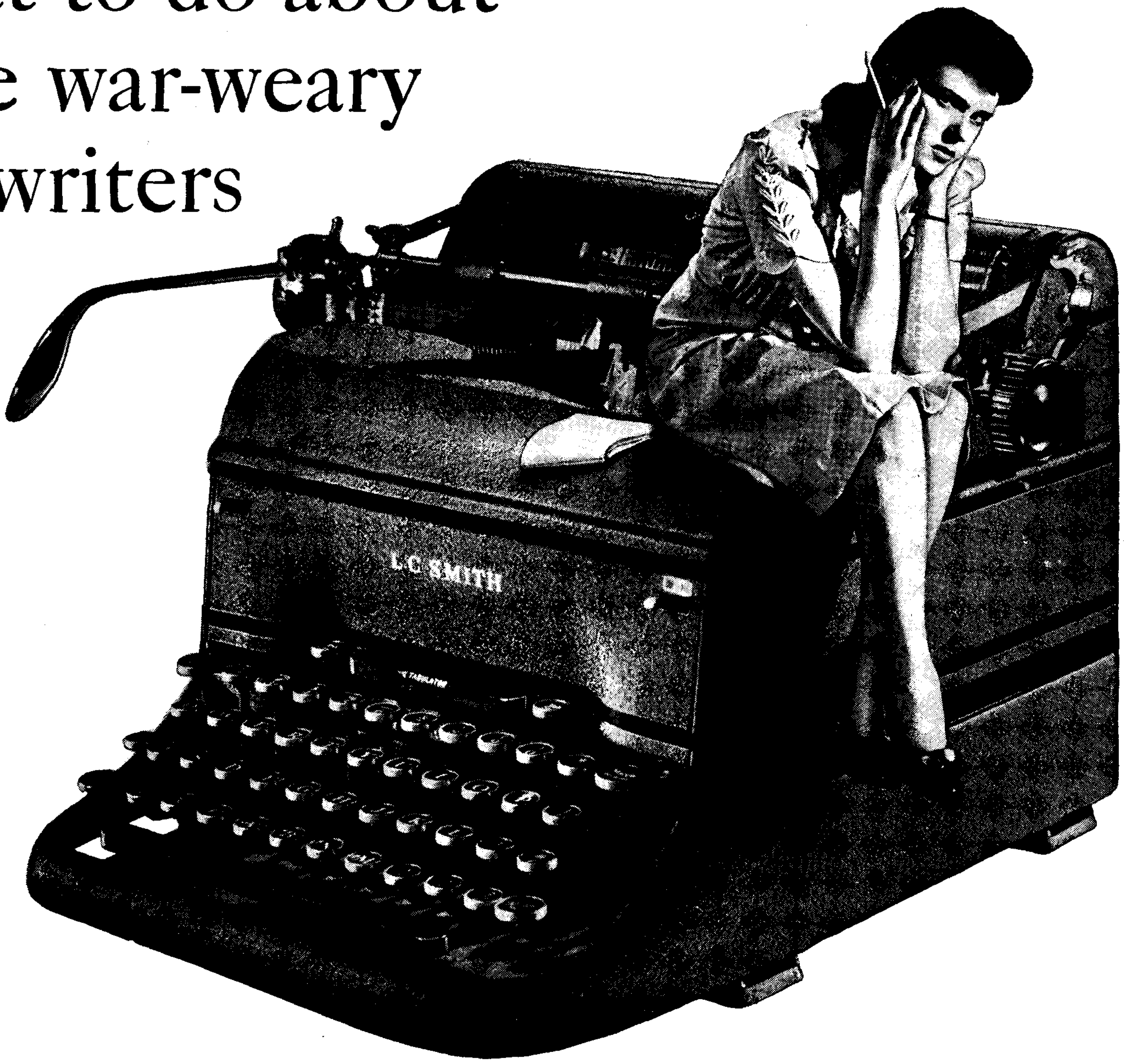
Enclosed find 25 cents, for which please send Home Planning File.

Name ____________________

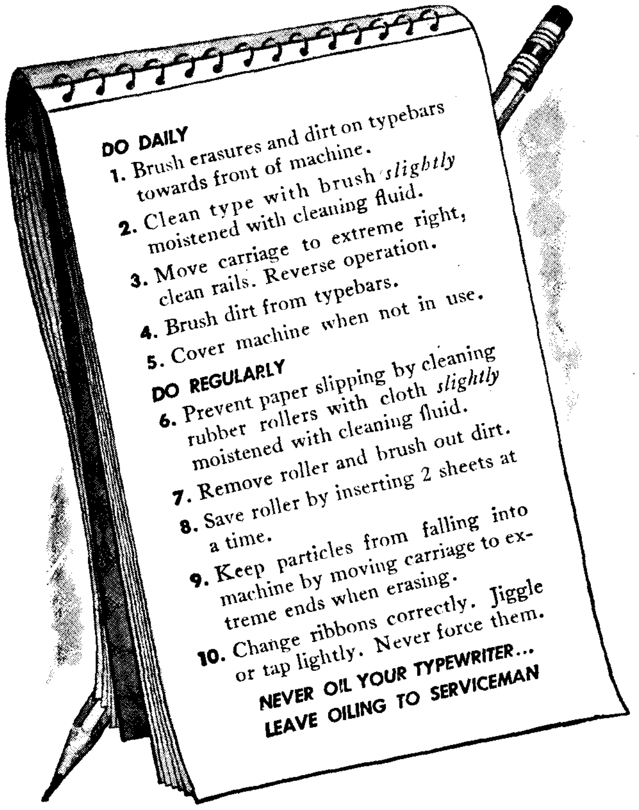
Address ____________________

City ____________________ *State* ____________

What to do about those war-weary typewriters



You *can do this . . .*



DO DAILY

1. Brush erasures and dirt on typebars towards front of machine.
2. Clean type with brush *slightly* moistened with cleaning fluid.
3. Move carriage to extreme right, clean rails. Reverse operation.
4. Brush dirt from typebars.
5. Cover machine when not in use.

DO REGULARLY

6. Prevent paper slipping by cleaning rubber rollers with cloth *slightly* moistened with cleaning fluid.
7. Remove roller and brush out dirt.
8. Save roller by inserting 2 sheets at a time.
9. Keep particles from falling into machine by moving carriage to extreme ends when erasing.
10. Change ribbons correctly. Jiggle or tap lightly. Never force them.

NEVER OIL YOUR TYPEWRITER...
LEAVE OILING TO SERVICEMAN

Let us do this . . .

LET US put new life in your war-weary typewriters.

Too often they're mechanical step-children, neglected and forgotten. Where plane engines get rigid overhauls after so many flying hours, typewriters go on and on, sometimes for years, until they break down or go haywire.

If you'll call us soon enough, we can save you money and time; that's why periodic inspection pays. And every so often, these precision machines deserve a thorough face-lifting.

Through Smith-Corona branches or dealers in all principal cities, trained men and women are available—specialists in typewriter service. Let us keep your typewriters *flying*!

LC SMITH & CORONA TYPEWRITERS INC SYRACUSE 1 N Y

Smith-Corona *guaranteed* overhaul includes:

Dismantling
Chemical cleaning of all parts
Resurfacing platen and feed rolls
Oiling and adjusting working mechanism
Replacing worn or broken parts

AND . . . the cost is surprisingly modest

SMITH-CORONA
Typewriters

the audience watching the wild collisions, Jake leaning over and kibitzing the pilots and laughing.

Lacey realized she hardly ever visualized him laughing, but usually with lines of tension around his eyes and frustration and anger in them—like that time after the Spikers' baby died.

The Spikers had loved that baby so that it had frightened Lacey to watch them with him. She kept thinking: They'll get hurt, I know they will.

Then little Danny died and it just about killed them. Lacey did a lot for Jenny Spiker to try to help her out of it.

THREE weeks after the funeral, she said to Jake, "I'll never have a baby."

She had been washing the dishes, and Jake was drying them. She could still remember the harsh feel of steel wool between her fingers as she scoured the muffin tin.

"Why?" Jake said calmly. "Because the Spikers lost Danny?"

She said, "It's wrecked Jenny. She'll never get over it."

"Yes, she will," said Jake. "She'll get over it and try again. They'll always miss Danny, but they'll patch things up somehow."

"I'll never have one. I couldn't."

"Well," said Jake in a hard voice, "you could go live in a bank vault. Life can't get at you there."

She glanced up at him, and what she saw in his face nearly made her drop the muffin tin and put her arms around him and beg for love and comfort and forgiveness.

But she didn't, and that was the third thing.

She watched some sailors make a disorganized pickup by banging head-on into a boatload of girls, and all she could think was: Why was I like that? I was young but I wasn't that young.

Perhaps it had been her mother. She had been such a cool, self-sufficient woman. She had had to be, with a husband distinguished for amiable roistering unreliability. He'd gone off somewhere when Lacey was four, and from then on, Lacey's mother had been disinclined ever again to put all her emotional eggs in one basket.

The trouble was, though, that she didn't seem to have any emotional eggs left.

Jake said, "I'm hungry. Let's get a hot dog."

A hot dog—oh, sure, they had to have a hot dog! That's what they always did next. She was a fool to stay, asking for the salt he was so eager to rub into her wounds.

She said nastily, "Don't you do anything in the Army but eat?" And then she thought: Certainly you do. You try to kill people. They try to kill you. Sometimes they do it. "All right," she added, close to tears. "A hot dog it is."

They got the hot dogs, then walked out of the worst of the crowd, around to the uptown side of the lake. It was getting late. The kids and the older people were going home, but there were still couples all over the place—couples perambulating, couples sitting, couples prone. Love seemed to have invaded the park with the long shadow. We don't belong here, thought Lacey.

Jake moved off the path and she followed him.

He found a nice grassy place enclosed by the shoulders of a little hill. "Here," he said, pulling out a fresh handkerchief and spreading it on the ground. "Don't ruin the dress."

"Thanks, Raleigh," she said, sitting down. The dress, she thought—*the* dress, and he doesn't even remember it.

She saw herself in it, new, standing before the full-length mirror in the Tenth Street apartment. She was not quite sure about it. It was not her type of thing. It was of soft silk in fragile blue, with small flowers entwined lovingly at the neck.

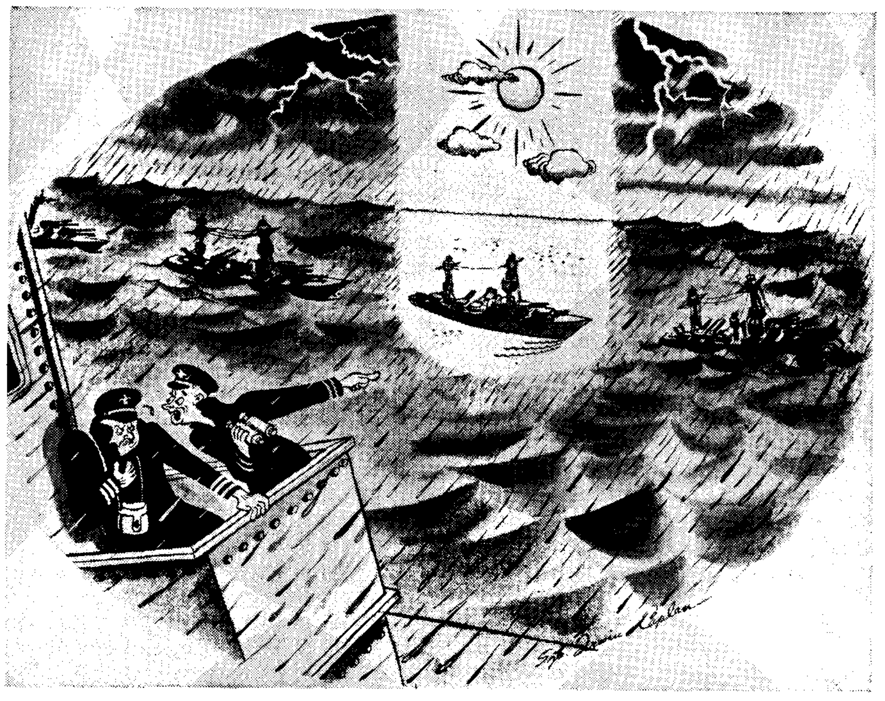
Then Jake came in and saw her frowning at the mirror. "Why, look at my tailored darling!" he said. And coming up behind her, he got her in his arms and kissed her with a sort of passionate protectiveness.

And after that he called it "my dress." It was, "Wear my dress, Lacey." "Look pretty for me, Lacey." For a while, she did wear it and love it. Then, subtly, her feeling about it changed. The dress was so soft, so clinging. She seemed identified with it when she was in it.

So she wore it as infrequently as possible and pretty soon she stopped wearing it at all.

That was just another thing. By that time, there were so many things—big and little, and all pointing to Reno—that she lost count.

Lacey leaned back against a big rock, and Jake sat down beside her. They could still hear the racket from the lake, and an occasional couple traversed their little glade but moved on when they found it occupied. A sense of privacy and isolation grew gradually. They smoked and didn't say much.



COLLIER'S "It's the U.S.S. California, sir!" SGT. IRWIN CAPLAN

Jake flipped his cigarette stub into the bushes, hitched himself a little away from the rock behind him and stretched full length on the grass. "Ahh-hh," he said comfortably, loosening tie and collar.

In a minute or so, he was asleep.

It was a relief to let the love come into her face, to cease the effort of keeping her eyes cool. The great strain fell away from her. She leaned over him and let her lips form "Darling."

An ant circled around his hand; she brushed it off. She waved away a bumblebee and an inquisitive squirrel. Ridiculously she thought: I'll watch over you, darling. Depend on me.

Depend on me! The words were a distorted echo from their last weeks together, those terrible combative weeks when their marriage died.

It had started, oddly, by Jake saying, "Do you know how much I love you . . . how I depend on you?"

She had said, "Don't depend on me. I don't like to think you do. Love me, but don't *depend* on me."

From then on, it was all downhill.

He said things like, "I depend on you because I love you, and you don't like it because you want to stand alone."

He said, "I want a wife, a human one. You're cold, Lacey. Not your lips and arms—there are other ways of being cold."

He said, "It's the damnedest thing, but I've never seen you cry."

He said, "You just dabble your toes in life. Why don't you get in and swim?"

He said, "You don't love me, or you wouldn't be like this."

He said, finally, "No, I don't love you. I can't love an emotional holdout."

So she went to Reno, taking the wounds of these words with her. And the wounds didn't heal; they grew worse as gradually separation and loneliness began to demonstrate the truth of the words. And when she came back to New York to tell him, it was too late.

THE Park dimmed and darkened. It grew quieter, so Lacey could hear the little insect noises. Finally she lay down close to him, aching to touch him, not daring to.

She lay there and watched over him, as though to make up for the past.

The lights went on along the roadways and little walks of the Park, but the nearest one was yards away, filtered through the leaves of many trees. The little glade remained dark, and Lacey continued the guardian of it and all it contained.

Later she heard footsteps and talking, then suddenly a radio splintered the peace with a hot trumpet. Lacey sat up just as Jake awoke.

"That's a fine way to entertain a date," he said.

Before Lacey could speak, the radio shouted, "The Rhineland city was smashed, but German fighter strength was heavy. Eleven of our bombers are missing."

Eleven of our bombers are missing! Lacey thought of flak, of Messerschmitts, of the terrible downward plunge of a Fortress. All her love and fear for him rose up in her like the flood of tears that rose in her eyes and commenced pouring down her face.

She stood up and ran from him, ran across the grass and down the walk.

He caught her under a light. "You're crying," he said, in harsh statement. "Why?"

It was too late for pride, for the cool easy voice, too late for anything but the truth.

"Because it might have been you in one of those bombers. Because it might be you later. Because the war's so big and terrible, and I'm all alone in it. Because you were right about everything, and I was wrong. I know how to cry now,

a few drops

HIT
HEAD COLD
MISERY FAST

SPECIALIZED MEDICATION
Works Right Where Trouble Is

If a stuffy head cold is making life miserable for you, enjoy the quick relief a few drops of Vicks Va-tro-nol bring. Va-tro-nol works right where trouble is—shrinks swollen membranes, soothes irritation, helps clear clogged nasal passages—makes breathing easier! Follow directions in folder.

VICKS
VA-TRO-NOL

CHEST COLDS

To relieve misery, rub on Vicks VapoRub at bedtime. Its poultice-vapor action eases coughing, muscular soreness or tightness, loosens phlegm.

VICKS VAPORUB

Give him a Smokemaster

AND WATCH IT BECOME HIS FAVORITE PIPE

Men who have smoked all kinds of pipes tell us that Smokemaster is their favorite. You see, Smokemaster offers a feature no other pipe has...An ordinary pipe cleaner inserted in its stem *absorbs all moisture and sidetracks it from the smoke passage.* Simple but remarkably effective!...Only pure, fragrant tobacco smoke passes the lips—no rank moisture can contaminate it. Always mellow, fresh, satisfying!

In many popular models, beautifully finished to bring out their handsome grain. Select your Smokemasters now.

At leading dealers

Custom-made Smokemaster $1.50
Smokemaster . . . $1.00

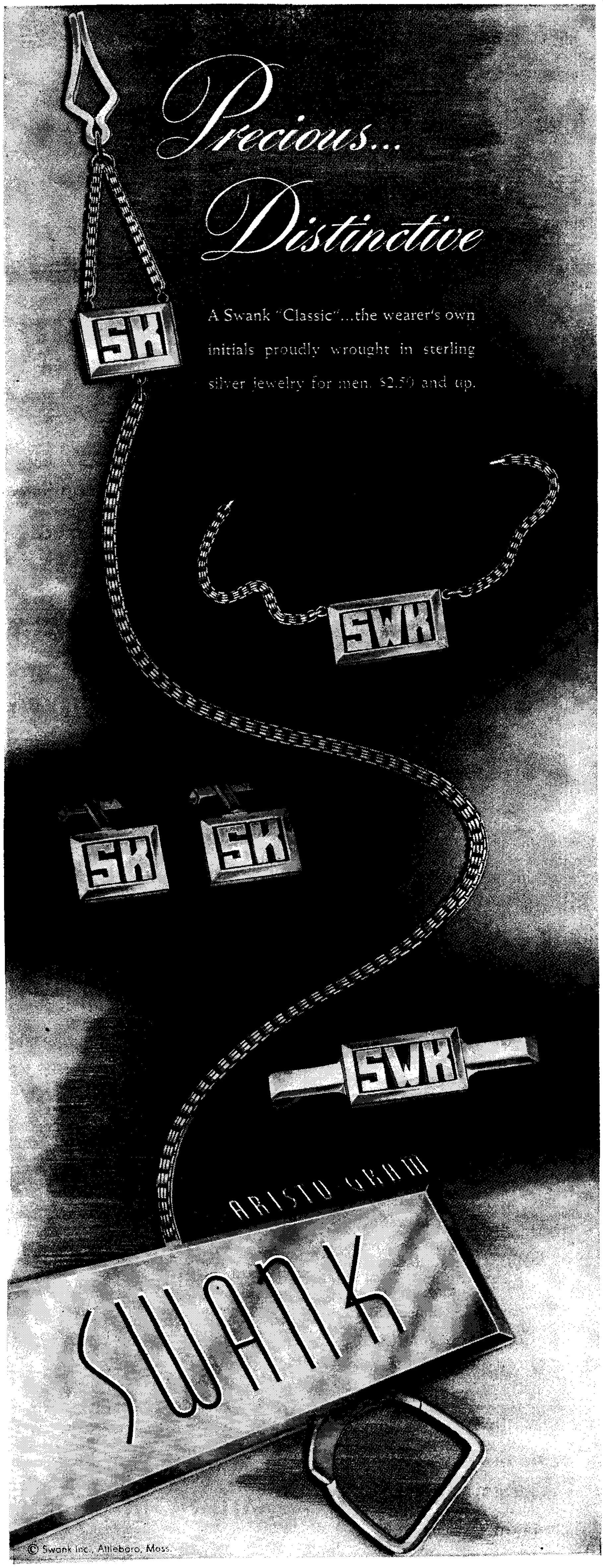
BRIARCRAFT, INC.
347 Fifth Avenue
New York 16, N.Y.

Pat. No. 2,166,537

This makes a great difference in smoking pleasure...

NO OTHER PIPE HAS IT!

Briarcraft
Smokemaster
The pipe men tell their friends about



A Swank "Classic"...the wearer's own initials proudly wrought in sterling silver jewelry for men. $2.50 and up.

© Swank Inc., Attleboro, Mass.

Jake," she said. "Oh, I can just cry like anything. I learned that week end in December when my decree came through, and America went to war. And Mother died then. She was in Reno with me and she died, and I walked around the town for a while and came and sat in the hotel bar. There was nobody there but strangers, and I needed you. And I came home to tell you, and you'd gone."

She paused and then said abruptly, "I love you. I always did. It just took me a long time to grow up to it."

"That was hard to say, wasn't it?" he said.

"Yes," she said, defeat dragging at her so she could hardly stand.

"I could see it, but I had to make you say it."

"I know," she said bitterly. "Revenge. Taking me all the places we used to go, doing all the old things, dragging it out of me."

He said, "I saw you before you saw me. I was watching old Zalophus and thinking about you and I looked up, and there you were. You were standing there in my dress and you looked so lonely, Lacey. You came and stood by me and when you finally looked at me, those cool-colored eyes weren't the way they used to be. They were warm, and I could see they'd learned how to love, how to cry. But I couldn't say it. If we were going to start right this time, you had to say it."

"Start?" she said, with the bitterness still in her voice. "No charity, thanks!"

He didn't seem to hear her, but suddenly his tone changed. "Oh, Lacey, there was nothing but Reno till you could see it my way. I was betting you'd change, but it had to be something you did yourself, so I didn't write, didn't try to see you. So I waited and it was just about forever, and then this leave came and I couldn't wait any longer. But nobody knew where you were. I couldn't find you. I was frantic and I came to the Park because—"

"I know," she whispered, the tears beginning again.

He stepped forward and put his arms tight around her.

"Cry on me, darling. I love you and that's what I'm for," he said.

She clung to him, and all the old bars were down and all the long time and loneliness wiped out, and she knew the long hard future—their new separation, the war, her fears for him—would be eased by this memory. For under the street lamp in the Park, Lacey had come home.

THE END

Any Week

Continued from page 4

clubs. Further, the British legislators will complain bitterly that because of the ineptitude of our diplomacy and lack of foreign policy we are taking unfair advantage of Britain, forcing her to retain possession of and control over small states which she had hoped to pass on to the United States.

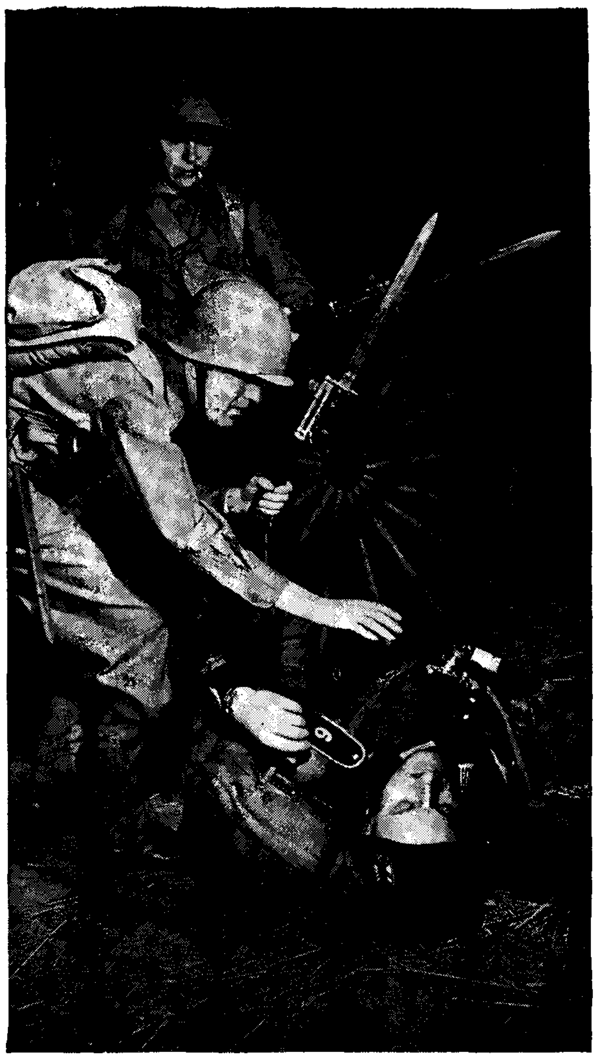
USUALLY when we get a long letter like this, we boil it down to a paragraph or two. But this won't boil down. It was written on a troop transport on the Atlantic. The sender, doubtless as intrepid a soldier as our Army can produce, wasn't much on this reading and writing racket. So he appealed to one of his fellow soldiers to write it for him. It was to his wife. How we got our copy is, of course, censored. So: "Dear Wife: Looks like I'm in a pretty tight spot, all cooped up on this transport ship and not even knowing where I'm going. There's guns and ammunition and Yankees all around me, and I guess there are submarines and dive bombers out here somewhere, just waiting for us. The ship keeps rocking around, and I have been—and am—awful sick to my stomach. Sometimes at home when you used to raise hell about this and that, I thought it was pretty bad, but it wasn't never nothing like this. The captain of our company keeps telling me that we're Amphibious Infantry and are 80% expendable, which means that maybe all of us will get killed except twenty out of a hundred; I just can't see no need of him harping on such a subject. I got ten thousand dollars life insurance, but if I get killed, I don't want you to spend none of it on that Noah Breese. And if I don't get killed, I don't want to hear anything about him hanging around the house. If I do, there's shore going to be some hell raised in Georgia when I get back. And don't be gadding around here and there. You're a married woman and you stay home and worry about me in the daytime and pray for me at night, for this war business is a serious thing. The government is sending you fifty dollars a month, and I want you to save at least twenty-five or thirty of it, for if I ever do get back home, I don't figure on doing no sort of work for quite a spell. I loved you when I married you and I love you now, and don't you let Noah Breese tell you no different. If he says anything to you, you ask him why he ain't in the Army hisself, and you tell him I said if I hear about him hanging around you, I'll beat his damn' brains out soon as I get back home. Your husband, Gilbert."

THERE is also a letter from a lady in the shining town of Albert Lea, Minnesota, who is willing to read this magazine if given the proper co-operation. "Please send me a two years' trial subscription to your magazine," she writes. "If after that time I have no fault to find, I will write to you to that effect." And from Miss Holly Love of Blue Junction, Montana, we get: "I have just read in the paper where President Roosevelt speaks of a club known as America First. Please send me the address and how can I become a member of this club. I am an admirer of our President." Also we have a request from Miss Della Webber of Jethro's Run, Kentucky, for "the real address of Vice-President Wallace." Little but important chores like this keep us very busy. We get personal inquiries, too. For example: "What sort of a looking man would you say Kyle Crichton of your staff is, and how can he be reached? And: "I am told by my friends that there is no such person as Quentin Reynolds. How can I get my letters back?" Mr. Ernest MacMunn of Springfield, Missouri, sends us an ad from an unidentified paper: "Wanted: Strong man to play organ in going church and sing on Wednesday nights."

GETTING down toward the bottom of the pile we discover one which seems to us to be fraught with something. It's from Mr. Harry Corse of Wayne, Pennsylvania. Says Mr. Corse, with what we suspect to be hidden meaning: "Now that we have granted the Philippines their independence, coming in a bad last, what are the chances of getting our own?"

AND still the letters come in, filled with fear that when our armies and navies and air corps have beaten Germany and Japan, politicians will all but apologize for our rudeness. So why stop fighting? Why not keep right on and fight the next war now and get it over with? Our correspondents are very melancholy indeed. . . . W. D.

1 **It's natural** for soldiers to want trophies of victory. That's why innocent-looking helmets make perfect booby traps. Moral: *let the engineers inspect the souvenirs.*



2 **What a fine,** expensive camera on that officer's chest. It's all loaded for action, too—with dynamite! Moral: *Never trust a Nazi. Not even a dead one.*

3 **The slightest** pressure on that porch will set off a mine artfully concealed under the plank and behind the straw. Moral: *watch your step.*

Booby traps—how to recognize and avoid

A BOOBY TRAP is an instrument of sudden death. It is planted by a retreating enemy. It depends for its success on a variety of unpredictable disguises.

Who, for instance, would ordinarily think twice about opening a door in an evacuated building? Yet unwary soldiers who do this perfectly natural thing are often blown to bits in the act.

That's why our soldiers must be *taught* to think twice about every move they make when occupying buildings and territory abandoned by the enemy.

Enter the Signal Corps

Pictures are one of the most effective means of teaching this vital lesson . . . because *recognizing* a booby trap is the one sure way to *avoid* it.

That's where the Army's photographers come in. These skilled cameramen, attached to the Signal Corps, first staged typical booby-trap situations with professional realism. Then they took pictures, both movies and still, which tell the story of booby traps from the angle of the men who have to recognize and avoid them.

Pictures warn—pictures teach

These pictures do an excellent reportorial job of showing what booby traps look like in many of their myriad forms, and what happens when they are set off.

But beyond that, the pictures also do an educational job of showing the regular infantryman how to neutralize a booby trap in an emergency where engineers are not available.

That's a tall order for pictures; but those produced by the Signal Corps are doing the job.

Salute to the Signal Corps

Making valuable training pictures is only part of the Signal Corps' task. The intrepid cameramen in khaki also go right up into the front lines with their rifle-toting buddies, to ferret out the enemy's secrets, to record our mistakes, to immortalize our successes.

When the history of the second AEF is written, one of the most glorious chapters will deal with the brilliant feats of the Signal Corps.

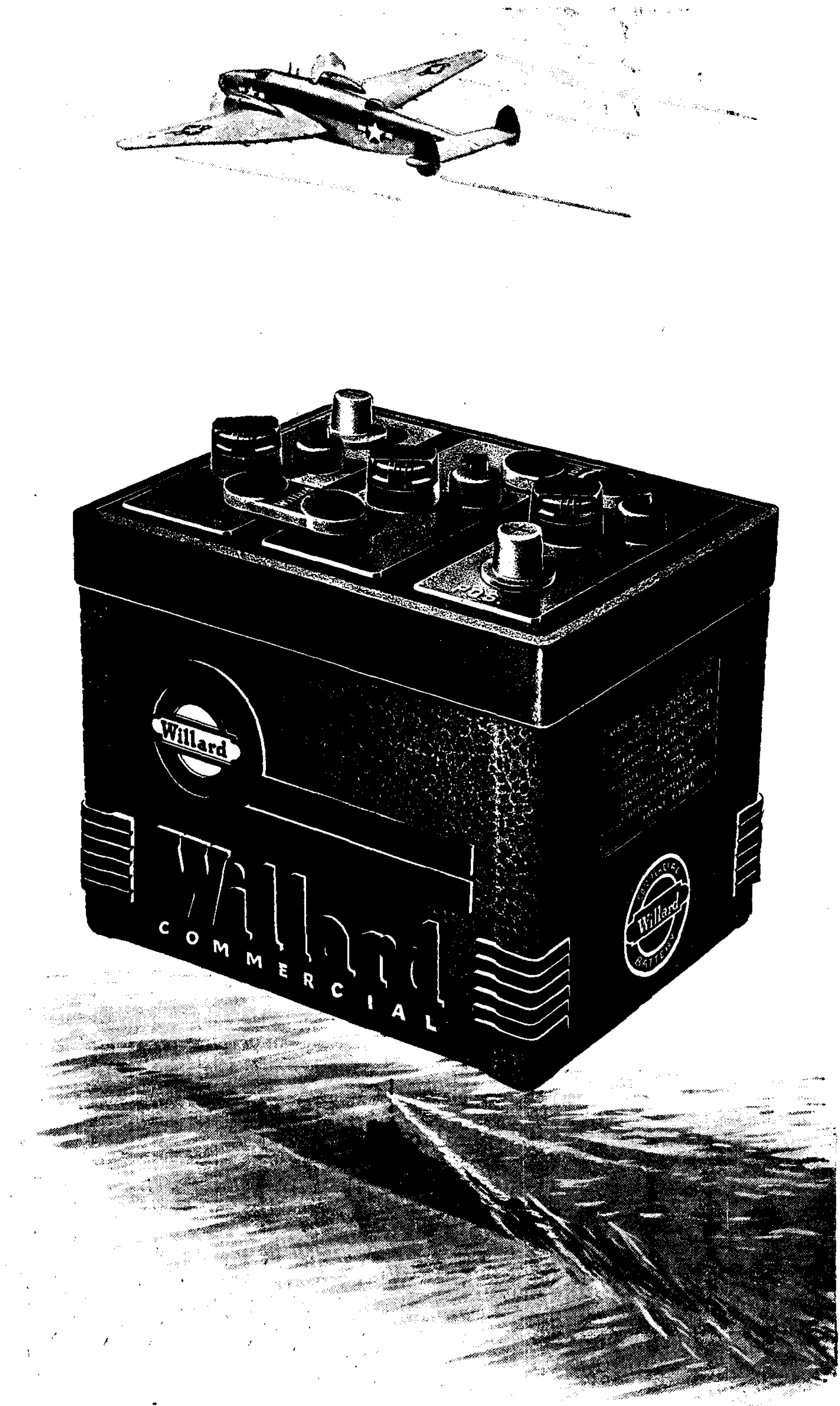
Wartime Note

About three quarters of all Agfa Ansco products now made go to the armed forces or essential industries.

And Agfa Ansco supplies a greater percentage of its film to the Government than does any other manufacturer of photographic supplies.

So if you can't get Ansco film the first time you try—try again! Waiting in line behind Uncle Sam shouldn't be a hardship! Agfa Ansco, a division of General Aniline & Film Corporation, Binghamton, N. Y.

Agfa Ansco - Keep your eye on Ansco—first with the finest



Helping to Win

Power—on land, sea and in the air—is helping to win this war! Power is vital, too, in hard-working cars, trucks and tractors here at home. When you make your battery last longer, *you* are helping to win—by conserving power. You are also saving materials and man-hours for making the batteries needed on our fighting fronts. So take care of *your* battery. Don't buy a new one until you have to. But, when you *do* need to buy, buy the battery you *know* will give you long, dependable service. Buy a Willard.

"SAFETY-FILL" BATTERIES

Willard

-have the power to carry on!

WILLARD STORAGE BATTERY CO. • CLEVELAND • LOS ANGELES • DALLAS • TORONTO

They Also Serve

Continued from page 21

just as real, a war of tension and waiting and not sleeping, a war that goes on twenty-four hours a day, an unknown war, whose soldiers are nameless G.I.s in grimy dungarees. Their battlefield is a semicircle of oil-soaked cement down on the line; the rattle of a riveting gun is their artillery. They don't get citations—only the nod of a pilot as he guides the ship to a safe halt and grins from the cockpit window: "Okay, Joe. . . ."

Take it around the clock at a bomber base and see how a big raid is made. The day begins—if a day really has any beginning here—with the mission's return: the big bombers peeling off and landing one by one, waddling and grunting—so graceful in the air, so clumsy on the ground—along the runway to their assigned parking places, where each crew chief stands with arms upraised to guide his own ship in.

Chocks under wheels, engines cut, the weary fliers in Mae Wests and electrically heated suits drop from hatches onto the welcome cement, eyes still hard with excitement, shaky voices trying to sound elaborately offhand: "Not too bad! We only saw about seventy-five fighters today." "Flak was a little rough, knocked out our oxygen system and cut our control cables. . . ."

Inspecting the Damage

The ground crews swarm over the ships, inspecting the jagged rips in wings and fuselage, a sagging trim tab, a neat hole in the nose. A jeep is ready to take the fliers to interrogation. The pilot pauses a moment to run over his flight report with the crew chief: "Supercharger regulator on Number Two engine wasn't operating right. Number One was a little rough at altitude; acted like fouled plugs. Oh, and better check that hydraulic system again, Joe. Had trouble getting the wheels down."

You pile into the jeep with them and jolt along the runway, past a vacant parking space where a group of mechanics wait in huddled silence.

A tail gunner beside you mutters, "Smitty's ground crew. I saw their ship go down. It went into a tight spin. I didn't see any chutes. Maybe somebody ought to tell them. . . ."

You glance back over your shoulder at the silent group, seated on toolboxes that are now suddenly useless; still hoping against hope, still scanning the empty sky.

The corridor outside the interrogation room is like a locker room after a game, with a smell of close-packed warm bodies and leather and wool. One by one, the combat crews take their turns at the wooden tables inside; nondescript groups of ten, officers and men dressed alike, bulky as a football squad in coveralls and padded flying jackets, leather helmets shoved back and earphone plugs dangling, perspiration trickling down over the smudges of burnt cork under their eyes.

Another rests a leather elbow on a crewmate's shoulder and answers between bites of a double-decker sandwich: "Yeah, I got one fighter. Time was 11:14. He was coming in on our tail, and I give him a burst. . . ." The Intelligence officer makes pencil notes, straining to hear above the clamor of the room. "Dropped our bombs right on the button. Tomorrow Lord Haw Haw'll say we hit two baby carriages, an orphan asylum and a church."

A waist gunner gulps hot chocolate from a thick white mug. "I bet I seen every kind of Jerry fighter today. I bet they even sent up a couple of Link trainers at us."

Other combat crews are standing in line behind them; they grind out cigarettes, shove back chairs in relief: "Let's go," and they stumble toward the door, suddenly drunk with fatigue, heavy boots dragging, get a shower, get some chow and hit the sack. Another mission tomorrow! Get a little sleep!

They get some sleep, if they can; but, while they sleep, the rest of the field works on. There's no sleeping when you fight a war against time. Already it is mid-afternoon: the planes must be checked, battle damage repaired, engines tuned, fuel tanks and oxygen systems refilled; ammunition and bombs loaded; maps and weather reports readied for tomorrow's briefing; the whole vast preparation for a raid completed before take-off at dawn.

Back on the line, the ground crews swarm over the ships like benevolent gremlins. A mechanic straddles an engine and tugs at an obstinate cowling; two others balance atop a crew chief's twelve-foot ladder; a broad, tanned back bends upside down from a wing, and a naked arm reaches deep into a motor's warm, dark vitals. They work swiftly, surely, with a native American love of motors and tools; the wrenches flip naturally into their calloused hands.

You look at a freckle-faced kid with black, broken fingernails and a smudge of grease across his nose. A few months ago, back in Kansas or New Hampshire or Texas, he might have changed your oil, mister, wiped your windshield, checked your tires at the corner garage. He swears happily as his experienced fingers (he could take a Model A apart when he was ten) perform a delicate bit of surgery on a motor's intricate heart. No, you don't have to worry about the efficiency of our planes in the air; not with kids like this on the ground.

All over the field, hour after hour, the war against time goes on. Where flak or explosive shells have made cruel can-opener tears in the Fort's aluminum skin, expert sheet-metal men cut out the jagged holes and fit on new patches; their riveting machines chatter where a short time ago a .50-caliber Browning was blasting at a Messerschmitt 109. Specialists replace the smashed windows, fasten pieces over holes in the transparent nose or tail, drill the ends of shatter cracks to keep them from spreading. Ignition men pull out the severed strands of multiwired electric cables, swiftly thread in new ones.

The Work of Craftsmen

In the armament shop, the armorers go to work on the Fort's machine guns, taking them down carefully and scrutinizing each part for signs of wear. They measure the play in a T-slot, scratching a mark on the side, so it can be adjusted in the dark; check the ejector and cocking lever and firing pins; rub in the special nonfreezing oil with their bare hands instead of a rag, liking the sensual, slippery-smooth feel of metal under their fingers. They assemble the parts again and listen with satisfaction to the soft, precise click of mating mechanism; in a few hours, the lives of ten men may depend on the accuracy of that gun.

As the afternoon wanes, fluorescent lights are turned on in the secret A-2 room. Intelligence officers co-ordinate the morning's combat reports to determine the numbers and types of enemy fighters and the location of flak areas; freshly developed photographs of the target are studied and results of the raid estimated; the data is hurried to wing headquarters.

Meantime, in front of a large-scale map hanging on the wall, a couple of officers on stepladders are plotting tomorrow's mission, marking the route with colored yarn, setting bright-headed pins to indicate the rendezvous, the diversion procedure, the target.

It's inky midnight down on the line. Flashlights wink as the ground crews race to complete last-minute adjustments on motors and superchargers. Trucks rumble through the blackout, slits for eyes.

In the mess hall, half-naked cooks bend over red-hot stoves, preparing breakfast; it's close to time, now.

"Breakfast at two o'clock. Briefing at three . . ." The groans and rolling over for a last luxurious minute, the splashing of water, the stumbling into clothes; the prunes and powdered eggs and coffee at one end of an echoing mess hall, while enlisted men with mops swab the floor; the waiting trucks, the cigarettes glowing in the dark.

From the shadowy ships on the line, the whine and sudden roar of motors being preflighted, mounting to a crescendo, fading, roaring again, suddenly still. The briefing room, packed with leather-clad figures leaning forward intently, inking data on the backs of bare hands: time of take-off, rendezvous, homing course in degrees and minutes. "All right, everybody synchronize your watches." The trucks making a swing around the perimeter track, dropping off the crews one by one beside their ships. An hour to check guns, test equipment, get into flying clothes. Take off at five.

You are on the line, in the slow pink dawn, as the ships waddle past you to the north-south runway, and line up for take-off. There's a strange hush over the field. On the roof of the control tower, the officers, eyes heavy with lack of sleep, stand with field glasses in hand.

Mechanics lean wearily against the doors of armament shops and hangars. A cook stands outside the mess hall, white cap shoved back from a perspiring forehead. On the parking spaces the ground crews watch in silence as the great lumbering Forts roll down the strip with increasing speed and skim lightly into the brightening eastern sky.

The ships circle slowly around the rim of the horizon, gradually pulling up together into formation, and the deep, somber drone begins to fade. The field relaxes but it does not rest. There's no rest, there's no end of a day here. They'll be back in a few hours; meantime there are engine changes to be made, wrecked planes to be dismantled for parts, new shipments of material to be uncrated.

There's no sense in trying to catch some sleep. How can you sleep while a raid is on, while they're over Hannover or Regensburg? Maybe one of them will develop engine trouble and head back home. You'll have to be on the line; you can't sleep. Twenty-four, forty-eight hours, it doesn't matter. There's no time to sleep . . .

News of the Home Front

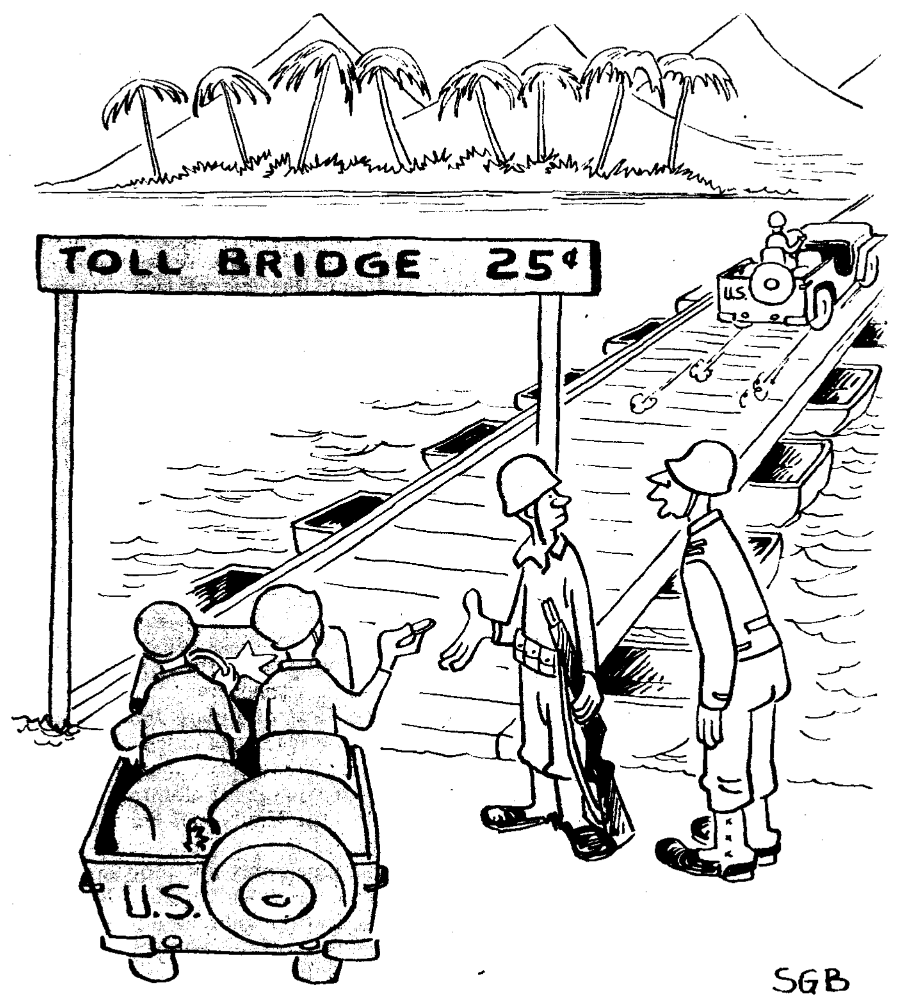
The drone dies away like a subsiding wind at dawn; the crow of a rooster is surprisingly loud in the sudden silence. You sink down, exhausted, on an empty oil drum; and for the first time you remember the newspaper from the States, wadded in your pocket. You open it and glance at the headlines. Another strike in an aircraft plant. Steel mills shut while coal miners argue about wages. Absenteeism laid to factory owner's refusal to build adequate housing for his workers. Citizens protest ban on pleasure driving, demand more gas for own use. Meat rationing assailed. Congress denounces father draft. John L. Lewis . . . Forty-hour week . . .

A crew chief stumbles past you on his way to the hangar. He's been going seventy-two hours without taking his shoes off; his face is unshaven, and his eyes look like holes burned in a blanket. "What's the news back home?"

"Oh, nothing much," you reply. "Everything about the same!"

You fold the paper and put it back in your pocket. Somehow, you are ashamed to have him see it. After all, it's his country, too.

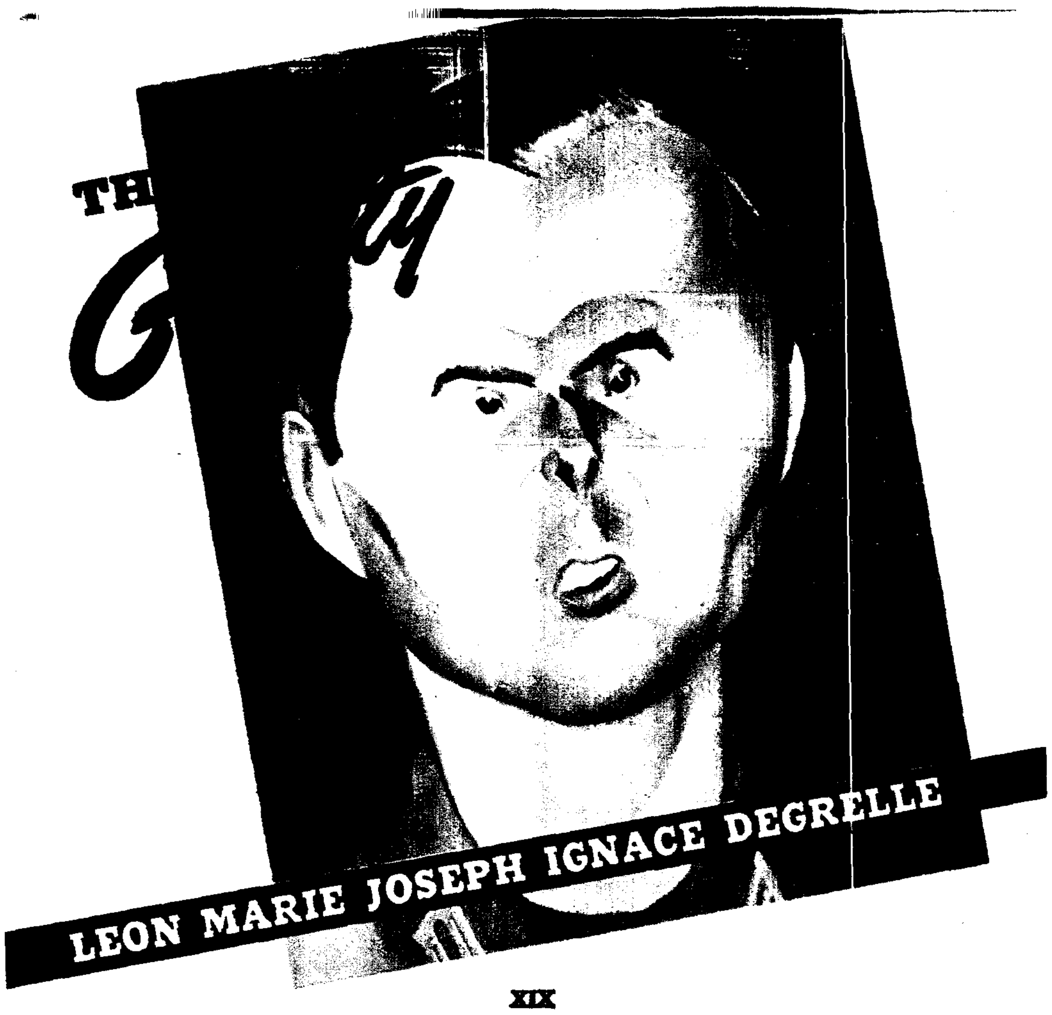
THE END



"I guess I forgot to tell you, Jenkins, that the Corps of Engineers is a nonprofit organization"

COLLIER'S SGT. GEORGE BAKER

2 Gifts in 1
1. *Handsome Hickok steerhide belt* and initialled buckle — in "Miss Victory" box $2.50
2. *Two initial Buckle* on genuine cowhide belt, black or brown $2.50
3. *Hickok belt;* sterling silver initial buckle $5.00
4. *Smart Hickok initial tie chain* with collar bar $2.00
All Handsomely Gift-boxed
HICKOK
Where War Work Comes First
BELTS • BRACES • JEWELRY


LEON MARIE JOSEPH IGNACE DEGRELLE

XIX

WHAT Adolf Hitler counted on as a source of strength has turned out to be a fatal weakness. In every country marked down for conquest, the Master Corruptionist was able to buy up rotted souls—men willing to betray their people for money or preferment—but in every case, these abominable treacheries only stirred the populations to deeper fury and fiercer resistance. The shame of a Quisling has made every Norwegian willing to die rather than submit, and Karl Hermann Frank, Czechoslovakia's Judas, is more hated than blood-thirsty Kurt Daleuge.

In Belgium it is the name of Leon Marie Joseph Ignace Degrelle that steels the resolution of every man, woman and child. What adds to the rage of Belgians is that they underestimated the menace of the slick-haired demagogue, letting him run free instead of being placed before a firing squad to pay the penalty for treason. Even when it became known that he was taking Nazi money and Hitler's orders, sapping the foundations of national unity, a tolerant people contented themselves with putting the traitor in prison when he should have been shot or hanged.

It must be admitted, however, that Degrelle was a good deal of a joke in the beginning. His first known activity, after being kicked out of the University of Louvain, was the sale of "miracles" to poor ignorant peasants. Fragments of the true Cross, bones of the saints and that sort of thing. The Catholic hierarchy soon branded him as a vulgar charlatan, putting the police on his trail, and Degrelle prudently switched to other and safer kinds of petty swindling.

Handsome, plausible and glib, politics eventually appealed to him as a field for his talents, but repeated bids for office resulted in defeat. Nothing seemed more certain than that the "man with the electric voice" would remain a local windbag, but in 1935, Adolf Hitler began the development of fifth columns in other countries, and Leon Degrelle was his choice in Belgium. Even more important than money, the Nazis gave him a slogan. "Watch out for the Red Peril. Down with Bolshevism!" Starting a political movement that he called Christus Rex—Christ the King—the unscrupulous rascal quickly gained a following by his lurid warnings against "Unholy Russia." Cardinal Van Roey, to be sure, denounced him as a blasphemer, but Degrelle simply changed the name to Rexists, and went on with his campaign.

In every country, there are racial, religious and class prejudices that can be played on, and with plenty of Nazi funds to spend, the Rexists turned Belgium into a bedlam. Inflaming hates and discontents, bribing and lying, Degrelle gained political strength to a point where Premier Paul Van Zeeland felt the necessity of taking the field against him. A bitter campaign exposed the traitor's intrigues and German affiliations, and in the election the Rexists polled only 69,000 votes against 276,000. Admittedly a Nazi tool, Degrelle should have been tried for treason, but the Belgians, being a democratic people, shrank from such decisive action.

This was a criminal blunder, for in 1938 the Rexist leader attempted a *putsch* under orders from Berlin. Assembling an "army" of petty criminals and professional malcontents, Degrelle started a march on Brussels, bellowing his intent to save Belgium from Bolshevism. The government put down the uprising easily enough and without much loss of life, but once again decided against stern measures, merely putting the leader and some 250 of his followers behind bars.

Notwithstanding these failures, Hitler still retained faith in the "man with the electric voice," and when the Germans marched into Brussels, one of their first acts was to release Degrelle and put him in as *Gauleiter* of the captured country. A storm of protest greeted the appointment, and neither Nazi firing squads nor Brownshirt clubs could force the Belgians to accept the rule of one whom all despised. Sabotage and open revolt reached such proportions that General Alexander von Falkenhausen had to demand a change. "Degrelle," he reported, "is our worst enemy." Even the presence of the creature—the fact that he breathed Belgian air—proved such an irritant that he was asked to leave the country.

By way of saving his face, Degrelle announced that he had raised a Walloon regiment for service on the Russian front, and dashed off with a spectacular flourish somewhat marred by German grins and Belgian hoots. At last reports (and from Berlin, at that), the phony was buying wine and dancing with prostitutes in taverns far behind the fighting line. His caution, however, pleases the people that he betrayed. They do not want anyone else to deal with Leon Marie Joseph Ignace Degrelle. It is a pleasure they reserve for themselves. ★★★

CARICATURE BY SAM BERMAN

Why It Costs You More to Live

Continued from page 24

days unconcerned and full of vigor, while I had barely strength to stagger home. It was harrowing because we visited the ladies' underwear and corset departments.

One tense moment was in a New York store with Mrs. Taylor. The assistant corset buyer had been talking about the deterioration of what she called "foundation garments" since the war. It appeared that cloth gussets, or something, were being used in place of elastic; that garters aren't what they used to be. In the middle of these sad tidings, though, the buyer held out a pink number in triumph. It still had two-way stretch in it, and both ladies squealed with pleasure.

"You ought to put it in a museum!" Mrs. Taylor advised.

Quality is Important

This was not as irrelevant as it sounds. A cost of living index, to mean anything, must be based on quality as well as price, and quality, in this day of shortages and substitutions, is a highly variable thing. The shoppers must be experts at quality as well as price detection, and they are carefully trained to spot substitutions and lowered quality. Rigid specifications are drawn up and modified from time to time as the need arises.

About a year ago, for instance, the specifications were amended for 75 articles of clothing; within six months, almost a fifth of these were no longer obtainable. In specifying how a dress or a coat shall be constructed, the Bureau of Labor Statistics is as fussy as an admiral planning a battleship.

When possible, shoppers with experience in department store selling are hired by the bureau. Otherwise, they are given an intensive course in fabrics and in garment and furniture construction. Their job does not include tracking down violations of OPA rules such as the selling of inferior articles at existing price ceilings.

Through the years, the BLS shoppers have worked up a cordial relationship with the buyers in the stores they visit. Without this, it would be impossible for so small a staff to obtain the monthly data needed for the index. In the main, the buyers are frank. Again and again, as we shopped, I heard them admit that quality was going down.

Most shoes are now made with fourth- or fifth-grade leather because of the needs of the armed services. All-wool coats have a percentage of reused wool. Sofas no longer have metal springs. Fabrics are deteriorating, too. They are more loosely woven and will not wear as long. In one store, we saw pajamas selling for $2, which were so sleazy that they would disintegrate after a few washings. The story was the same in the lower-priced ladies' dress departments.

The shopper sleuths of the BLS are the field workers behind the Cost of Living Index. Equally important work must be done by the statisticians and other experts in Washington. The index, although largely unknown to the general public, is nonetheless widely used. It was the basis of the "Little Steel formula," under which the War Labor Board ruled that wages were to be held at 15 per cent above the January, 1941, level, except in unusual cases.

This was incorporated in the President's "Hold the line" order of last April when he said that prices were to be controlled and further wage increases halted. But the cold statistics of the index show that the cost of war living has increased more than 25 per cent, not 15, and every labor leader knows this. The index directly affects the pay of hundreds of thousands of workers because of stipulations in labor unions' contracts that they are to be consulted during wage negotiations.

It is therefore vital that the index shall accurately reflect the buying habits of the typical American. The changes in these habits imposed by the war were infinite, of course. Automobiles, used for business only, burned less gasoline, and the average bill went down, but repair bills were higher. America on wheels became, to its regret, an America riding streetcars and busses; more was spent for fares. The Cost of Living Index had to be adjusted to all these changes. Automobiles, tires and tubes, radios, vacuum cleaners and other vanishing articles had to be dropped from the list of articles priced. The twenty-two shoppers couldn't find any. They had no prices to report.

The index, to be accurate, must show the importance of every article purchased by the average American in relation to all the others. This, in the language of the statistician, is its weight. Caviar is not bought by the average American and so is not included in the index. Nearly everybody buys eggs, and their weight is high. Fuel oil was given a much lower weight as soon as it was rationed; even the man who could get it would be using less and spending less out of his total income for it. The weights of scarce goods are naturally low.

The busy statisticians of the BLS concluded, among other things, that the war had transformed from fancy to fact the idiotic song of a decade ago, Yes! We Have No Bananas. The banana boats were bringing bauxite and other war materials from Latin America. Virtually off the market, bananas were an item on few family budgets, so their weight was cut two thirds. We had less coffee, and its rating was cut about half, but this will have to be shifted back, now that coffee rationing has ended.

The Prices Go Skyward

Uncle Sam had the facts about the cost of living from his price sleuths right along, but he was pretty slow about controlling rises of any kind and particularly slow about food. Prices rose just as rapidly as in the last war—15 per cent—between late 1941 and May, 1942. Food, clothing and housefurnishings were even higher. It was not until the end of last year that most food prices had been fixed, and then, in all probability, some of the ceilings were too high.

This is one reason why many a housewife howls with derision if she sees the Cost of Living Index at all. She may read that chickens have gone up 51.4 per cent while, that very morning, she paid almost twice as much. She reads that clothing has gone up only 28 per cent since the war started. Why, that very week she paid $12.80 for little Emily's winter coat! Before Pearl Harbor, a coat, for all the world as good, sold for $7.80. The housewife would be perfectly right and yet she would be wrong, too.

The Cost of Living Index is a nationwide average. It is based on all big cities and on several stores in each of them. The over-all average for clothing includes coats which little Emily and her mother would spurn.

The index may not apply specifically to Yonkers or to Kalamazoo. No price ceilings, except possibly in a dictatorship, can prevent variations, but in the long run, all over the country, the average American will sooner or later feel prosperous or poor according to the month-by-month figures of the Cost of Living Index.

THE END

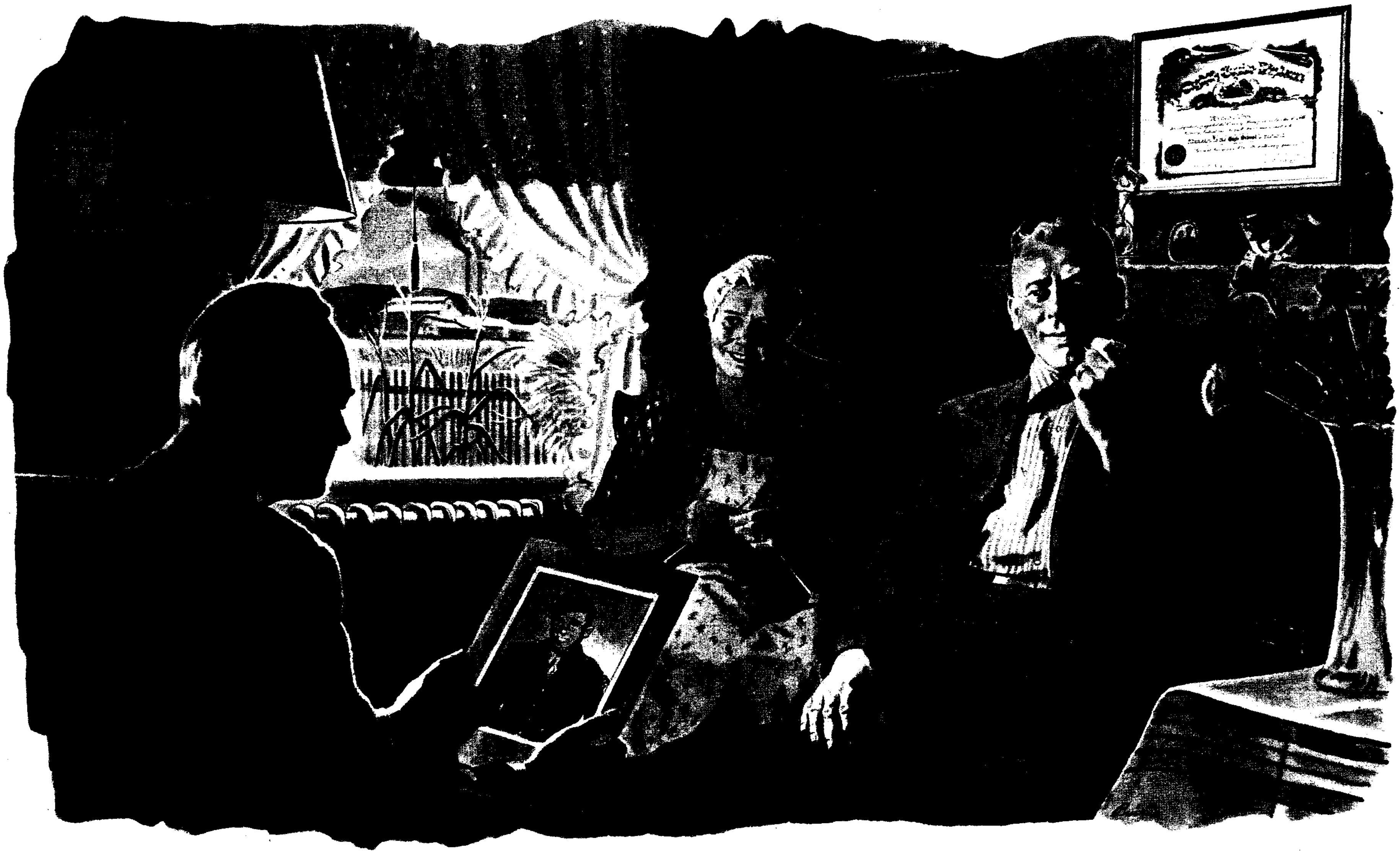
IT'S a small house on a side street in a suburban town. Outside the withered stalks of last summer's victory garden show yellowish-green in the frosty sunlight. Across the valley the buildings of a manufacturing plant cut great rectangular chunks out of the sky-line.

Stand in the right spot in the living-room and with one sweep of the eyes you can take in the framed diploma on the wall, the victory garden, and the massive buildings of the manufacturing plant. Joe Johanson will show you how, while his wife smiles and nods at his side. In that one sweep you encompass what to Joe and his wife is the meaning of America; the plant where Joe is free to work—at work of his own choosing; the victory garden, which, like the war bonds in the safety-deposit box, is their reminder that all Americans are working together to keep America free; and the little framed diploma which is the symbol of equal opportunity.

The diploma was given to Joe's son on the day of his graduation from the local high school. Joe will tell you that when the war is over his son is coming back to finish college. Then who knows? Maybe some day this son of his will be superintendent of the plant across the valley; maybe a great lawyer; maybe a banker; maybe President of this wonderful country. Who knows—in America?

Joe will tell you that his son would have had that diploma even if something had happened to Joe himself. The life insurance policy would have made sure of that. That again is America where opportunity is not denied even in the face of disaster. And Joe will tell you further that his wife will not have to sacrifice the little home nor the war bonds no matter what happens. Joe has seen to that. He has just been over his life insurance with his life insurance agent. Joe and his wife look forward confidently to their own future and to the future of America.

The framed diploma on the living-room wall



THOSE who prepare for the future look to the future with confidence. Today, as always, its uncertainties are lessened for those who make sure through a review of their life insurance that in the event of personal disaster families will be kept together, children will be kept in school, and homes and war bonds will not have to be sacrificed to meet immediate needs.

If you review your life insurance with a John Hancock agent you get the benefit of an experience of more than eighty years in fitting life insurance to the needs and incomes of families in every walk of life, the experience of the John Hancock Company. Out of that experience a John Hancock agent will help you to fit your life insurance to your specific needs and obligations.

John Hancock
MUTUAL
LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
OF BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS
GUY W. COX, President

RENE MANNING
Star in
ESERT
Brothe

Presenting a Minute-Quiz with Irene Manning

"MISS MANNING—what would *your* pin-up man be like?"

"Just let yourself go, Irene."

"Well, I prefer a sincere brunette with a sense of humor . . . a two-fisted man who can smile with his eyes and think with his heart."

"And must he look like a god?"

"Not necessarily, but I'd like him a bit fastidious in a man's own way and naturally well groomed."

Yes, all women seem to agree . . . a man who watches his grooming is a man they like to know. Such a man, for instance, as those who've got "That Wonderful Seaforth Feeling." And today, if you please, *that* is something any maid can give to any man for Christmas, in a set of completely masculine Seaforth Toiletries, to be found at fine stores everywhere.

ALFRED D. McKELVY COMPANY
10 ROCKEFELLER PLAZA NEW YORK

Seaforth
THE GRANDSTANDER

SHAVING SOAP
LOTION • TALC
COLOGNE
DEODORANT
HAND SOAP
HAIR DRESSING

FOR MEN

Seaforth!

THE GRANDSTANDER. Jaunty jugs of Heather-scented Shaving Lotion, greaseless, non-sticky Hair Dressing and rich, quick-lathering Liquid Shaving Soap 3.00

SET F. Tom & Jerry mug of Shaving Soap, stone jugs of Shaving Lotion, Talc and Hair Dressing, and three bars of hand soap, all refreshingly heather-scented 5.00

Single items 1.00. Sets 2.00 to 7.00

The Eager Beaver

Continued from page 29

lather about something. Jeff Webb was the other person present.

Captain Rawson got to the point immediately. "Holt," he said, "you and Webb have been on the base longer than the others. Perhaps you two may know something of the situation among the pilots. This thing is getting out of hand."

He paused and nodded at Marshall, who said, "We have over a hundred of you pilots and yet the planes are stacking up on us sky-high. They aren't being moved."

"Well, sir," I said, "we do our best. But you know, yourself, that for the past few months we have been having the vilest weather this coast has seen in years."

Captain Rawson almost screamed, "Weather! It's always weather." He paused and said in a more moderate tone, "Of course, I am not blaming any of you. Most of you men come from the airlines and so you're naturally used to playing safe. Besides, you have your orders to stay on the ground under such conditions and think of the safety of your craft first, last and always. But something has to be done."

Jeff said quietly, "My personal opinion, sir, is that we're getting too many reservists with not enough real Navy training in teamwork."

It was obvious that he was thinking of John Everett.

The captain shook his head. "No, no; that isn't it. Good transport pilots don't come out of Navy training fields. It isn't a question of men." He looked harried and defeated and said with resignation, "I guess we can't beat the weather. Anyway, think about it. If you have any ideas, let me know."

On our way to Operations, Jeff said, "You know what he wants, don't you? He's putting on the squeeze. If we ignore weather regulations and jam on through he'll look aside."

"I gathered that he was hinting as much."

"Sure. But you know what that means? Every off-hour we have, spent under the hood, or in a Link trainer, boning-up on our instrument flying. Cripes, I like a little time to myself."

"Same here."

THAT evening I had dinner with John and learned his program for the day. He had passed his physical with a twelve Schneider and in the afternoon had gone over to the factory with Jeff to pick up a couple of dive bombers, the SBDs, and ferry them back to the base. Then he got another from the shops and put it through its two-hour flight test.

What he had managed to accomplish rather startled me. A new pilot usually sits around the base a week or so before taking up a ship. John had been in the air twice on the first day. That was one for the record.

The following day a utility Lockheed took five of us down to San Diego to pick up some Wildcats that had just come in from the East. John was along and that, too, was one for the record. His second day and he was already in on an aircraft delivery. Jeff couldn't figure that at all.

We strolled over to the parked Wildcats and John beamed at the little fighters and said, "Ugly little beasts."

Jeff said, "Don't be surprised to stand one on a wing tip. They ground-loop at the drop of an eyebrow."

John just smiled and said, "Really?" There was certainly no love lost between those two.

We climbed into the cockpits, started the engines and took off in formation. I was flight leader and John was riding my right wing. Jeff was on my left and Tynan and Slade were left and right on the ends. As soon as we cleared the field John closed in on me with his wing tip almost scraping my cockpit. The others were forced to close in too, and we rode that sardine-packed formation all the way north.

By the time we reached Alameda, perspiration was running down my nose in a steady trickle. We circled the field and I looked over at John, but he had no intention of pulling away for the landing. Those five planes looked like one in the sky and that is exactly how we landed, all wheels touching simultaneously, still in formation. We pulled over to the hangars in a straight line and snapped off the engines.

Not one of us, as we got out of our cockpits, was very happy. If any of those ships had ground-looped on landing, the five of us would have piled up in the worst flaming mess that field had ever witnessed.

John grinned at us and said, "No ground loops. Pretty landing, wasn't it?"

I was flight leader, but a lieutenant (jg), and John was the ranking officer present. Anyway, there wasn't much I could say. We were supposed to be just as good as he had made us—real Navy stuff. I had to smile, but Jeff gave John a dirty look. Jeff hated grandstand plays and that was how it had looked to him.

THAT night we sat in the cocktail room on top of the Mark Hopkins, tugging away at highballs and peeking out of the shades over the dimmed-out gloom of San Francisco. John was stretched out comfortably in his chair, his eyes fixed on a young girl sitting at the circular bar. Dark, with slumberous eyes and a creamy skin, she was a knockout. She waved at John.

He got to his feet and I said, "Excuse me, boys, but I know that girl." He went over and joined her at the bar.

I looked at Jeff and chuckled. "I'd give a month's pay to be in his shoes right now."

Tynan and Slade were grinning, but Jeff was frowing. He said quietly, "I hate to say this, Mark, but I think John Everett's an eager beaver of the worst sort."

I stopped smiling and sat back to stare at him. In the Navy, it is all right to call a man an eager beaver if you say it with a smile. The expression was originally meant to convey the picture of one who is always busy, like a beaver, keeping his own dam in repair by bootlicking and pushing. If used seriously the expression would reflect badly on a man's character and reputation. It is somewhat similar to the term "apple-polisher," a type known to everyone.

"No," I said, "I think you got him wrong."

Jeff made no reply, but he had started something.

We were back at the base the next day, and John had slept all the way down in the Navy transport plane. When we got off the plane, Jeff got us all together in a close huddle and said, "Suppose we just duck around the edge of the building and beat it. We can report for orders tomorrow and no one will be the wiser. I could use a few hours on my own."

All of us looked at John, who smiled and said, "You fellows run along, but I'm going over to Operations and flap my gums with the boys."

Jeff was so angry he almost blew his top. We had to go along with John. If but one man reported, the exec would want to know what happened to the rest of the group. It couldn't be worked that way.

It was just my luck, too, to be handed an SBD to be flown from the factory to Norfolk for a carrier in the Atlantic. Worse, still, it was solo, "Proceed singly." And just over the mountains I ran into the dirtiest kind of weather. It took me two weeks to reach Norfolk and almost that long to ferry a Wildcat back to my base. I reported to the duty officer and then strolled into the bar, glad and relieved to be back.

Jeff, Tynan, Slade and about twenty other officers were packed in the small room. I dropped into a chair, ordered a drink and looked around. No one seemed very happy.

I asked, innocently enough, "Where's John Everett?"

Silence fell in that room like the last-act curtain of a bad show. All eyes turned to stare at me. Jeff shoved his drink aside and leaned across the table. "Lieutenant John Everett," he growled, "is at Operations. In fact, any time you want Lieutenant Everett, you can always find him at Operations."

Tynan raised his glass. "To the eagerest of all eager beavers."

I scratched my head and asked, "What gives? I've been away."

"You've been away!" Jeff laughed. "We've been on a Cook's tour of the whole darned country. Weather? What's a little thing like weather? Shove on through, lads, for the greater glory of Lieutenant John Everett."

"Make sense, will you?"

"Okay." Jeff dropped his false grin and explained: "We've been in a rat race since the day you left. Everett was made flight leader and led a group of us in SBDs up to Seattle for a carrier delivery. The gray stuff was solid all the way. We came down through holes for refueling and landed at Seattle ten minutes after official sunset. Everett broke every regulation in the book, but when we got back here on the transport not a word was said by anyone on the staff."

I nodded. "It probably pleased Captain Rawson."

Tynan smiled grimly and said, "We made two more trips up to Seattle under the same conditions, three hops to San Diego and back and one delivery to San Francisco."

Jeff interrupted him to say, "Then eight of us followed Everett back to Norfolk. You were on your way back by then. After the delivery in Norfolk we went up to the Grumman plant on Long Island to pick up nine torpedo bombers for the Pacific Fleet. We pulled out with those TBFs directly in the face of a blizzard. We stayed overnight in Pensacola, but Everett had us out of bed before dawn. The overcast was solid from New Orleans to Palm Springs. Even the sea gulls were walking."

I STARED at him incredulously. "And you pulled out?"

"Everett said the fleet was waiting for the planes. We picked up our wheels and didn't roll them again until we reached San Diego. That's what we have been doing while you were on one trip."

"Well," I muttered. "But if you think the flight leader is in error you can sit tight and tell him to go to hell."

Jeff said, "You mean theoretically. We let him proceed singly on the second hop to Seattle. When we got back Rawson just pleasantly asked us if we could use some instrument training under Lieutenant Everett's tutelage. After a thing like that, brother, you stick."

I could not help but smile, though no one else seemed pleased. Slade, though, stated softly, "The guy is good. He's never in doubt, he never gets panicky and he hits everything on the nose. When we rolled off the overcast, after flying all the way from Pensacola, there was Palm Springs smack under my prop. That takes navigating, and I'm not kidding."

Everyone, except Jeff, agreed to that.

John came in a few moments later. He beamed around at the men, while ordering a drink, and said, "Well, I see you gentlemen are sitting around with a mouthful of teeth—as usual." He dropped into a chair at my side. "You'll be glad to know that I'll soon be with the fleet."

Jeff gave him a disgusted look and snorted. "Don't be an ass. You're not going with any fleet."

It was a long time before he replied, then his eyes swept everyone in the room and he said, "I might get your kid brother as my gunner."

He got up from the table and went down the hallway to our room. As soon as he had gone, Jeff excitedly motioned the gang around our table and said, "That's the solution."

Tynan asked, "What is?"

"The fleet. If that beaver stays around here much longer Marshall will have us under the hood so much we'll never see daylight. The thing to do is get him out of here. Maybe the rest of you don't know it, but he can really qualify as a torpedo pilot. That was all he worked on at Corpus."

TYNAN slapped the table with a flat hand and grinned. "Jeff, you got it. But how can we get him with the fleet?"

"There are angles, my boy, and angles. One of my uncles is a carrier captain and another is in the bureau at Washington, not forgetting grandpappy CINC. Now, let me see—"

They gathered around to work on the plan, but I was not interested and wandered off to my room. It was Jeff who resented him more than the rest of us. Let him work it out.

John was in pajamas, seated in a corner of the room with a reading light over his shoulder. He put down the book he was reading, some technical treatise on carrier operation. I sat on the edge of the bed taking off my shoes. John watched me without saying a word.

I dropped the last shoe and looked over at him. "Look, John; this is probably none of my business—"

"I know," he said. "You're going to tell me about my excellent standing with the other officers."

"Right. Frankly, you're disliked. John, we're all of us pilots and we try to do a good job of our flying. But a plane flown into a mountain is just as much a victory to the Japs as if they'd shot it down. You're strong on instruments and blind flying, so you can throw the book of rules out the window and jam on through. We can't do that. With us it would be sabotage. Our medals would come from Tokyo instead of Washington. But the way you're pushing this gang into bad-weather flying—"

He held up a hand and reminded me, "There's a war going on. The guys doing the shooting need Wildcats and TBFs and SBDs to shoot with. We have 'em. And the faster we get those planes into the shooting line the better off we all are."

"You sound like a recruiting poster." I was sorry the moment I had said that, but the words were out.

All expression melted from his face and he stared blankly at me. "You," he said, picking up his book, "sound like Jeff Webb."

"Say," I exploded, "what's the matter with Jeff? I know you two don't like each other, but he has an excellent background, he's doing a good job and he's the best-liked man on the base."

John nodded. "You're right in every way except that this is the only base of the whole ADU system where ships get piled up by the dozens. The other bases keep 'em moving, and fast. You know what's wrong with this one? Jeff Webb. He sets the pace for the rest of you. He's scared to death of appearing too eager, because of his Navy family, so he leans the other way. The rest of you are impressed with his family and his idea of self-effacing teamwork, so you lean with him. Another thing, he's lazy. He has plenty of guts, like the rest of you, but he's too lazy to

GIVE THRILLING CASTLE MOVIES TO HOME PROJECTOR OWNERS!

8 mm. 16 mm.
LOW COST GIFTS THAT LIVE AND LAST!

"NEWS PARADE OF THE YEAR" (1943)

Give a home movie digest of the entire year! Key moments of the entire year's history! The on-the-spot record of war on land, sea, and in the air! Mighty battles! Historic meetings! Victories for the Allies! A movie any projector owner will treasure! Own it! Give it! Every time it is shown, history lives again! All this in one film:

★ **French Scuttle Own Fleet!**
★ **Normandie Raised!** (U. S. S. Lafayette)
★ **Allies Invade!**
Africa . . . Sicily . . . Italy!
★ **Bombs Blast Germany!**
★ **Battling the U-Boats!**
★ **Russia's Might Astounds World!**
★ **MacArthur's Smashing Offensives!**

Subject to change and addition of last minute releases

"FOOTBALL THRILLS OF 1943"

Give this sports sizzler! Red-hot moments from the year's best college games! Gridiron history, with famous players! Lightning action to thrill every sports lover! Give it to your family! Your friends!

"KIKO THE KANGAROO"* New fun! New thrills for projector owners! Kiko! A brand-new cartoon character! His antics will delight one and all! Eight riotous subjects! Select now from: **1. "THE BIG FIGHT"; 2. "CLEANED OUT"; 3. "THE FOXY FOX"; 4. "HAIL THE KING"; 5. "OSTRICH TROUBLES"; 6. "RED HOT RHYTHM"; 7. "DANGER ON ICE"; 8. "ON THE SCENT."** (Order by number)

*©Terrytoons, Inc.

FREE! New DeLuxe Catalog describing 98 thrilling home movies you can own or give! Send coupon now!

DON'T DELAY! See your PHOTO DEALER or send handy order form below TODAY!

CASTLE FILMS
INC.

RCA BLDG.
NEW YORK, 20

FIELD BLDG.
CHICAGO, 3

RUSS BLDG.
SAN FRANCISCO, 4

ORDER FORM

Send Castle Films' Home Movies indicated in the size and length checked.	8 mm.		16 mm.		
	50 ft. $1.75	Complete $5.50	100 ft. $2.75	Complete $8.75	Sound Complete $17.50
"News Parade of the Year" [1943]					
"Football Thrills of 1943"					
"Kiko Cartoon" No.____					
"Kiko Cartoon" No.____					

Name__________

Address__________

City__________

State__________ C-12

Remittance enclosed ☐ Ship C. O. D. ☐ Send Castle Films' FREE DeLuxe Catalog ☐

spend enough time under the hood to enable him, and the others, to pound through no matter what the weather is like. I dislike him for that reason, and he dislikes me because I represent what seems to him the bad element in the Navy, the eager, pushing reserve."

"Sure enough, he regards you that way."

"Yeah. So you keep planes on the ground that guys in carriers would give their right arms to have." He paused, stared at me a moment, then smiled. "Sorry, Mark. Suppose we turn in."

Something kept nagging at my conscience that night and I found it hard to sleep. I was as tired in the morning as when I had gone to bed. And that day I pulled out for Seattle, where a carrier was waiting, with seven others, with John leading the flight. It didn't take long to find out what the others had been griping about.

John wanted close formation all the way and he got it. Passing over Oakland, we were called out of the air because of weather conditions ahead; John pretended that his radio was out of order and we kept on our way.

But the gray stuff kept climbing over the California line and we were forced to go down through the soup. How John did it I don't know, but we came out under the soup flat-hatting the rooftops over Eugene, Oregon. We circled the airport and my heart jumped into my throat. The field was under three feet of water from a recent heavy rain. John asked us to follow him and we strung along, as we thought he was taking us to another field. We plowed ahead, down the valleys and canyons between the mountains, so low that we had to pull up to miss trees and houses. It soon became evident that we were going through to Seattle. It was too late to turn back.

There was a break in the overcast at Seattle, and John ordered us onto the field, as he banked away to the east. Back on good old terra firma, we looked up in the sky and there was John in his big TBF dog-fighting with an Army P-38. He did not do so badly at that, considering that the difference between the two ships was like that between a motorcycle and a truck. When he finally landed he was grinning from ear to ear.

He strolled over to where we were standing and jerked his head toward the P-38 buzzing above. "Almost got it that time," he said. "The Army pilot forgot his guns were loaded."

There were three gashes in the enclosure of John's TBF directly behind the headrest. Jeff studied them with a very pleased expression. John looked at him, laughed and walked away.

IN THREE weeks our base was cleaned of ships. And there was no more stacking after that. When we needed planes to deliver we had to go to the factories to get them. The SBDs, of course, were test-run at our base, as were the Vultee BTs, but they never stayed in the hangars longer than overnight. John set the pace and everyone followed him. Rawson and Marshall had the pressure on.

One morning we lost three of our men, Tynan and two of the newest ensigns. They had tried John's trick of flying the valleys and had crashed somewhere around Mount Hood. They had hit at better than 200 knots, flat-out. In spite of the fact that they were short on instrument time, they had known John's arguments to be partially correct and had flown on into bad weather. You had to admire the courage of guys like that, but it was a little late. And the Japs could chalk up another three victories, planes and pilots.

We got the news while at breakfast and looked around for John. I remembered leaving him in our room and told the others. We went to the room en masse and opened the door. John had his bags opened on the bed, packing them with his gear. He glanced around at us with a smile that soon faded.

He straightened and asked, "Why all the gloom? Don't tell me you boys are going to miss me."

Jeff stepped forward and said, "I suppose you haven't heard. Tynan, Mannigan and Bellowes were just killed at Mount Hood. Washed out, for good."

John took a pack of cigarettes from his pocket, put one of them in his mouth and lit it. His eyes never left us. He blew out a smoke ring and said quietly, "I liked Tynan. He had the makings of a good pilot."

"Gosh," I said, "the makings."

"But he was a little short on blind flight." He shrugged and said, "Well, gentlemen, it comes to all of us. This isn't the safest occupation in the world."

Jeff's face was red, but he held himself in control to say, "You're responsible for this, Everett. You're the spark plug around this outfit. Without you, this would never have happened."

John did not become angry, as I had thought he would. He just nodded. "Probably not."

He turned away and continued packing his gear. We stood there watching him and then I asked, "What are you packing for?"

Without looking around, he said, "I'm leaving for the fleet. Have to report at San Diego today. Order came through late last night." Then he turned and looked at Jeff. "Is Captain Frank Webb a relative of yours?"

"My uncle."

John smiled. "I thought so. He's captain of the carrier on which I'm to report. Thanks for using your influence."

We scrambled out of that room and beat it over to the exec's office, to see if we could accompany John to San Diego in the utility Lockheed.

Captain Rawson was there and said, "Go ahead. You might bring back some Wildcats while you're there. I guess you'll miss Lieutenant Everett as much as I. Eh?"

We didn't say.

We loaded that Lockheed to the guards, with John and his gear in the middle, and roared off for San Diego. When we piled out at the San Diego field, we stood about for a moment or so in embarrassed silence. John smiled and said, "Well, see you men later. Keep 'em flying." He turned away without offering his hand.

We watched him cross to the enclosure, head and shoulders above anyone around, and then slapped each other on the backs, shouting, "Happy days." When we pulled those Wildcats off the ground we barrel-rolled all over the skies and chased each other's tails back to our base.

AFTER that it was back to normalcy. We missed seeing the big lug around, of course; but, by and large, we were glad he had gone.

I probably missed him more than any of the others, and it amused me later to hear that Jeff's kid brother had been assigned to John's torpedo plane as gunner. John had doubtlessly arranged that. It would tickle his sense of humor. Jeff was as mad as a hornet, but the carrier was at sea and there was nothing he could do about it.

A month of so later we read in the papers that Lieutenant John Everett and Ensign Timothy Webb had been cited for valor in a South Seas engagement. Later on they received another citation. Then Jeff got the usual Navy wire, the notice to relatives; his brother was dead. Jeff remained aloof from the rest of us after that, and he had no comment to make on John Everett, though we learned that he was alive.

One afternoon a gang of us were standing about in front of a hangar, looking out over a fogbound field and griping about blondes, the weather and anything else that came into our minds. Jeff came walking toward us from BOQ with an odd little smile tugging at his lips. He stopped before us and pointed up into the dense fog.

"Listen."

We stopped talking and heard the muffled purr of a giant engine. "TBF," I said. "Who the devil would be flying in this soup?"

Jeff's smile deepened and I had a sudden suspicion of who it was. But, no, it couldn't be. I stared out over the field just as the wheels came down through the soup and the plane plopped on the field in a neat shock landing at full-stall. It was something to watch. The nose spun about and bored through the fog and the TBF lumbered across the field to stop just before us. The engine choked and quit.

Lieutenant John Everett climbed out of the high cockpit and made his way to the ground. His face and hands were bandaged, but otherwise he seemed all right. He reached into the torpedo compartment and pulled out his gear. The weight of the bags seemed to bother his hands and I hurried to take them from him. He grinned at me and that smile of his was like sunshine in the fog.

WE WALKED to the others and John stopped before Webb, his smile disappearing. The two looked into each other's eyes for a long moment, then Jeff held out his hand and said, "Hello, John. Glad to see you aboard."

"I'm happy as a clam at high tide to be here. That fleet fighting is pretty tough for a man my age."

Jeff said, "Yes. It takes kids like—like Tim."

John nodded. "I'm sorry about him, Jeff. He was a nice boy."

Jeff blinked and asked softly, "How did it happen?"

"Well, it was his idea. He was Navy all the way, that kid. We had just torpedoed a Jap carrier, but had taken a direct hit on the engine. We were on fire. Tim called me over the intercom and said, 'Dive into his fire-control tower. We're through anyway.' So that's what I did. The TBF smeared itself all over the fire-control tower and put the guns out of commission. Our dive bombers came along, then, and polished him off. That's the way it happened, Jeff. I guess we hit so hard I was catapulted out of the cockpit and clear over the flight deck of the carrier. Strictly a miracle. I was burnt and banged up some, but one of our destroyers came along and picked me up. Tim wasn't so lucky."

Jeff was blinking at him and his hands were tightly clenched at his sides. He said, "So that's the way he went. I'm glad you got out of it, John. But you always were a lucky stiff, anyway."

The tension was gone and John's smile returned. "That's me, all right. By the way, your uncle told me you were pulling every wire in the Navy to get me back here. Do you boys need a wet nurse?"

"Just about," Jeff said. "Take a look behind you."

All of us turned to look. Parked in front of the hangars were row upon row of dive bombers, Wildcats and TBFs. They had been stacking up ever since John left.

Jeff said, "That's why you're needed back here. This base needs a spark plug, an eager beaver. These planes have to be moved. Kids like Tim are waiting for them. And it's up to us—it's up to you, John—to move 'em."

John turned and beamed at him.

Of course, lately we have been taking a lot of kidding from the men of all the other bases. They call us the base of the eager beavers. We even have a picture of one hung over the officers' bar. And Jeff has a live one he keeps as a mascot. Sure. He calls it John.

But John doesn't mind. He's too busy teaching us all the blind-flying tricks he learned in Alaska. Needless to say, the Japs aren't chalking up any more victories on this coast.

THE END

THE HERO ON THE COVER

THE headlands of New Caledonia trailed astern. It was 7:50 P. M., November 8, 1942. The sea was flat and oily, and the little freighter throbbed eastward. Below decks, William Morris Thomas, Jr., twenty-two, a cadet midshipman of Alameda, California, was wooing sleep, when the world was split with sound, and a great hole haloed with cordite fumes appeared on the portside amidships.

Thomas picked himself off the planking and raced up to the deck. Two port lifeboats hung in splinters. Two starboard boats were getting away, loaded. "Anybody in the engine room?" he hollered.

"No!"

Thomas ran back and found a big flashlight. The freighter heeled slowly to port. A short distance off, there was a commotion in the sea, and the black silhouette of a Japanese submarine appeared. The ship was dying, but it wasn't dead yet. A chatter came from the forepeak and machine-gun tracers clanged off the sub's sides. Astern, an American 4-inch gun roared. A plume of smoke rose from the sub. When it disappeared, so had the submarine.

Thomas picked up a deck grill plate leading down to the engine room. He yelled down. No answer. He stooped low and poked his light down into the hole. Through the steam and darkness, he saw the hunched, numb figure of William Hutchinson, an oiler, of Portland, Oregon. He also saw two dead men. Thomas hitched his light to his belt, lowered himself, and swung hand over hand along an insulated steam pipe. He got Hutchinson—and got back. Hutchinson said nothing, offered no help, no resistance.

The cadet left him sitting on deck like a fat child. Then he found a line. He tied it around the oiler's waist, lowered him almost to the water line, then made the rope fast on deck. He dived into the sea, swam to Hutchinson, cut him loose, and floated with him until a deck raft swung free as the ship sank.

In the morning, an American reconnaissance plane swung low over the survivors. Later, a destroyer came out and picked them up. Hutchinson had the side of his face blown out, his teeth were bloody stumps, and his body was sieved with tiny pieces of metal. He recovered fully—and asked to go back to sea immediately.

Thomas thinks that makes Hutchinson the hero. Admiral Emory Scott Land thought differently. He pinned the Merchant Marine Distinguished Service Medal on Thomas. Right now, Thomas is a Third Assistant Engineer on an American merchant ship, God-knows-where. ★★★

The jig is up for Mr. Jenks

With all the changes that war can make . . . a war-busy husband to care for . . . a wartime home to run . . . you can't blame Mrs. Jenks for feeling something of the strain. Especially when she's over-tired.

But she soon settles that.

A little simple relaxation in the evening . . . the chance, say, to "go gin" and show Mr. Jenks who's who at the game of gin rummy . . . and she's her old cheerful self again.

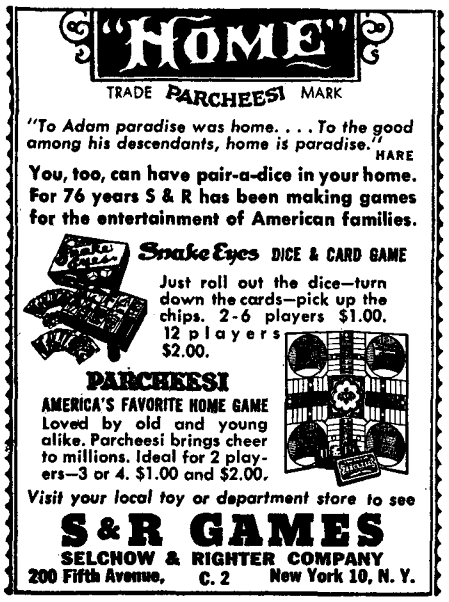
Millions of people have learned the enjoyment that can be found in a pack of cards. Staying home to help save gas and rubber . . . more money for bonds . . . can be real fun.

Are you among the *four-out-of-every-five* Americans who have discovered the pleasure of card playing? Please don't buy more packs than you need! Make sure no one—in service or on the home front—is deprived of this source of relaxation.

THE UNITED STATES PLAYING CARD COMPANY
Cincinnati 12, Ohio

★ ★ ★ MAKERS OF *BICYCLE* AND *CONGRESS* PLAYING CARDS ★ ★ ★

JOHNNY SHOEMAKER SEZ..
WITH EXTRA WALKING, SHOES MUST LAST THESE DAYS. INSURE LONGER WEAR WITH HOOD RUBBER HEELS
SUPREX
ASK FOR HOOD RUBBER HEELS & SOLES


"HOME"
TRADE PARCHEESI MARK

"To Adam paradise was home. . . . To the good among his descendants, home is paradise." HARE

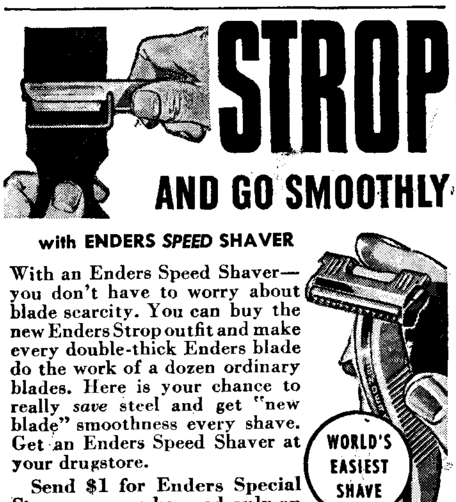
You, too, can have pair-a-dice in your home. For 76 years S & R has been making games for the entertainment of American families.

Snake Eyes DICE & CARD GAME
Just roll out the dice—turn down the cards—pick up the chips. 2-6 players $1.00. 12 players $2.00.

PARCHEESI
AMERICA'S FAVORITE HOME GAME
Loved by old and young alike. Parcheesi brings cheer to millions. Ideal for 2 players—3 or 4. $1.00 and $2.00.

Visit your local toy or department store to see
S & R GAMES
SELCHOW & RIGHTER COMPANY
200 Fifth Avenue, C. 2 New York 10, N. Y.

KEEP FIT to do your bit
Get good wholesome food and sound sleep
at Hotel Lennox St. Louis



with ENDERS *SPEED* SHAVER

With an Enders Speed Shaver—you don't have to worry about blade scarcity. You can buy the new Enders Strop outfit and make every double-thick Enders blade do the work of a dozen ordinary blades. Here is your chance to really *save* steel and get "new blade" smoothness every shave. Get an Enders Speed Shaver at your drugstore.

Send $1 for Enders Special Stropper—can be used only on Enders Speed Blades. No C.O.D.'s.

ENDERS *SPEED* SHAVER
DURHAM-ENDERS RAZOR CORP., DEPT. C, MYSTIC, CONN.

Without Security

Continued from page 20

bored. Sharon, watching her mother with ironic and indestructible admiration, was also a part of the war activity, giving her time now to the Red Cross, the motor transport division, hospital work, necessary things, the things everybody was doing.

This she had explained to Bob when she met him on the street one day, looking exactly the same in his magnificent commander's uniform as he had in his inexpensive civilian clothes. Being a thorn, she said laughing, she had withdrawn herself from the side of the settlement workers, and they were darned glad of it. Bob looked at her with his piercing black eyes—doctor's eyes she often called them—and said, "Well, you tried anyway. That's more than most of your fine-feathered friends have ever done."

You tried anyway. . . . The doorbell rang abruptly and she crushed out her cigarette. "I'll go, Mother," she called over the banister and ran down the stairs.

Opening the door on the soft autumn night she said hello to the uniform, which was all she could see until he stepped into the hallway.

"Good evening," he said sliding his peaked hat up and off. "Miss Abbott?"

"Wonderful," said Sharon as she closed the door. "How did you guess?"

James Ramsay looked sharply at her and unbuttoned his blue coat. He took it off, laid his cap on top, and handed both to Sharon. Looking gravely at the hat and heavy coat in her arms she hung them in the hall closet. With an expression of faint alarm on her face she went ahead of him down the steps from the hall to the living room. No. It was not going to be much fun. These long lean men with tanned faces, spectacular and all that, but pretty grim sometimes. . . .

"This way to the main auditorium," she said smartly, glancing at him over her shoulder. He followed her, his tanned face long and expressionless. A quick-promotion guy with his eye on the ball. Bob had written that James Ramsay was an ensign.

"Mother, this is James Ramsay, a friend of Bob's. He'll be an admiral before the war is over because just a couple of weeks ago he was an ensign and now I see he's a lieutenant jg, and he's bright in other ways too. He knew me right away as soon as I opened the door."

"Don't pay any attention to her, Mr. Ramsay," said her mother, taking off her shell-rimmed glasses and extending a nervous clever hand. "Uniforms always did that to me, too. Have you seen Bob lately?"

AS THOUGH Bob were one of *her* best friends. Sharon folded her arms and regarded her mother sardonically.

"No, ma'am," said Mr. Ramsay. He dropped Mrs. Abbott's hand and ran his own down the back of his black straight hair, giving Sharon's mother that extra glance that all men, young and old, always gave her.

She said, "Sit down, Mr. Ramsay," and Mr. Ramsay glanced at Sharon, who for purposes of her own flitted gracefully around the room. In some subtle way it was clear that this sailor had a better haircut, that his black shoes and his blue uniform were of a better quality than the things he had been accustomed to. Which was fine. Join the Navy and go up in the world.

Mr. Ramsay sat down. Sharon offered him a cigarette, and when he had taken one from the cloisonné box she flitted back to the table and picked up a matchbox. Mr. Ramsay looked at her over the flame and far back in eyes which she saw to her surprise were gray there was the beginning of a gleam. Not a twinkle, but the unmistakable promise of one. "My error," said Sharon silently. James Ramsay was in an awkward spot and by refusing to be awkward he had won this round. There was only the slightest possible smile on his face as he turned to Sharon's mother.

"No, I haven't seen Bob since I left the Yard. And there's not much chance of him being shipped up here. He'll be gone soon, I imagine, and for his sake I hope so. He's getting pretty restless. He needs to get his teeth into something big. Bob's one of the ones who definitely has the spark."

To Sharon's surprise a wave of color washed up under the tan of James Ramsay's face. Her mother saw it, too. Mrs. Abbott, who knew so beautifully how to put awkward young men at their ease began to talk in a smooth, running comment about Sampson, where her husband was now—no, he wasn't in the Navy, much to his regret, but his firm manufactured optical instruments, and he spent a great deal of time at naval stations. . . .

With a cigarette of her own, Sharon sat down and stuck her lovely legs out in front of her. She listened to James Ramsay's deep voice that was a little harsh. Her mother must be wearing her most charming expression, one of warm interest, because he was well launched on the story of his life. It was so exactly what you would expect that it was as though Sharon had heard it before. Three years of work between high school and college, the uneasiness over the extracurricular work required in engineering school and then, after all, his enlistment before he had his degree, while they were still taking enlistments. She glanced at her mother. It would take a keen eye, or an accustomed one like Sharon's, to see beneath that charming interest. But James Ramsay had a keen eye and in a moment he would see—

Sharon jumped to her feet. "Will you have a drink with us, Mother?"

"No, thank you." There was surprise and faint amusement for the little rudeness. "If you kids don't mind, I'll sit here till I finish this thumb."

"We'll try and stand it," said Sharon. The sailor looked quickly from one to the other.

"Come on," said Sharon. "We'll go draw us some beer."

WHILE she arranged crackers and cheese on a tray, got beer from the refrigerator, she talked—about the war, about what a fine guy Bob Springer was, and about the things she and her friends were doing for the war effort.

His lean face sober, his straight lips hard, James Ramsay stood against the wall with folded arms. Had he seen the boredom of her mother and resented it? With sudden and unaccountable heat, Sharon resented it too. What right had she or her mother to consider themselves superior to any guest in their house?

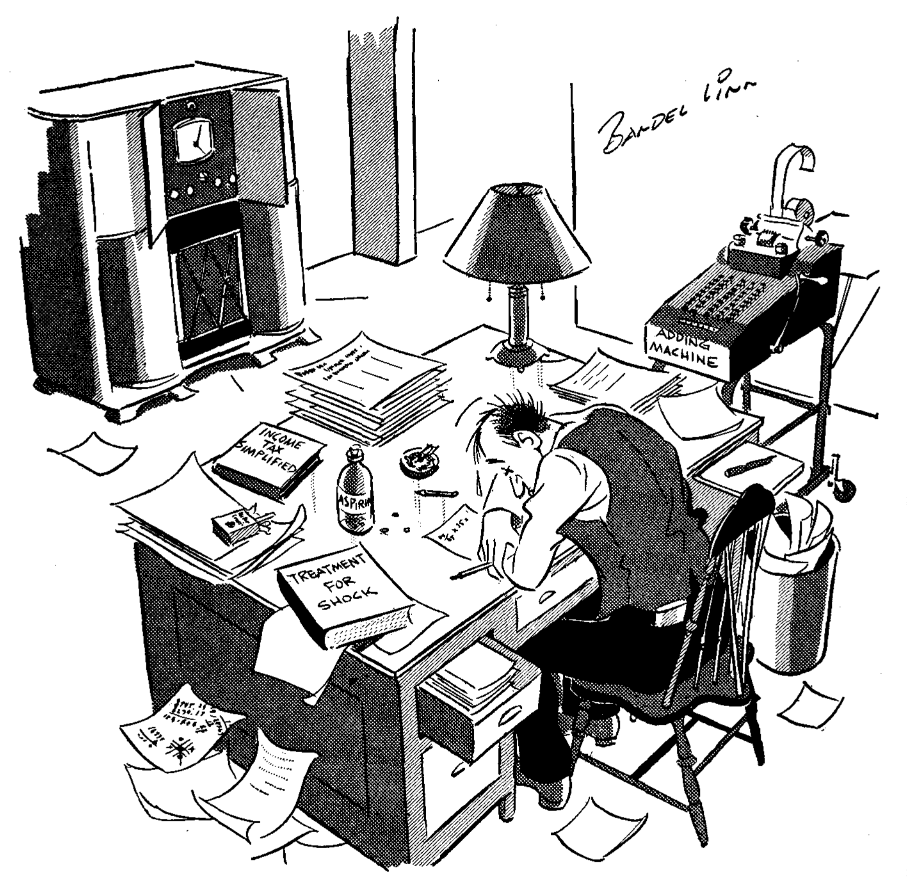
The tray ready, she smiled at James Ramsay, and he smiled back easily and warmly.

Why, thought Sharon in pleased surprise, he must like me!

In the living room she cleared a place among the cigarette boxes and gadgets and flowers for the tray he carried in. They sat down on the couch behind the low table, and she handed James Ramsay one of the crystal cone-shaped glasses.

"What did you mean," asked Mrs. Abbott, knitting expertly, "about Bob Springer having the spark?"

For a moment Sharon thought he was



NEWS

"... now, on December 15th, I believe you may amend your estimate of income which you made last September. I don't think this applies to farmers. If you made less than your estimate, the balance, I am told, will be applied on 1944 taxes. In the event that your income was underestimated by 20 per cent or more, this fact should be so stated or you will be penalized 6 per cent of the difference between the two figures. I think this is the way it works. However, one tax expert told me today that there is some question regarding . . ."

COLLIER'S BANDEL LINN

He carries his BUXTON wherever he goes!
OFFICIAL U. S. ARMY PHOTO

NO STITCHES **to rip or rot—**
it's *SELF-INTERLOCKED*

A Stitchless Buxton's guaranteed to be replaced FREE if it gives out before the leather wears out!

Rough usage, wet, sweat are fatal to stitches. That's why you should choose a Buxton *Stitchless* billfold for a service man—*or any active man!*

Buxton's *patented* ONE-PIECE interlocking construction depends on neither stitches nor glue to hold together. A *Stitchless* Buxton is guaranteed to last as long as the leather itself!

You'll find Buxtons at better leather-goods counters. Buxton, Inc., 4353 Orleans St., Springfield 1, Mass., or Dept. Y, 47 West 34th St., New York 1, N. Y.

If your dealer is sold out of Buxton Stitchless Billfolds don't blame him . . . they are the first choice of so many of his customers.

Stitchless
Buxton "3-WAY"
in India Goat—$5.00

Buxton "3-WAY"
Stitchless model
in Levant Goat—$3.50

BUXTON "THREE-WAY"– 3 Billfolds for the price of ONE!

1 A REGULAR 'POCKET FILE'! 3 full-length compartments, 8 smaller ones. Plenty of room for a man who "lives" in his billfold.

2 A SECOND FOLD! Lift it out. It's a complete, streamlined billfold to tuck away in an inside pocket . . . or leave in hotel safe.

3 A SECRET POCKET! Simply reverse inner fold. It becomes a hidden pocket —a swell hideout for large bills or personal papers.

BUXTON *"NO STITCHES"*
(SELF-INTERLOCKED)

"Gosh... they all want Waterman's!"

It's no wonder everyone wants a new Waterman's this Christmas. After all, these gleaming beauties are the finest in all Waterman's history! But this popularity—plus the fact that fewer are being made—may mean fewer to choose from.

So remember: *Every* Waterman's has the exclusive Inkquaduct Feed for instant writing. *Every* Waterman's has the 14 kt. Gold point that's hand-ground for smoothness. And *every* Waterman's meets civilian and military needs alike with its smart color, and its top military clip to hold pen low in pocket.

To give a good pen this Christmas, just look for the name *Waterman's.*

The Ideal Gifts—*War Bonds, first of all!* Then, give Waterman's 100 Year Pens. (A)* Gold Cap with Blue, Amber or Jet barrel, $13.50; in set with matching pencil, $19.25. (B)* Amber, Blue, Maroon or Jet, $8.75; in set, $12.50. (C) The Commando, in 4 colors, $5; in set, $8.

**Waterman's 100 Year Pens are guaranteed for 100 years against all but loss or wilful damage when returned to factory with 35¢ to cover postage, insurance and handling. L. E. Waterman Co., New York, N. Y.*

Just look for the Name

Waterman's

angry. He flushed again, faintly under his tan. "Oh, that," he said. "It's just an idea of mine."

Mrs. Abbott knitted and looked at him.

"It sounds kind of crazy to other people, I guess," he said at last, "but I've always believed that everybody is born with what I call the spark—only it gets lost or smothered or something. It always flares up in a war, and that's one of the good things that comes out of a war. This thing I'm talking about," he pushed his glass impatiently, as though he could not find the right words, "is what—well—has moved us forward beyond the animals. We've come a long way but I think we're about a thousand years behind our schedule right now. For one thing we should be beyond the need of wars, but we're not. As long as we keep losing the spark—"

"Or there keep on being Hitlers and Tojos," suggested Mrs. Abbott.

He shook his head. The free countries, he said, deserved to have Hitler and Tojo happen to them because they, the free countries, were bogged down in their comfort and their soft lives, and had expected somebody else to stop the dictators. Nobody, said James Ramsay, has a right to comfort and softness.

IN THE little silence that followed, Sharon cut cheese to fit the small crackers and her mother knitted on an olive-drab thumb.

Except, said James Ramsay, taking the cracker that Sharon held out to him, babies and very old people and those who were ill. He put the cracker on the tray, again with a gesture of impatience and said, "There's a job, a hard job for everybody in the world—only most people don't do theirs. Most people turn aside, or forget or ignore the things they've always known deep down inside."

Jessica slipped her shell-rimmed glasses off, gathered up her knitting and magazines and stood up. "That's my eleventh pair finished. Now if you kids think you can get along without me—" She had already forgotten the boring thing the kids had been talking about. This time James Ramsay knew he must be on his feet.

"Good night, James," she said, giving him her nervous, clever hand. "Will you come again?"

"Thank you," he said, as though he had not yet decided.

Sharon got up and kissed her mother good night, and Jessica walked lightly and swiftly across the room and up the short steps, her figure as thin as ever but, miraculously, no longer boyish.

They looked gravely at each other across the couch as they sat down, free now to talk about the things that Jessica would not want to understand.

"Bob told me you did settlement work with him," James Ramsay said. "Only he didn't talk much about you. He didn't," James Ramsay waved his hand around the room, "tell me about all this." His eyes twinkled. No, he was not without humor. "He didn't tell me about the magnificent lap of luxury that you live in."

"Well, it's hardly that."

They laughed.

"Did you like settlement work?" asked James.

"I loved it."

He waited, expectant, and she began as he had done, hesitantly, and then with quickening enthusiasm, some of the old excitement coming back as she talked about Hodgson House and Miss Conklin, who was efficient and hard-working but who could never see the poor except as "cases;" about the final hopelessness in the face of legal barriers and red tape and system, so that you either gave up or ended as a cog.

Her voice died away, and some of her excitement, as she remembered how young she had been, how ignorant in her enthusiasm. James Ramsay, who had listened attentively, looked at the room, his eyes resting on the mulberry draperies looped back over the off-white ones, on the pale, deep chairs, on the small unnecessary fire crackling in the fireplace.

"No, no," said Sharon, "it wasn't that. I never cared about softness and luxury and security—"

"Security." He brought his eyes back to hers. He laughed. "There's a lot of nonsense talked about security," he said, "but we haven't found it yet—and we won't, until everybody begins to do his particular job—"

"What's yours, James?"

"I don't know."

She put her glass down and looked at him. He had sounded so sure of himself, of everything. Thoughtfully, unaware of her, he picked up the cracker he had discarded and popped it whole into his mouth and chewed it.

"I was on the track of it," he said, "when the war came along. Engineering has something to do with it—I know that—I mean, for me— There has to be good water and sanitation and sound living conditions for everybody. It seems to me we have to start there. And I happen to be one of the ones who don't mind physical hardship. Comfort has never meant much to me. I can live in a tent or a hut or sleep well on the bank of a river."

"A fine, free existence," she said, unreasonable disappointment still in her. "Kind of a hobo or a Boy Scout."

"No. Those are the conditions I'd live under probably, but they'd only be the conditions. Whatever I work at, get paid for, will have to be more than just a living. I hope it'll be something that means progress. Then I'd like to get around, after the war, and see as much of the world as will fit into the job I have to do. That's my idea of a good life."

Her disappointment was gone.

"Very pleasant," she said, smiling obliquely at him. "Very pleasant—for a single man. But what would happen to families and children if all men wandered around the world—"

"There's plenty of room for a family and children in a life like mine. If they could take it."

ACROSS the couch, across the deep chasm of their lives, they gazed at each other. The chasm was very deep and it was dangerous to look into great depths—

"I've never thought much about love," said James Ramsay, "because whenever I have, I've known that I would fall in love with the wrong girl."

"Well." With an effort, she freed her eyes and drank a little more of the beer. "Of course," she said in a light voice, "you might fall in love with a girl who thought sleeping on the bank of a river or in a tent, was no home life at all."

"That's what I mean."

Her eyes rested on his thin brown hand.

"She wouldn't be the kind that could go along with me," said James Ramsay. Sharon waited, her eyes on his hand. "She'd be beautiful and soft," he said, "the kind who kills the spark in a man."

"We can't drink this." She slid out from behind the low table. "It's warm. I'll get some cold beer."

Her knees felt loose, unhinged, as she walked across the room. There was nothing to be afraid of, but that was what she felt, fear which she recognized, and a warm terrible disturbance which she did not.

She was gazing blankly into the refrigerator when he appeared in the kitchen door. "What you mean, of course," she said, closing the refrigerator and then opening it quickly again, "is that when you fall in love, you will want to take care of her, protect her, the way all men want to protect their wives—"

"Now that's a hell of a life for a grown-up man." He grinned with his white, crooked teeth and leaned against the doorway. "Spending his best years making one woman happy. But it's what all women want, isn't it?"

With her shoulder, she closed the heavy enamel door and put the two bottles down on the metal sink. "But I thought," she said in wonder, not looking at him, "that all men wanted that, too—"

"Not all men. Some men want a partner. You know—fifty-fifty." His eyes were twinkling, mocking. "And we don't need any more beer. I have to be going."

"Not yet," she said, softly, stubbornly; "you mustn't go yet."

"I have to."

He put the beer back in the refrigerator and waited for her at the door. They walked together up the hall. She would drive him to his hotel, she said, and he said no, he wanted to walk.

"I'll be busy all day tomorrow," he took his coat from her and slipped into it, "at the Naval Inspector's office. Will you have dinner with me tomorrow night?"

"I can't. I have a date."

"Then I won't see you again. I report, the morning after, at the station, and I don't know where I go from there."

STANDING close beside him, so close she could touch him, the chasm was wide and deep between them. They had only begun, there were so many things he had to tell her that nobody else had ever been able to tell her. . . . But she must be careful. . . . On her own side of the chasm there was safety and security. . . . She had a date tomorrow night, and with Gregory she would be safe and secure. . . .

But this was tonight. His arm went around her, and she leaned back against it, watching his hard mouth come down to hers. He held her close and, scarcely knowing it, her arms slipped up around his neck. . . . Nothing else in the world mattered. This was what she had been waiting for; this was the thing she had missed. . . .

Time began again when he was unlocking her arms, holding her off, his face strained and white.

"You see," he said. "I knew it would be like that—"

"Don't say it—don't say it, James!"

He looked at her, studying her, thinking about her, and she knew her own face was white. She was glad, as she looked steadily back at him, that the decision was to be his. She could not have shouldered it.

"All right. I won't say it." He walked to the door. "I'll be at the Monroe Hotel."

Anger was the thing she felt as the door closed on him. She was, after all, the one who must decide, and decide alone. He had left it that way.

She turned and went up the stairs, anger draining out of her, to be replaced by a sudden intolerable loneliness, as though the door had closed forever on the things in life that would at last have been clear and valuable.

Her mother called to her, and Sharon opened the bedroom door.

"You should be asleep," said Sharon in a flat voice. "Daddy said I was to see that you got enough sleep."

She looked at her mother, a ribbon around the brushed-out rose-gold hair, lacy pillows propped up against the white satin headboard. Her mother's face glistened like a child's. Cold cream at night was important, like the silk blanket cover and the pillows and the milk in the vacuum jug, things without which the world could not go on. This was security. These were the things that security brought you—and nothing else. Everything else had to be within you—

Her mother gathered up the papers on the bed and shuffled them into a neat pile. "Every one of these youngsters ought to be admitted to the working mothers' nursery. The applications are all sound, but we're filled up. There's a meeting of the board tomorrow, and I can't be there because the drive for blood donors must begin right away. Our bank is badly depleted since we sent out twenty units to the factory where that fire was—"

"You're having a wonderful time in this war," said Sharon, "aren't you?"

"Yes." Her mother looked unsmilingly at her. "That's wrong, isn't it, darling?"

"Not for you. No matter what happens, you'll always have a wonderful time. You can't help it."

Her mother took off her glasses and slipped them into the blue leather case. She placed the case carefully in the exact center of the pile of papers.

"What am I going to do," she said, the famous long gray eyes somber, "when this war is over?"

Sharon walked across the room. There was no footboard on the bed and she sat down on the end, leaning back on one rigid arm. "What you've always done," she said. "Have fun."

Her mother looked away, at the window where the curtains ran out on the cool autumn breeze. They were silent.

After a little while Sharon asked: "Did you know what James Ramsay was talking about?"

"Oh, yes."

"But it bored you."

"No. It didn't bore me. You had it once, Sharon, the thing he was talking about."

"And you blocked me."

"That's the wrong word," said her mother, watching the curtains. "I steered you a little. You were so young, so terribly enthusiastic. I couldn't see you as another Miss Conklin, in low heels and a brown felt hat, with an umbrella. It's so easy to choose wrong when you're very young. Sometimes people don't know until they're middle-aged that they've chosen wrong. And then it's too late." She brought her eyes back to Sharon's and smiled. "If it was the thing for you, a little steering wouldn't have mattered. You'd have been strong enough to buck a little steering."

"All right. I wasn't strong enough—alone." Sharon leaned toward her mother. "But I think I'm going to have another chance. If he asks me, I'm going to marry James Ramsay."

Her mother folded her hands on the white silk blanket cover. "James Ramsay will never make much money," she said. "And he's not the kind who would accept help from your father and me."

"No. He'd starve before he'd accept any help."

"You won't have what people call fun, you and James Ramsay." Her mother stared at her clasped hands. "But I think you will laugh a lot together. And you'll never wonder why you are alive. Darling, don't let him get away!"

SHARON sank back, flat on the bed, and looked at the ceiling. She should have known. The sharp almost bitter love she had for her mother had had no tenderness, but it had been very real. This was what had made it real.

"So that's what you were always running from?" she murmured.

"I?"

"I'll tell you sometime. He's walking back to the hotel," said Sharon, smiling at the ceiling. "It would take most men an hour, but he'll be there in three-quarters of an hour. Then I'll call him. Mother, I almost married Gregory Simms."

"I don't think so. It would never have been enough for you. I'll miss you, darling."

"I'll miss you, too."

"And I'll worry."

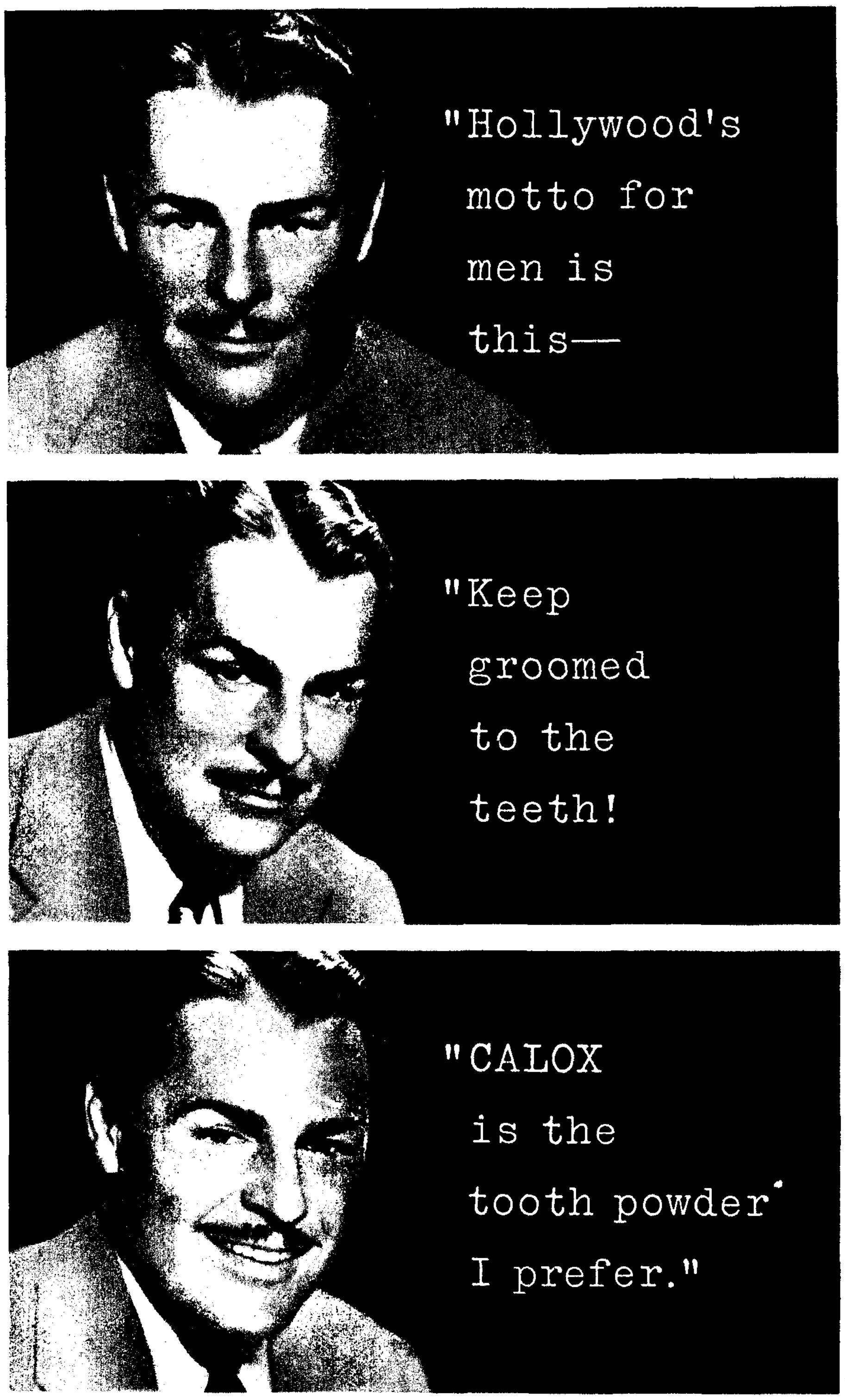
"But you'll be happy about me, won't you?"

"Yes, darling. I'll be happy about you."

THE END

BRIAN DONLEVY speaking:

In "THE MIRACLE OF MORGAN'S CREEK" a Paramount Picture.



"Hollywood's motto for men is this—
"Keep groomed to the teeth!
"CALOX is the tooth powder* I prefer."

YOU'RE HUMAN...IF YOU DO THIS

You do it. Everyone does it. After your dentist cleans your teeth you reach for the mirror *and look for a beautiful sparkle.*

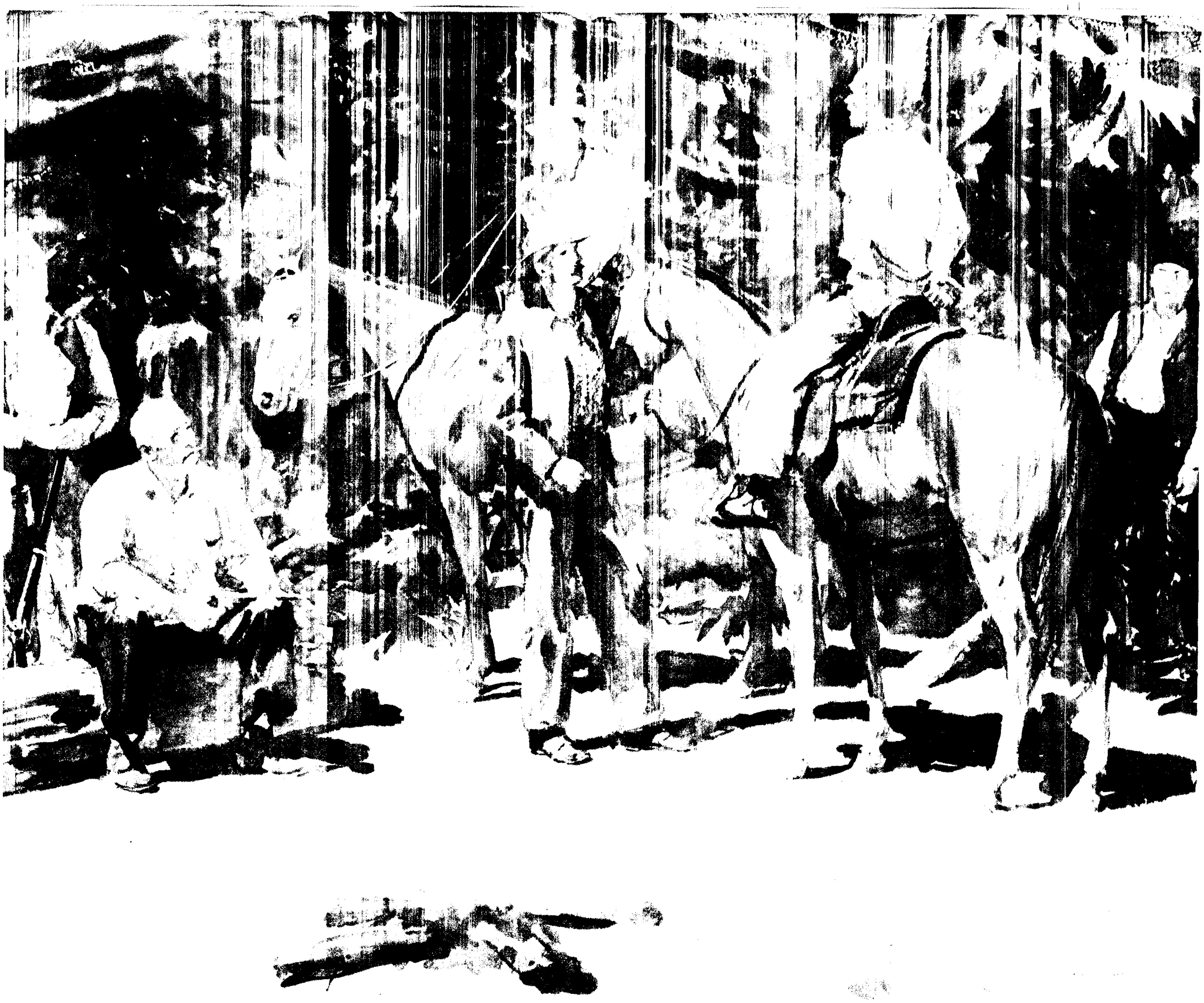
The observant dentist who created Calox noted this human tendency. That is why Calox *more* than meets high professional standards. Calox is a beauty dentifrice as well—and is so recognized by many movie stars who are noted for intelligence as well as looks.

Calox is a multiple-action powder. As soon as your brush touches the tooth surface, Calox acts to emulsify freshly deposited tartar, loosen mucin plaque, clean away surface stains.

Maybe you can have brighter, cleaner-looking teeth than you know. Try Calox. You'll discover a powder delightful for daily use. McKesson & Robbins, Inc., Bridgeport, Conn.

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping — REPLACEMENT OR REFUND OF MONEY IF DEFECTIVE OR NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

CALOX
TOOTH POW



Shoo looked down at Bob and his chin stiffened, then he raised his head and sure enough he began to sing

THE JAYHAWKER FIDDLE

BY EDWIN LANHAM

ILLUSTRATED BY EDWIN DAWES

Judge Hawkins picked the jury and heard the evidence and spoke the verdict: "Let them hang." Justice was done, but not till a lot later

THEY tell the story of the jayhawker fiddle back in the hills, and now and then people pass by old Dan Smith's cabin to see it hanging on the wall. But old Dan hasn't drawn his bow across its strings since 1866, and he never takes it down from the wall. The notes that would come out of it, he says, would make your skin prickle and shivers shake you down to the bones.

Not many men alive today have heard that fiddle play. The last notes that came out of it were Shoo Fly! Don't Bodder Me, and that's a tune old Dan never plays on any fiddle, least of all the jayhawker fiddle that hangs on his wall with its strings brittle and broken and trailing down from that tailpiece of bone.

Old Dan was a young man the last time he scraped his bow on those strings. He had fiddled his way through the Civil War and claims he played Dixie at Gettysburg. At any rate, he came back from the war in butternut, with his fiddle under his arm and one leg stiff as a peg leg from Yankee lead, and he was fiddling on his front porch when Grant met Lee at Appomattox.

Shoo Evans rode back to town about the same time Dan did. He had a first name when he went away, but nobody ever called him anything but Shoo after he came back. He'd picked up that song, Shoo, Fly! Don't Bodder Me, in the army, and he was forever singing it. People naturally began to call him Shoo, and it fitted him. He was so lazy he'd hardly lift his hand to shoo a fly, and he never got around to working his father's farm.

His father had died while Shoo was away, and the only crop growing on the farm, besides weeds, was twenty acres of volunteer oats that Shoo didn't even bother to harvest. All he did was hunt and fish and sit on his front porch, singing that song.

His farm lay next to Judge Hawkins' plantation, and Shoo used to sit and watch the slaves working, just across the fence. He'd call out to them now and again, and Judge Hawkins swore he once heard him holler, "Why don't you niggers set and rest? Didn't you hear Abe done set you free?"

Judge Hawkins said more than once that he wondered where Shoo had been when he went off to war. He didn't come home in butternut, the judge said, and the way he talked to the

Imagine us getting mash notes from soldiers!

ton

er 12, 1942

Easy Washing Machine Corporation
Syracuse, New York

Dear Sirs:

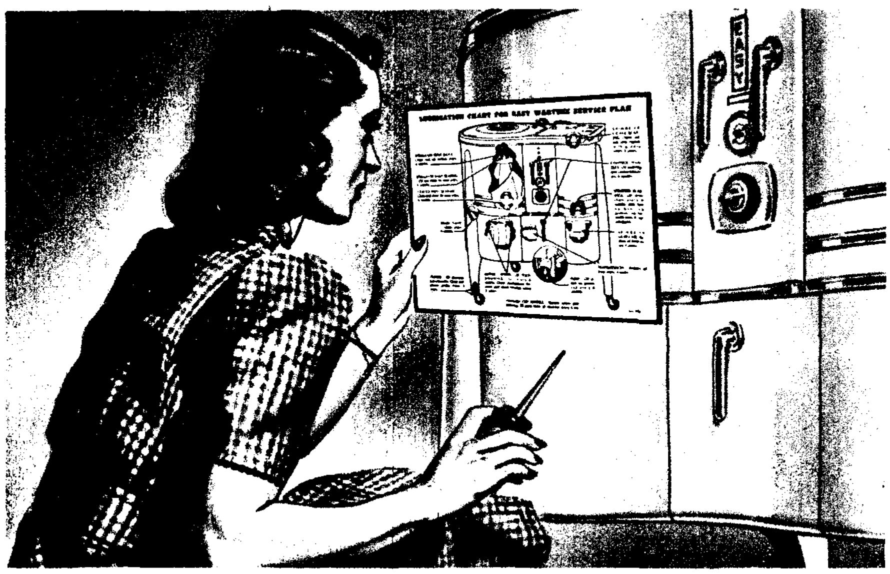
A Battery on this post has one of your
been donated by the wonderful people of Seatt
is a present greatly appreciated b
laundry bills has been
it will soon be need-
me a cat-

1. We blushed with pride when we got this fan letter from these soldiers at Fort Flagler, Washington:

"A battery on this Post has one of your washing machines which has been donated by the wonderful people of Seattle for the use of the men here. It is a present greatly appreciated by the men and is constantly in use at all times . . . The money the men save from laundry bills has been invested in War Bonds . . . I close by putting my washing on this line.

Yours washfully,
Ted Naumoff, Pvt."

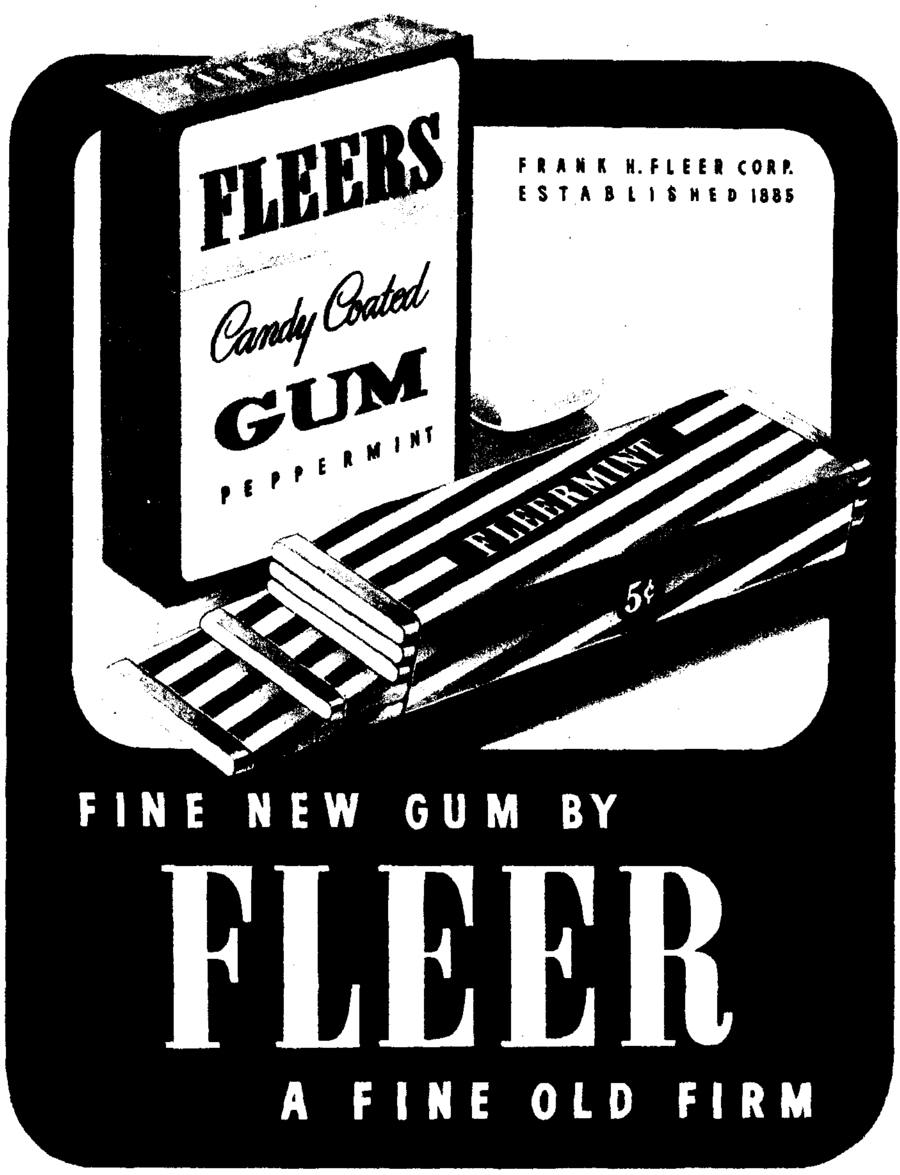
2. Swell letter, isn't it? We're equally proud of the many letters from the over 2,000,000 Easy owners on the home front, telling how Easy helps them do a better wartime job. Women who have Easy Spindriers, for instance, say they can wash, rinse, and damp-dry *a whole week's wash in less than an hour.* One load washes while another spins dry. And every hour saved means just that much more time for war work!



3. We'd love to sell you a new Easy Spindrier. But right now, we're busy making aviation starters, bomb fuses, and other war materials. However we promise this: Out of war precision experience will come the best Easy Washers that *never* broke a button! Meanwhile, take care of your Easy. The Easy Oiling Chart will help you. Send a 3¢ stamp. Dept. COL-12, Easy Washing Machine Corp., Syracuse 4, N. Y. *See Easy first — after the war!*

Keep on buying to keep 'em flying . . . buy War Bonds!

ORDNANCE TODAY
★
WASHERS TOMORROW



niggers it must have been the Union Army he fought in, if he fought at all. Most people chuckled, knowing how the judge felt. The old man had his mind set on adding Shoo's farm to his plantation, and he had driven over one morning to ask Shoo his price.

The way the judge told the story, Shoo just grinned at him and never got up off the doorstep, and said, "Judge, I believe I'd rather just keep this here land than trade it off for Confederate money."

It was a careless thing to say. Those were black days for the Confederacy, and Shoo's remark didn't go down well. Still, people figured they'd only heard the judge's side of the story, and they went right on grinning when Shoo rode by singing:

"Shoo, fly! Don't bodder me!
Shoo, fly! Don't bodder me!
Shoo, fly! Don't bodder me!
For I belong to Company G."

The county had sent all its young men to Hood's Brigade, but still the war seemed far away from those hills. Farming went on as usual, and the slaves were out at the beginning of the judge's row at sunup the same as in prewar days. There'd been a little trouble with guerrillas northward a piece, but not a jayhawker rode down into the valley until late in the war, just before the end. They rode down that time to set the judge's slaves free.

They galloped in at dawn, about a dozen men on fast horses. They whooped and hollered and shot broadsides into the judge's house, but the old man was safely hid out in the barn, watching from the hayloft. He saw the jayhawkers saddle up a half-dozen horses and mount his slaves and ride away with them. Only two Negroes were left behind, and that was because they hid out in the smokehouse, more scared of freedom than they were of the judge.

Judge Hawkins stayed in the hayloft until noontime, in case those jayhawkers were still scouting around his plantation, then he saddled up the one horse they'd left him and galloped for town. Going down the road, he passed Shoo's farm, and Shoo was out at the end of the lane.

He called out, "Kind of short of field hands, ain't you, Judge?" Anyhow, that's what Judge Hawkins remembered him saying later.

The judge roused up the town. There were plenty of men too old for the army who'd been itching to shoot a Yankee and figured a jayhawker was the next best target. The war came to the county that noon, and the town broke out an arsenal that ranged from muzzle-loaders to carbines fit for Hood's Brigade. Every horse that the troops hadn't requisitioned had a saddle on its back.

Old Bob Perkins said he'd track those jayhawkers down. He had a gun he'd fired at San Jacinto and a big bowie knife he called his Arkansas toothpick. He wore a suit of ripe old buckskin that he'd scouted Indians in for Oberchain, and it was plain he'd have to come up downwind of any game, even jayhawkers. The rest of the posse was willing enough to let old Bob and his buckskin suit ride on ahead.

DAN SMITH was there, on an old roan horse. He'd fought through the war with his fiddle and twanged out Dixie while Pickett charged, but for once he left his fiddle home and strapped on two big pistols. They were fighting a private Civil War in the county that day.

Old Bob had shot plenty of deer and peccaries in those woods and he knew the best hideaways. He led the posse straight to a little gully fringed with mountain cedars, straight to a campfire where five men were roasting a shoulder of venison.

Bob gave a big whoop that brought the rest of the posse on the run, and they found five white-faced men looking into the muzzle of that long rifle that had helped shoot Texas out from under Santa Anna at San Jacinto.

"Got 'em!" old Bob shouted. "Smelled 'em out for you, Judge! Here's your jayhawkers, Judge!"

"Sure enough," Dan Smith said. "That's them. But where's the judge?"

There was fifty men crowded into that little gully, but there was no sign of the judge. Men began to holler, but there didn't come an answer, so they looked at one another and speculated what to do.

"Only one thing to do," old Bob said. "We got ropes and we got trees and we got jayhawkers."

"Reckon the judge is out trailing his niggers," Dan Smith suggested. "Now look here, Bob, maybe we'd ought to wait fer him. We got to have the judge here to make it legal."

"Legal?" said Bob. "Hell, we can hang 'em now and legalize it any old time! Boys, git yore ropes."

But cautious Dan's argument had influenced some of the men, and they spoke up to wait for the judge. Before Bob had a chance to thunder, the judge came down through the cedars, and Shoo Evans was with him. It wasn't until they came near that the men saw that the judge had thrown down on Shoo with his pistol.

"Got another one," the judge said, grinning at Bob.

"Shoo?" Dan Smith said. "Why, Judge, Shoo ain't no jayhawker."

"Then I'd like to know what he was doing sneaking off through the woods," Judge Hawkins said. He had the look of a man who had made a bale of cotton to the acre. "I seen him running low and I trailed him," the judge added. "He was making tracks away from this here gully fast as he could."

OLD BOB gave Shoo a red-eyed look, but Dan Smith broke in, "Shoo, speak up. You tell the judge you ain't no jayhawker."

"He knows I ain't," Shoo said. "I just came up here to . . ."

"Silence," Judge Hawkins said. "Men, as judge of the district court in this here county, I hereby call this court to order. Hear ye, hear ye, all persons having business before this here court step forward and ye shall be heard. That means you, Shoo. Step over there with the other defendants."

He gave Shoo a shove toward the five jayhawkers, and Shoo leaned up against a cedar tree and looked at the judge and never opened his mouth.

"You, there," the judge said. "Twelve men closest to me. Stand over yonder and jury this trial. Anybody want to take the defense?"

The men looked at one another, but nobody spoke up. Then Dan Smith said, "I'll stand for Shoo."

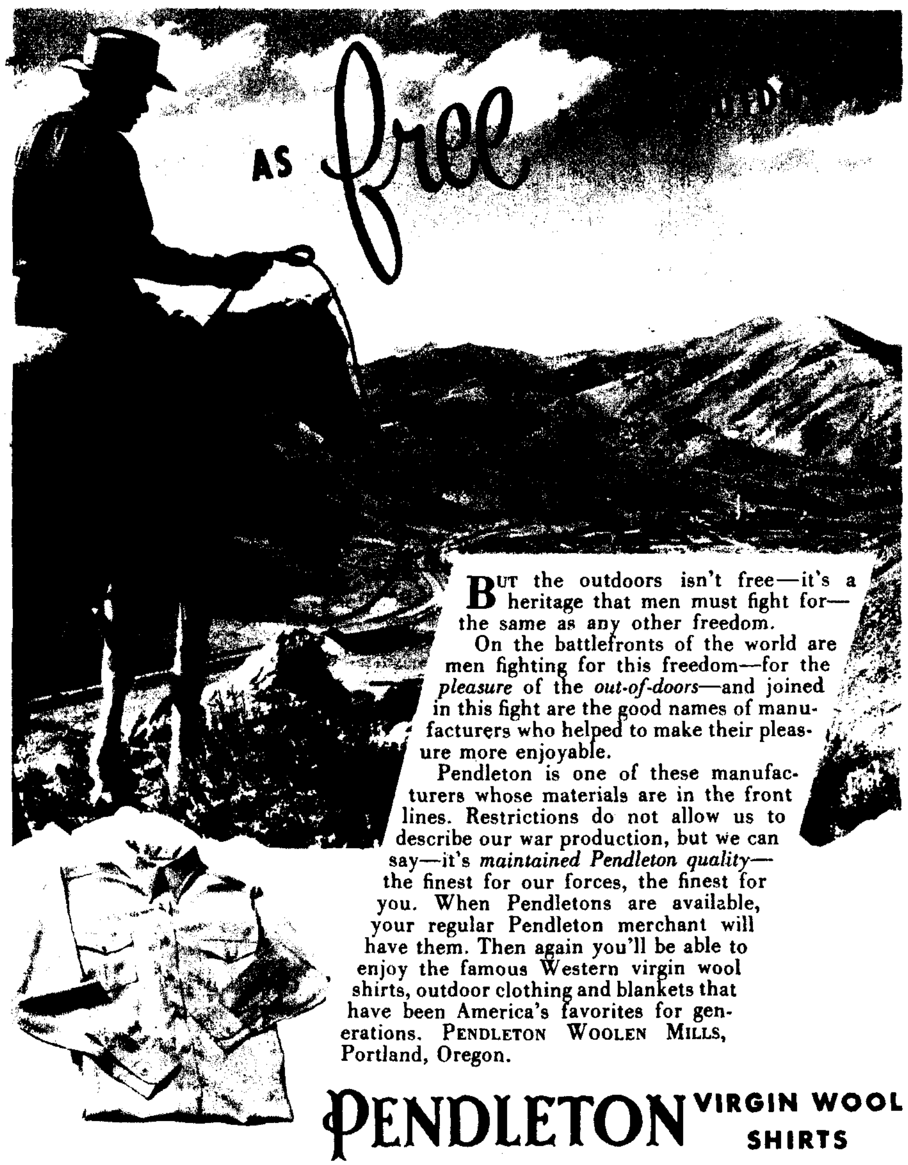
"Then you better just represent the six of 'em, Dan," the judge said, and sat down on a fallen log across from the jayhawkers. "Boys," he went on, "justice moves these days with the rapid step of history. Things happen fast. We'll have to dispense with the formality of indictments and get on with the trial. Shoo, you and those five men, whoever they are, are charged with leading an armed attack upon my plantation this morning and carrying off six niggers. How do you plead?"

"You know damn' well I didn't do it," Shoo said. He was pale and there wasn't much color to his lips, but his blue eyes looked just as hard and mean as the judge's.

"How do you plead?" Judge Hawkins said again.

Dan Smith spoke for him. "He pleads not guilty, Your Honor."

"All right," said the Court. "Bob Perkins, I'll appoint you prosecuting attorney. Proceed with your case."



BUT the outdoors isn't free—it's a heritage that men must fight for—the same as any other freedom.

On the battlefronts of the world are men fighting for this freedom—for the *pleasure* of the *out-of-doors*—and joined in this fight are the good names of manufacturers who helped to make their pleasure more enjoyable.

Pendleton is one of these manufacturers whose materials are in the front lines. Restrictions do not allow us to describe our war production, but we can say—it's *maintained Pendleton quality*—the finest for our forces, the finest for you. When Pendletons are available, your regular Pendleton merchant will have them. Then again you'll be able to enjoy the famous Western virgin wool shirts, outdoor clothing and blankets that have been America's favorites for generations. PENDLETON WOOLEN MILLS, Portland, Oregon.

PENDLETON VIRGIN WOOL SHIRTS

The twelve good men of the jury took off their hats and looked at Bob. He scratched his head, leaned on his long rifle, and grinned at the judge.

"Well, Judge, I don't know much about lawing," he said. "Only time I was ever in court you give me thirty days for that little shooting trouble, couple of years back. I never meant to shoot the feller. I aimed to just knock his hat off, but some damn' fool joggled my arm just as I went to pull the trigger, and the bullet was low. You know damn' well I can put a bullet through a squirrel's eye at a hundred yards, and . . ."

"Bob, that case has been disposed of," Judge Hawkins said, and grinned. "You know I don't give a whoop and holler whether you shot the man or not. He wanted killing, anyhow."

"I didn't kill him, Judge. I just winged him."

"Proceed with the case," Judge Hawkins said in his booming courtroom voice.

"Yes, sir," said Bob. "Well, we got six jayhawkers here, and I say we ought to hang 'em."

"DON'T hurry yourself, Bob," the judge said. "How do you know they're jayhawkers?"

"That's easy, Judge. Ain't that your bay horse hitched over yonder to that cedar tree?"

"It is," Judge Hawkins said. "I reckon that clinches your case, Mr. Prosecuting Attorney. Any defense, Dan?"

"Well, you heard Shoo say he wasn't no jayhawker, didn't you?" Dan said.

"Not in court, I didn't. If you want to put him on the stand, go ahead."

Dan looked at Shoo, who shook his head.

"Boy," Dan said. "You got to speak up. Now step out here."

"What's the use of it?" Shoo said, but he came forward two steps.

"Shoo, tell the judge what you was doing yonder in the woods," Dan said.

"I was hunting, Dan. Everybody knows I come up here to hunt pretty near every day."

"The judge said you was running, Shoo Why was that?"

"Why, Dan, I was following a bee line I seen some honey bees and watched 'em, and I was follerin' 'em to that bee tree."

"Haw!" Bob Perkins said.

"There's your explanation, Judge," Dan said. "I reckon that's sufficient."

Judge Hawkins bit a chew of tobacco and looked across at Shoo "I can make it easier for you, Shoo," he said, his teeth clamped on the tobacco so hard his jaw muscles stood out. "You tell me where to find my niggers, and I'll make it easier."

Shoo looked back at him and never opened his mouth.

"Shoo, where are my niggers?" Judge Hawkins asked.

Shoo still didn't answer, and the judge spat tobacco juice and winked at Bob Perkins. "Well, if he won't answer that, I reckon he won't care to say what he was doing on my plantation with a gun when them other jayhawkers rode in this morning. One of my niggers seen him."

"Is that a fact, Judge?" Bob Perkins said.

"It was old Israel seen him," Judge Hawkins said. "That's his deposition, and I hereby receive it in evidence. Gentlemen of the jury, have you arrived at a verdict?"

The twelve men looked at one another, shuffled their feet, nodded their heads. One of them said, "Reckon we have, Judge."

"What say you, do you find these defendants guilty or not guilty?"

"Hanging guilty, Judge!" the volunteer foreman said.

"Then get the ropes," Judge Hawkins shouted.

The nooses were already looped, and in a hurry they had six horses under six trees and the six men mounted with the ropes around their necks.

One of the jayhawkers cried out when Bob Perkins hoisted him into the saddle, and old Bob said, "What do you know? This un's got a slug in his shoulder."

"A little lower would of saved us hanging him," Judge Hawkins said. "Get on with it, Bob."

Shoo sat his horse like a captain in a cavalry charge, gazing straight ahead of him, with his head high and disdainful of the noose around his neck. They had put him on the judge's big bay.

The men stood around, waiting for the signal to quirt the horses, but Judge Hawkins didn't give it right away. He looked at Shoo and said, "Shoo, you got any last words? You want to say where my niggers are at?"

Shoo's eyes shifted a little, staring down cold and blue at the judge. "I hope they're where you'll never find 'em," he said. "Judge Hawkins, you know what I was doing on your plantation this morning. I was there to help you out. Bullet in that feller's shoulder came from my gun. I ain't no jayhawker and you know it. I . . ."

"That's enough speechmaking," Bob Perkins shouted. "Sing us a song, instead. Come on, boy, let's hear how Shoo Fly goes." Old Bob laughed and blew his nose, backwoods style.

Shoo looked down at Bob and his chin stiffened, then he raised his head and sure enough he began to sing. His voice was steady and sounded as lazy as if he'd been sitting on his own front porch, watching the judge's Negroes work.

"Shoo, fly! Don't bodder me,
Shoo, fly! Don't bodder me;
Shoo, fly! Don't bodder me,
For I belong to . . ."

Right then old Bob quirted the horse and those words, "For I belong to," were left hanging there in air, and poor Shoo, too

IT WAS haunting the way the words seemed to linger on in the silence. Everyone felt it, and the judge's face was white as prewar paper as he stood staring at poor Shoo. In everybody's head, the song went on, and each was saying to himself, "Company G," but it seemed to be hardest on the judge, and at last he came out with it in a voice hoarse and braying as a mule's.

"Company G!" he yelled. "Now let's get the hell out of here."

They left the six men hanging there, from the six different trees, and nobody talked much on the way to town. The men went home and put their guns away, and didn't talk any more about the hanging than they had to. From that day on, nobody ever heard Judge Hawkins mention it.

But the judge lost no time about buying up Shoo's farm and tearing down the fence between, and adding it to his plantation. Shoo's only relative was an aunt who was getting on, and she was willing enough to take Confederate money for the place. It was a couple of weeks before the end of the war, and it turned out all she got for the farm was paper.

With the war over, the two slaves left on the judge's place were free men, as of June 19, 1865, but they stayed on the plantation to work for wages.

It came out through Dan Smith what the judge was putting over on them. One of the Negroes was an old man named Israel, a gentle old whitetop who was always bobbing his head and saying "Yassuh," and "Mawnin', Cap'n" in a servile way that demonstrated that his master was the judge.

One day, Israel was passing Dan's house

"She's more than a pal—she carries my supply of Sir Walter Raleigh!"

FILL UP *YOUR* POUCH with a supply of friendly, mellow Sir Walter Raleigh if you want real smoking enjoyment. (And make sure, pal, that you smoke it in a pipe that gets cleaned *regularly!*) Take a ten-day leave from tongue-bite. Get acquainted with those fragrant, choice Kentucky burleys in cool-burning Sir Walter Raleigh. Today, try *"the quality pipe tobacco of America."*

SIR WALTER RALEIGH PIPE TOBACCO

Smokes as sweet as it smells

UNION MADE

SIR WALTER RALEIGH
BUY WAR STAMPS AND BONDS

HELP

There's a shortage of Smith Bros. Cough Drops because our output is war-reduced. You can help others get their fair share by buying only as many as you really need.

Since 1847—and during five wars—Smith Bros. have given relief from coughs due to colds. Still only 5¢. A nickel checks that tickle!

SOOTHINGLY YOURS

SMITH BROS. COUGH DROPS

Black or Menthol—5¢

Anywhere you see it,
V.V.O. means better Scotch

THE GIFT FOR CRITICAL FRIENDS...
You can give Martin's V.V.O. with perfect confidence. Every drop is choice liqueur Scotch, giving V.V.O. an added distinctive flavour.
Give, and serve, V.V.O. It costs no more than most other brands.

MARTIN'S
V.V.O. BRAND 88 proof
Blended Scotch Whisky
IMPORTED BY McKESSON & ROBBINS, INC., N. Y.

Sky-Rite
AIR MAIL PAPER & ENVELOPES
U.S. PAT. OFF.

20 SHEETS and one ENVELOPE Weigh 1 oz.
Strong, brilliant white with a fine crackle, erases perfectly, for typewriter or pen, 20 sheets and one envelope weigh 1 ounce. Sky-Rite IS RIGHT for Air Mail—many styles, social and business. Distributors from Coast to Coast.
Sold at all better stores
AGENCY PAPER COMPANY
New York and Chicago

A Sign of Good Cooking
GRAVY MASTER
MAKES GRAVY MEN LIKE
15¢

Rooms with Bath $2 & up
HOTEL LOWRY
ST. PAUL, MINNESOTA
←GARAGE • COFFEE SHOP

HANDKERCHIEF TEST PROVES VITAL ZONE
Spotless
NO MATTER HOW OFTEN YOU SMOKE IT
HESSON GUARD
MILANO $1
IT'S CUSHION SEALED
NO GOO CAN PASS HESSON GUARD
WDC
STOP GOO

when Dan was out by the picket fence, watering his honeysuckle.

"Mawnin', Cap'n," Israel said.

"Hello, there," Dan said, and went on pouring water.

"Cap'n," said Israel, "kin you tell me, please, what is Confed good fo'?"

"Confederate money?" said Dan. "Why, it ain't worth a gosh darn, Israel."

"It ain't?" Israel shook his head. "Cap'n, will you tell de jedge dat, wifout you say I ask you?"

Dan stared at the old man. "You tryin' to tell me he's paying you off in Confederate money?"

"Yassuh," Israel said. "Dat's right, Cap'n Dan."

"The old skinflint," Dan said. "Just don't you take it. You're a free man now, Israel, and look here, if you don't want to work for the judge, you can come work for me."

"I dunno," Israel said. "I always wo'k fo' de jedge. I ain't honin' fo' dis freedom po' Mistah Shoo was always talkin' 'bout."

Dan grunted, not liking to remember Shoo.

"Po' Mistah Shoo!" Israel said. "I sho nevah know why dey done him lak dat, after he try to help de jedge."

"Help the judge? What are you talking about, Israel? You mean that day the jayhawkers came?"

"Yassuh. Dat's right. Po' Mistah Shoo he had his gun and he was shootin' at dem jayhawkers fum his front porch. I seen him fum de smokehouse, where I was hid out."

Dan gripped the pickets of the fence with both his hands and stared at Israel. He took a deep breath and wet his lips and shook his head and then he said, "Israel, you could see Shoo on his porch from the smokehouse, is that right?"

"Yassuh, I sho did."

"And I suppose you can see that front porch from the barn, too, from maybe up in the hayloft, can't you?"

"Yassuh," said Israel. "You sho kin."

Dan turned around and walked into the house. He sat down in a chair and looked at the bare boards, from which the wallpaper had been ripped for newsprint for the county weekly during the war. He sat staring at the boards, remembering the one jayhawker with a bullet in his shoulder. After a while, he walked over to the table and picked up his fiddle. He sat down and began to fiddle very softly, thinking.

Men were drifting back from the army those days, and twenty soldiers returned together in one day. They had been mustered out of Hood's Brigade and they galloped into town, whooping and wasting powder and lead in a prodigious festive noise.

THE town came to life, and everyone agreed there had to be a celebration. Judge Hawkins was asked for the use of his big barn and was ready enough to clear it up for a barn dance and to broach a barrel of good red whisky, kegged in '52.

Dan Smith brought along his fiddle. He arrived at moonrise, oiled his fiddling arm at the barrel, and went to the fiddler's chair, set on a big crate against the wall. The fiddle was polished high, and there was a new white tailpiece that caught the lamplight.

Dan knew the best tunes, and he was a caller, too. His voice boomed above the whining of the fiddle, and the stamping feet raised a haze of hay dust in the big barn, a golden dust that shone in the lamplight. The fiddle made the music hop and shout, and people stood along the walls, cheering at the way the men of Hood's Brigade made the hay dust billow.

It was peace again, and even though the war was lost and the hand of reconstruction was hard as iron, there was an end to fighting, and men and women could dance and sing and swap stories around the whisky barrel.

Judge Hawkins was as gay and spry as the youngest soldier. He galloped through Do-Ce-Do and replenished his vigor at the keg. He stood for a time by the fiddler's stand, clapping his hands and cheering Dan on. When Dan's arm flagged or his voice turned hoarse, the judge was regularly on hand with a tumbler of good red whisky, chortling to see Dan toss it off.

But at last Dan tired and called for a rest and, with the fiddle under his arm, went over to the whisky barrel, where he clinked glasses with the judge. The color had mounted high in the judge's face from the heat and the dancing and the whisky. His eyes had a gleam that never showed when he sat on the bench.

He slapped Dan's shoulder and said, "Dan, I never heard a man draw a better bow."

"Thank you, Judge," Dan said, but he was thinking of the gully fringed with cedars on that hot afternoon; he was thinking of old Israel talking by the picket fence.

"That's a mighty fine fiddle," the judge said. "New tailpiece on it, I believe."

"Yes, it is," Dan said. "It's bone."

"Bone?"

"That's right. Makes a good tailpiece, don't it?"

Dan finished his glass and went back to his chair The hay dust had settled now, and the lamplight shone clear and bright. The sound of many voices resounded in the big barn but quieted as Dan began to tune the fiddle. The noise stopped altogether when he suddenly tucked the fiddle under his chin and began to play.

The first high note quivered in the still barn, a shrill, mournful sound. There was a gasping of quick-drawn breaths as the tune went on. No one missed the haunting quality of it; Dan had never played so before.

There was such a doleful whining, so persistently mournful a tone, that every heart felt the clutch of it. They had never heard such music before and did not know that they were hearing the fiddle play for the last time. It was the beginning of the legend of the jayhawker fiddle.

No one picked up the words and sang. Men stood silent along the walls listening to the melancholy whining of the jayhawker fiddle, music they would never forget. And as Dan played, his eyes were somber and staring, as he watched the judge's face.

Shoo, fly! Don't bodder me. . . . The bow seemed to drag Dan's arm back and forth. . . . *Shoo, fly! Don't bodder me. . . .* There was a wide, helpless stare in Dan's dark eyes. . . . *Shoo, fly! Don't bodder me. . . .* His fiddle arm was rigid and his fingers were white on the strings. . . . *For I belong to . . .*

Suddenly a hoarse voice shouted, "Stop it, Dan, stop it," and Dan stopped, leaving the music hanging as it had that afternoon in the gully.

It was Judge Hawkins who had shouted. He stood by the whisky keg, bent over, with one hand on the spigot and the other clutching his heart. His face was a dirty gray color.

There was complete silence in the huge barn. Many men were thinking of that afternoon in the gully, remembering how the song had lingered unfinished, remembering Shoo's pale, set face and the swish of the quirt and the sudden lunge of the bay horse and the quick, elastic jerk of the rope. The silence now was like the silence that afternoon in the gully, with the gay song lingering unfinished, choked off in the singer's throat.

Judge Hawkins remembered. For a moment, he could not speak, and the silence pressed in on him and the unfinished song was urgent in his brain. Clutching his heart, he bellowed, "Dammit, man, finish it!"

The bow scraped the strings and the last note whined with melancholy finality. Then Dan stepped down from his chair and walked slowly toward the whisky barrel.

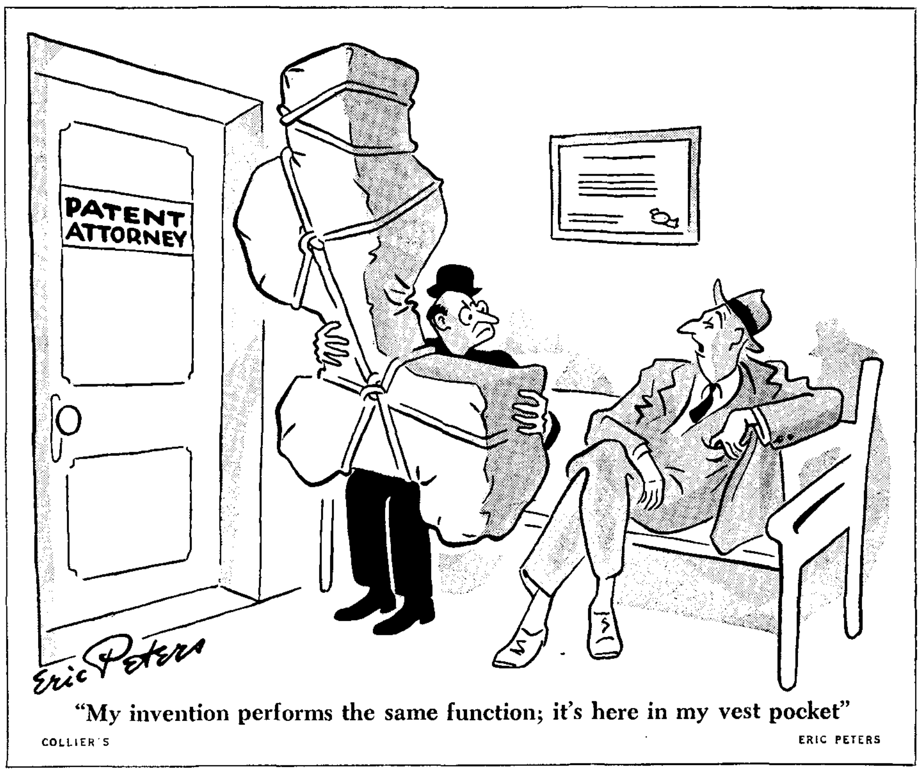
JUDGE HAWKINS had slumped to the floor. His face had turned a purple color, and his breath came in gasps. It was plain that the old man's time was near, but he stared up angrily at Dan as the fiddler stood over him with the fiddle in his hand.

"Dan, what in time did you play that song for?" the judge gasped out.

"Judge, I just couldn't help it," Dan said solemnly. "It came into my head, and I couldn't help it. Something was pulling my arm and moving my fingers, I swear it was. It was the fiddle and the bow that played that tune. Look here, you see this bone tailpiece." He held the fiddle near the judge's face, turning it so that the strip of bone shone white in the lamplight.

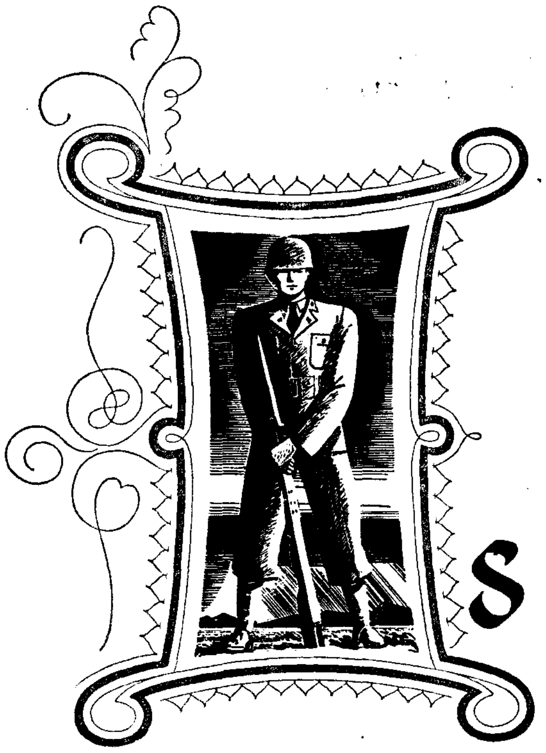
Dan's voice dropped lower: "You see, my tailpiece cracked a few weeks back and I was riding up through the blackjacks and I went past that gully. I needed a new tailpiece, so I just took and carved one out a piece of thigh bone I found laying there in the gully. . . . You reckon it was Shoo's?"

THE END



"My invention performs the same function; it's here in my vest pocket"

COLLIER'S ERIC PETERS



Is there any greater gift than life itself?

Christmas is the season of Him who said, "I am come that ye might have life."

Could anything be closer to the spirit of Christmas than the gift of life to a dying man?

You can make that miraculous gift this Christmas — with a pint of blood that costs you nothing and rewards you richly in self-respect.

"Miracle" is not a word to be used lightly. But it is the *only* word that completely describes what your blood, in plasma form, can do.

Listen to one young sailor. The flying fragments of a Jap bomb left him with only a faint spark of life. He was skidding down-hill fast, but three transfusions pulled him back.

"You can feel it," he says. "You're sorta sinkin' away and goin' all over numb, and then the blood plasma goes in. Mister, you've never known before what they mean by a 'lift'!"

Will you set a miracle in motion by calling the nearest Blood Center today? It's an easy thing to do — a simple gift to give. It takes so little time. But it may mean a *lifetime* of Christmases to a man who's facing death for you this minute. Warren Telechron Co., Ashland, Mass.

Telechron
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
ELECTRIC CLOCKS

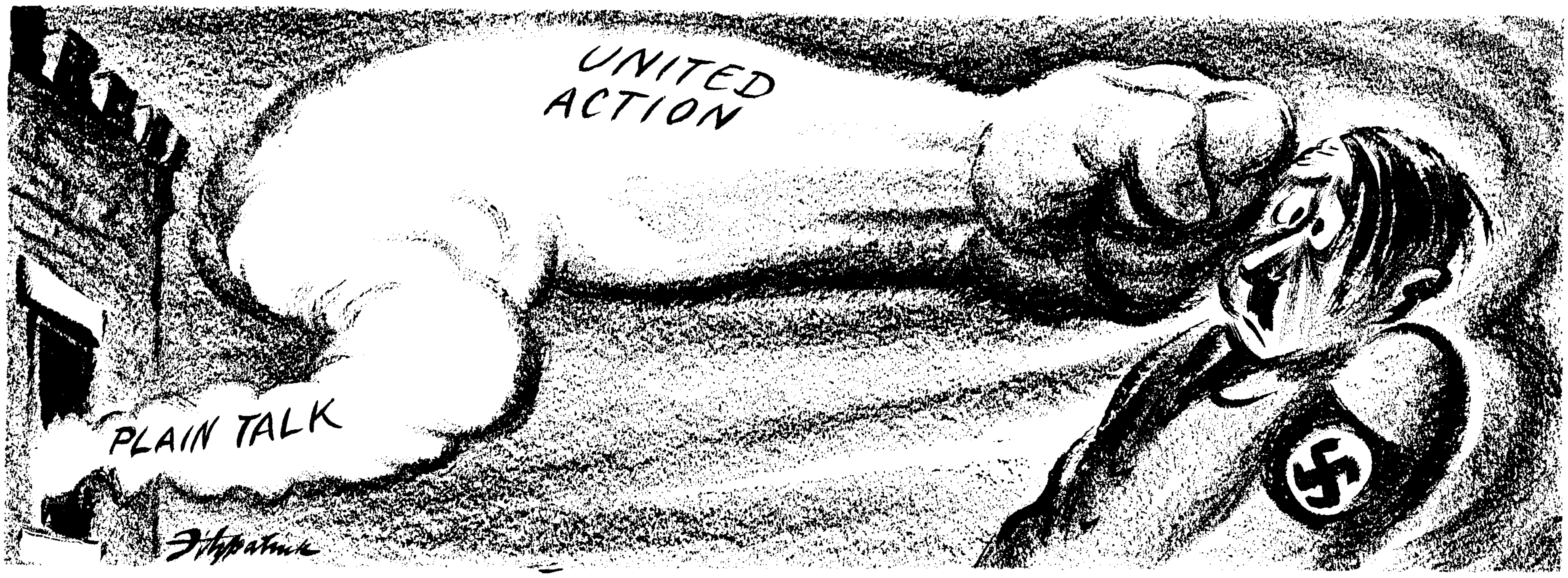
OUR BUSINESS IS TIME. WE ARE GLAD TO GIVE THIS SPACE SO THAT PLASMA MAY ALWAYS BE READY FOR THOSE WHO NEED IT—ON TIME.

Collier's

WILLIAM L. CHENERY
Publisher

CHARLES COLEBAUGH
Editor

JEROME ELLISON
Managing Editor



PLAIN TALK AMONG ALLIES

WE GROW wearier by the minute of well-meaning souls who tell the American people that none of us should speak plainly about any of our allies during the war.

Adverse criticisms of the Russian government for telling its people that Russia is winning the war almost singlehanded, objections to British zeal in sewing up postwar air routes and rights—all such talk in this country, we keep hearing, is dangerous to Allied unity and should not be indulged in by patriotic Americans.

We think Americans should reject such advice and go right on talking about our allies—even as Englishmen and Russians should go right on telling us what they don't like about our war conduct.

In the business world, continued success usually blesses a concern whose executives feel free to analyze one another's ideas and plans with the utmost frankness, each speaking from the point of view of a sincere worker who wants the common enterprise to prosper. Some of the comments and cross-comments may be brutally frank, and sparks may fly from time to time, but the net effect is one of continued good health for the business.

On the other hand, a concern in which everybody punctiliously yesses everybody else is commonly a concern which is not going to last very long.

The same reasoning applies, we think, to the Allies in this war. They are partners striving to put over an indispensable piece of business. That business is the destruction of Axis military power.

Most of the publicized complaints about the conduct of the war, in this country, the British Empire, China and Russia, are made in good faith. Complaints made from malevolent or divisive motives will make an impression for a time, but like phonies in any other department of human endeavor, they will eventually explode.

Clamp the lid on the squawks now—hide the differences that need to be settled—and we shall only steam up a burst of exposures, disclosures, finger-pointing, recriminations and general ill will after the war.

It is far better to air real grievances and disagreements frankly as they come up (with, of course, due regard for military security), and get them ironed out as we go along. Such an inter-Allied policy (as the agreement at Moscow proved) is, of all policies, the one most likely to impress our enemies with our power. What could more thoroughly convince them that we were unbeatable than for us to keep showing an ability to talk cold turkey to one another and at the same time wage a fierce and united war against them?

WE NEED THOSE ISLANDS

MINUTES and memoranda from the Versailles peace conference twenty-four years ago have at last been published by our government. Among the most interesting of the numerous facts disclosed is that President Woodrow Wilson at Versailles put up as strong a fight as he could against Japan's demands for permanent possession of a part of Shantung Province, China, and of all the German islands in the Pacific north of the equator.

President Wilson based his opposition on the plea that world opinion at the time was against territorial annexations by any nation, and that to let Japan have its way would discredit the League of Nations idea.

The Japs kept on pressing to have their demands recognized. They never got Shantung legally, but after a few years the League gave them a mandate over the desired Pacific islands, under promise not to fortify them. They broke the promise. We are now in process of trying to take those unsinkable aircraft carriers from the Japs, and a long and costly process it is.

This revelation should serve to clear President Wilson historically of the charge of having always placed world welfare ahead of American welfare. Whatever his reasons, he did hold out against letting the Japs get those islands. Had he won that fight, there might not have been an attack on Pearl Harbor—as early in history, at any rate, as December 7, 1941.

Next time, let's not be too softhearted about all this. Let's act with perfect politeness and good will at the peace conferences, but let's also keep firmly in mind the minimum requirements for North American continental defense in an air age.

Those minimum requirements include, it seems obvious, American ownership or joint Russian, Chinese, British, Dutch, Canadian and American ownership and occupation of all the best islands facing Japan—Wake, Guam, Truk, Makin, Marcus, Wotje, Jaluit, Nauru, the Bonins, etc.—as a west-Pacific wall for the West Coast of Canada, the United States and Mexico. In an era when bomber and fighter-plane ranges are constantly lengthening, it is hard to see how we can be safe with anything less.

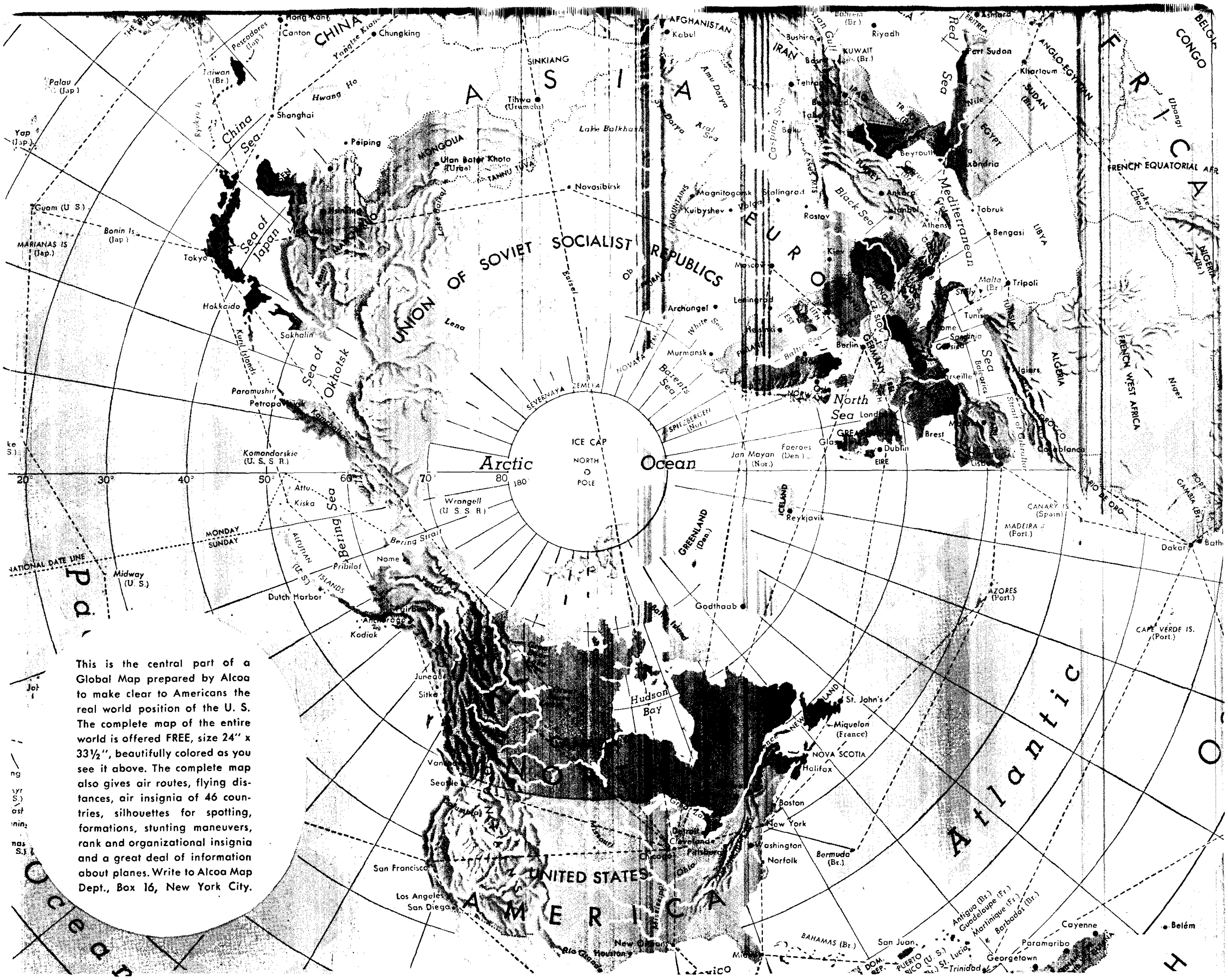
Nor is this an imperialist proposal. Those atolls and volcanic cones pin-pointing stupendous wastes of water are not profitable, and seemingly never can be made so. To maintain them as effective outposts, we and all our allies shall have to pour large amounts of money into them, while getting not a dime out of them. They will be analogous to our Galapagos and Panama Canal and Caribbean strong points to the south, and to Dutch Harbor, Kodiak, Attu and Kiska to the north—costly and remote but absolutely necessary bastions for our outer defenses in the Pacific.

PEOPLE STILL GET T.B.

TUBERCULOSIS in this country has been on the run for the last 25 years or so, because of public education to its dangers and because of the medical profession's vigilance and progressiveness. Nevertheless, a lot of people still get t.b.

Indeed, more cases were reported in 1943 to date than in the same part of 1942—though this was due largely to the fact that the disease is being discovered early in numerous instances, what with X-ray examinations of many war-plant job applicants and of prospective soldiers and sailors.

We've got to keep fighting tuberculosis. The layman can best help the fight along by buying the well-known tuberculosis Christmas seals, and plenty of them. The bright, colorful little stamps make excellent decorations for letters and packages around Christmastime. But they also mean that you have put some cash to work in a winning war against what once was one of the deadliest threats to American public health and now is an enemy in definite though stubborn retreat.


ASIA
CHINA
Hong Kong
Canton
Chungking
Shanghai
Peiping
Taiwan (Br.)
Pescadores (Jap.)
China Sea
MONGOLIA
Ulan Bator Khoto (Urga)
TANNU TUVA
SINKIANG
Tihwa (Urumchi)
Novosibirsk
AFGHANISTAN
Kabul
IRAN
Bushire
KUWAIT (Br.)
Riyadh
Red Sea
Port Sudan
Khartoum
ANGLO-EGYPTIAN SUDAN
EGYPT
Alexandria
AFRICA
BELGIAN CONGO
FRENCH EQUATORIAL AFR.
Lake Chad
Tobruk
Bengasi
LIBYA
Tripoli
Malta (Br.)
Tunis
ALGERIA
FRENCH WEST AFRICA
Niger
Casablanca
RIO DE ORO
CANARY IS. (Spain)
MADEIRA (Port.)
GAMBIA (Br.)
Dakar
Bathurst
AZORES (Port.)
CAPE VERDE IS. (Port.)
Mediterranean
Black Sea
Caspian Sea
Aral Sea
Amu Darya
Lake Balkhash
Magnitogorsk
Kuibyshev
Stalingrad
Rostov
Moscow
Leningrad
Archangel
Murmansk
White Sea
Barents Sea
EUROPE
Berlin
GERMANY
Baltic Sea
North Sea
London
Dublin
EIRE
Brest
Lisbon
Athens
Ankara
Beyrouth
Lake Baikal
UNION OF SOVIET SOCIALIST REPUBLICS
Lena
Ob
Yenisei
NOVAYA ZEMLYA
SEVERNAYA ZEMLYA
SPITZBERGEN (Nor.)
Jan Mayen (Nor.)
Faeroes (Den.)
ICELAND
Reykjavik
GREENLAND (Dan.)
Godthaab
Baffin Island
ICE CAP
NORTH POLE
Arctic Ocean
80
180
70
60
50
40
30
20
Sea of Japan
Tokyo
Hokkaido
Sakhalin
Kuril Islands
Sea of Okhotsk
Paramushir
Petropavlovsk
Kamchatka
Komandorskie (U. S. S. R.)
Attu
Kiska
Bering Sea
Bering Strait
Wrangell (U. S. S. R.)
Nome
Pribilof
ALEUTIAN (U. S.) ISLANDS
Dutch Harbor
Anchorage
Kodiak
Juneau
Sitka
Vancouver
Seattle
San Francisco
Los Angeles
San Diego
UNITED STATES
AMERICA
Hudson Bay
NEWFOUNDLAND
St. John's
Miquelon (France)
NOVA SCOTIA
Halifax
Boston
New York
Washington
Norfolk
Chicago
Detroit
Cleveland
Pittsburgh
Ohio
Mississippi
Missouri
Rio Grande
Houston
New Orleans
Mexico
Bermuda (Br.)
BAHAMAS (Br.)
San Juan
PUERTO RICO (U. S.)
DOM. REP.
Antigua (Br.)
Guadeloupe (Fr.)
Martinique (Fr.)
St. Lucia
Barbados (Br.)
Trinidad
Georgetown
Paramaribo
Cayenne
Belém
Atlantic Ocean
Pacific Ocean
Palau (Jap.)
Yap (Jap.)
Guam (U. S.)
MARIANAS IS. (Jap.)
Bonin Is. (Jap.)
Midway (U. S.)
INTERNATIONAL DATE LINE
MONDAY
SUNDAY

This is the central part of a Global Map prepared by Alcoa to make clear to Americans the real world position of the U. S. The complete map of the entire world is offered FREE, size 24" x 33½", beautifully colored as you see it above. The complete map also gives air routes, flying distances, air insignia of 46 countries, silhouettes for spotting, formations, stunting maneuvers, rank and organizational insignia and a great deal of information about planes. Write to Alcoa Map Dept., Box 16, New York City.

Let's take another look at the Arctic

The Arctic Ocean used to be indicated as an indefinite white area trailing off the top of the map.

It is the center of our maps today. The airplane, by conquering its frozen seas, has redirected the highways of international traffic. The crossroads of the world meet over the Arctic.

Because of air transportation, men of all nations are physically closer than they have ever been—much closer.

The "other side of the world" is no more distant in point of time than favorite vacation spots of prewar.

Los Angeles is 27 hours from London, but now it is 27 hours from Tokyo, too. New Yorkers are two hours closer to Moscow—across the Arctic—than to Honolulu.

With the earth suddenly shrunk from the size of a basketball to a golf ball in terms of travel-time, it has become apparent to men of good will the world over that the freedom of the air is the basis of all freedoms.

It must be established against present threat. It must be maintained against future threat.

To this end has America pooled its greatest industries, producing this year more planes than the combined output of all the countries who oppose us in our determination to protect the freedom of the air.

Only when freedom of the air has been assured to men of all nations can the Air Age fulfill its greatest promise; the breaking down of barriers around men's minds.

This is the hope of air transportation. This is also its challenge.

ALCOA ALUMINUM

ALCOA ALUMINUM

The metal that flies Best

FREE PUB LIBR
IOLA
KANS 26AU44

CAMELS
PRINCE ALBERT

"Gifts sure to please!"

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

Camels
FOUR BOXES OF FIFTIES
PRINCE ALBERT
PRINCE ALBERT Season's
Camels
Camels
Season's Greetings
To
From
CAMELS
BUY WAR BONDS STAMPS

● Camels! More popular than ever before is the Camel Christmas carton *(below)* with its special holiday design and greeting card all ready for your Christmas message. Inside are ten packages of 20's—in all, 200 slow-burning, cool-smoking Camels with their famous extra flavor and extra mildness.

● A gay gift package of smoking pleasure at its flavorful best! It's the Camel Holiday House *(left)* containing 200 Camels in 4 boxes of the popular "flat fifties." Your dealer's supply may be limited, so do your shopping for this handsome gift package early.

● The largest-selling pipe tobacco in the world—any pipe-smoker will welcome this famous round pound package of tasty, cooler-burning Prince Albert Smoking Tobacco—the National Joy Smoke *(left)*. Crimp cut for free, easy drawing . . . "no-bite" treated for smooth, mellow mildness.

Camels

If he smokes a cigarette, remember Camels are First in the Service

With men in the Army, Navy, Marines, and Coast Guard, the favorite cigarette is Camel. (Based on actual sales records.)

PRINCE ALBERT

If he smokes a pipe, remember Prince Albert is The National Joy Smoke

Send that man in camp a gift of Prince Albert—he'll welcome that extra measure of mellow, cool-smoking pipe enjoyment!